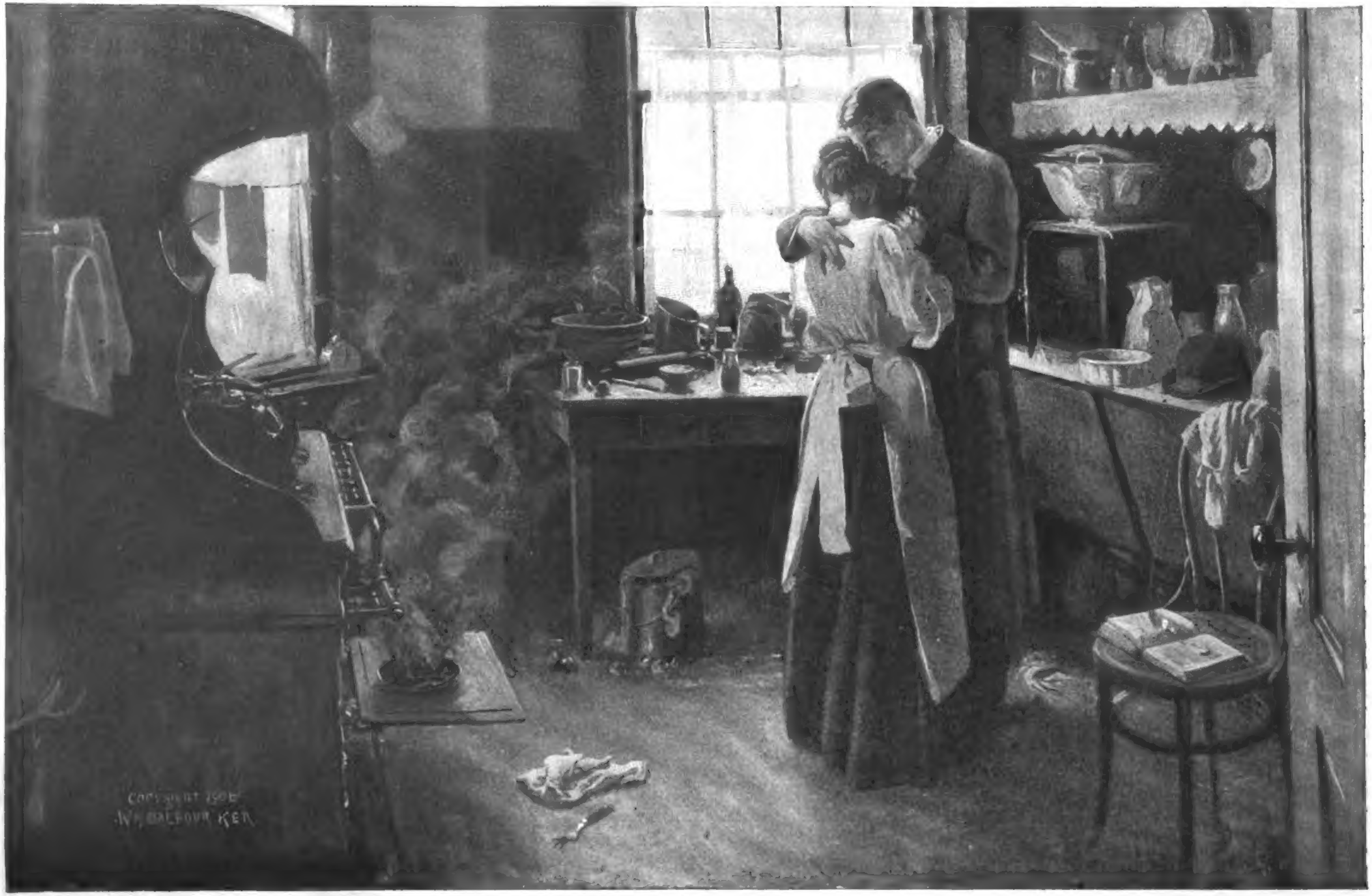
Christmas

1907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III. LOVE AMONG THE RUINS—THE FIRST PIE.

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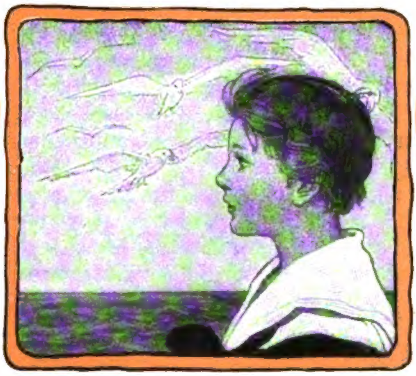

The Happy Day

by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Illustrated by Emilie Benson Knipe

IT was not you, yourself, who invented your Happy-Day. It was your Father, long ago in little-lad time, when a Happy-Day or a Wooden Soldier or High Heaven itself lay equally tame and giftable in the cuddling, curving hollow of a Father's hand.

Your Father must have been a very great Genius. How else could he have invented any happy thing in the black-oak library?

The black-oak library was a cross-looking room, dingy, lowering, and altogether boggy. You could not stamp your boot across the threshold without joggling the heart-beats out of the gaunt old clock that loomed in the darkermost corner of the alcove. You could not tiptoe to the candy box without plunging headlong into a stratum of creakiness that puckered your spine as though an electric devil were pulling the very last basting thread out of your little soul. Oh, it must have been a very, very aged room. The darkness was abhorrent to you. The dampness reeked with the stale, sad breath of ancient storms. Worst of all, blood-red curtains clotted at the windows; rusty swords and daggers hung most imminently from the walls, and along the smutted hearth a huge, moth-eaten tiger skin humped up its head in really terrible ferocity.

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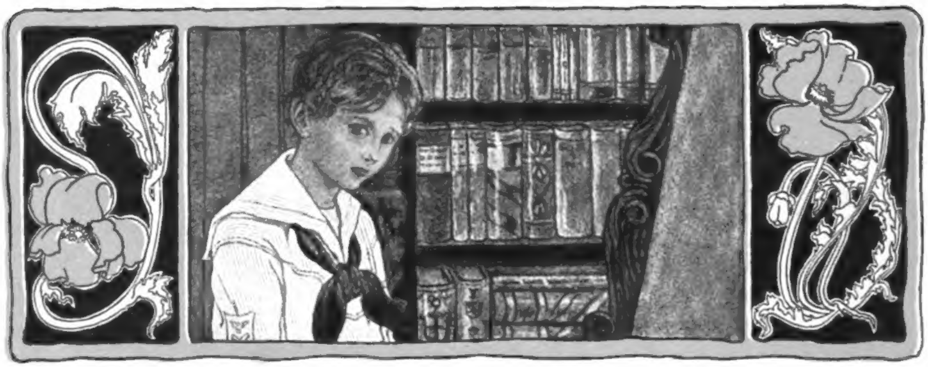


Through all the room there was no lively spot except the fireplace itself.

Usually, white birch logs flamed on the hearth with pleasant, crackling cheerfulness, but on this special day you noted with alarm that between the gleaming andirons a soft, red-leather book writhed and bubbled with little gray wisps of pain, while out of a charry, smoochy mass of nothingness a blue-flowered muslin sleeve stretched pleadingly toward you for an instant, shuddered, blazed, and was—gone.

It was there that your Father caught you, with that funny, strange sniff of havoc in your nostrils.

It was there that your Father told you his news.

When you are only a little, little boy and your Father snatches you suddenly up in his arms and tells you that he is going to be married again, it is very astonishing. You had always supposed that your Father was perfectly married! In the dazzling sunshine of the village church was there not a thrilly blue window that said quite distinctly, "Clarice Val Dere" (that was your Mother) "Lived" (*Lived,* it said!) "June, 1860—December, 1880"? All the other windows said "Died" on them. Why should your Father marry again?

In your Dear Father's arms you gasped, "Going to be *married?*" and your two eyes must have popped right out of your head, for your Father stooped down very suddenly and kissed them hard—whack, whack, back into place.

"N—o, not going to be married," he corrected, "but going to be married—again."

He spoke as though there were a great difference; but it was man-talk and you did not understand it.

Then he gathered you into the big, dark chair and pushed you way out on his knees and scrunched your cheeks in his hands and ate your face all up with his big eyes. When he spoke at last, his voice was way down deep like a bass drum.

"Little Boy Jack," he said, "you must never, never, never forget your Dear Mother!"

His words and the bir-r-r of them shook you like a leaf.

"But what was my Dear Mother like?" you whimpered. You had never seen your Mother.

Then your Father jumped up and walked hard on the creaky floor. When he turned round again, his eyes were all wet and shiny like a brown stained-glass window.

"What was your Dear Mother like?" he repeated. "Your Dear Mother was like—was like—the flash of a white wing across a stormy sea. And your Dear Mother's name was 'Clarice.' I give it to you for a Memorial. What better Memorial could a little boy have than his Dear Mother's name? And there is a date—" His voice grew suddenly harsh and hard like iron, and his lips puckered on his words as with a taste of rust— "there is a date—the 26th of April— No, that is too hard a date for a little boy's memory! It was a Thursday. I give you Thursday for your—Happy-Day. 'Clarice' for a Memorial, and Thursday for your Happy-Day." His words began to beat on you like blows. "As—long—as—you—live," he cried, "be very kind to any one who is named 'Clarice.' And no matter what Time brings you—weeks, months, years, centuries—*keep Thursday for your Happy-Day.* No cruelty must ever defame it, no malice, no gross bitterness."

Then he crushed you close to him for the millionth, billionth fraction of a second, and went away, while you stayed behind in the scary black-oak library, feeling as big and achy and responsible as you used to feel when you and your Dear Father were carrying a heavy suit-case together and your Dear Father let go his share just a moment to light his brown cigar. It gave you a beautiful feeling in your head, but way off in your stomach it tugged some.

So you crept away to bed at last, and dreamed that on a shining path leading straight from your front door to Heaven you had to carry all alone two perfectly huge suit-cases packed tight with love, and one of the suit-cases was marked "Clarice" and one was marked "Thursday." Tug, tug, tug, you went, and stumble, stumble, stumble, but your Dear Father could not help you at all because he was perfectly busy carrying a fat leather bag, some golf sticks, and a bull-terrier for a strange lady.

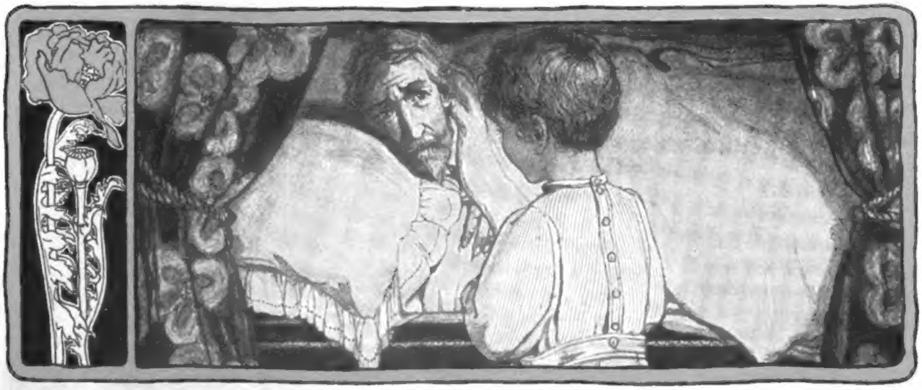
It was not a pleasant dream, and you screamed out so loud in the night that the Housekeeper-Woman had to come and comfort you. It was the Housekeeper-Woman who told you that on the morrow your Father was going far off across the salt seas. It was the Housekeeper-Woman who told you that you, yourself, were to be given away to a Grandmother-Lady in Massachusetts. It was also the Housekeeper-Woman who told you that your puppy dog Bruno—Bruno the big, the black, the curly, the waggy, was not to be included in the family gift to the Grandmother-Lady. Everybody reasoned, it seemed, that you would not need Bruno because there would be so many other dogs in Massachusetts. That was just the trouble. They *would* all be "other dogs." It was Bruno that you wanted, for he was the only *dog*, just as *you* were the only *boy* in the world. All the rest were only "other boys." You could have explained the matter perfectly to your Father if the Housekeeper-Woman had not made you cry so that you broke your explainer. But later in the night the most beautiful thought came to you. At first perhaps it tasted a little bit sly in your mouth, but after a second it spread like ginger, warm and sweet over your whole body except your toes, and you crept out of bed like a flannel ghost and fumbled your way down the black hall to your Dear Father's room and woke him shamelessly from his sleep. His eyes in the moonlight gleamed like two frightened dreams.

"Dear Father," you cried — you could hardly get the words fast enough out of your mouth—"Dear—Father—I—do—not—think —Bruno—is—a—very—good—name—for—a—big—black—dog—I—am—going—to—name—him—Clarice—instead!"

That was how you and Bruno-Clarice happened to celebrate together your first Happy-Day with a long, magic, joggling train journey to Massachusetts—the only original *boy* and the only original *dog* in all the world.

The Grandmother-Lady proved to be a very pleasant purple sort of person. Exactly whose Grandmother she was, you never found out. She was not your Father's mother. She was not your Mother's mother. With these links missing, whose Grandmother could she be? You could hardly press the matter further without subjecting her to the possible mortification of confessing that she was only adopted. Maybe, cruelest of all, she was just a Paid-Grandmother.

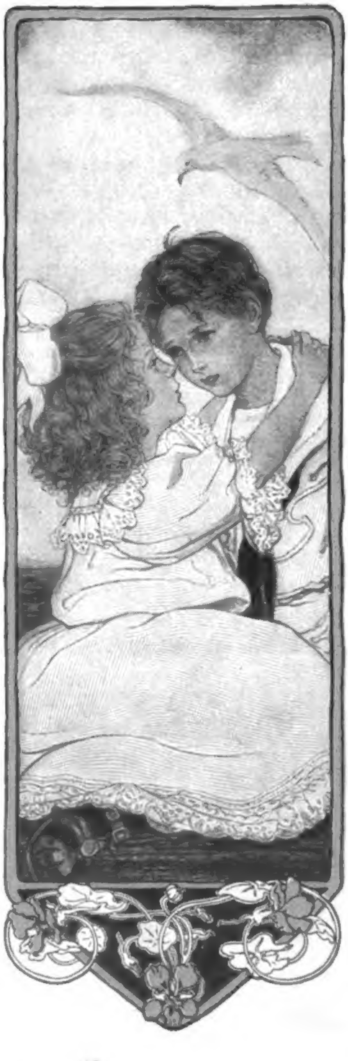
The Grandmother-Lady lived in a perfectly brown house in a perfectly green garden on the edge of a perfectly blue ocean. That was the Sight of it. Salted mignonette was the Smell of it. And a fresh wind flap-



ping through tall poplar trees was always and forever the Sound of it.

The brown house itself was the living image of a prim, old-fashioned bureau backed up bleakly to the street, with its piazza side yanked out boldly into the garden like a riotous bureau drawer, through which the Rising Sun rummaged every morning for some particular new shade of scarlet or yellow nasturtiums. As though quite shocked by such bizarre untidiness, the green garden ran tattling like mad down to the ocean and was most frantically shooed back again, so that its little trees and shrubs and flowers fluttered in a perpetual nervous panic of not knowing which way to blow.

But the blue ocean was the most wonderful thing of all. Never was there such an ocean! Right from the faraway edge of the sky it came, roaring, ranting, rumpling, till it broke against the beach all white and frilly like the Grandmother-Lady's best ruching. It was morning when you saw the ocean first, and its pleasant waters gleamed like a gorgeous, bright blue looking-glass covered with paper ships all filled with Other Boys' fathers. It was not till the first night came down — black and mournful and moany— it was not till the first night came down that you saw that the ocean was Much Too Large. There in your chill linen bed, with the fear of Sea and Night and Strangers upon you, you discovered a very strange droll thing—that your Father was a Person and might therefore leave you, but that your Mother was a *feeling* and would never, never, never forsake you. Bruno-Clarice, slapping his fat, black tail against your bedroom floor, was something of a *feeling* too.



Most fortunately for your well-being, the Grandmother-Lady's house was not too isolated from its neighbors. To be sure, a tall, stiff hedge separated the green garden from the lavender-and-pink garden next door, but a great scraggly hole in the hedge gave a beautiful prickly zest to friendly communication.

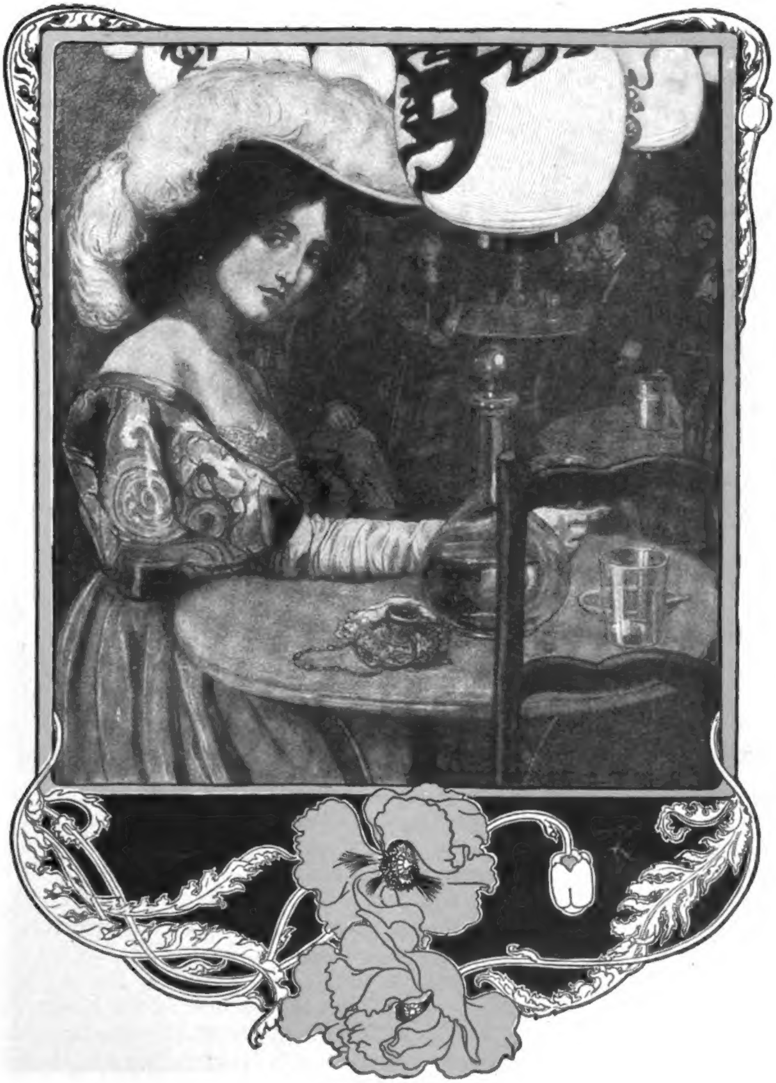
More than this, two children lived on the other side of the hedge. You had never had any playmates before in all your life!

One of the children was just Another Boy —a duplicate of you. But the other one was— *the only original girl.* Next to the big ocean, she was the surprise of your life. She wore skirts instead of clothes. She wore curls instead of hair. She wore stockings instead of legs. She cried when you laughed. She laughed when you cried. She was funny from the very first second, even when the Boy asked you if your big dog would bite. The Boy stood off and kept right on asking: "Will he bite? Will he bite? *W-i-l-l* he *bite?*" But the Girl took a great rough stick and pried open Bruno-Clarice's tusky mouth *to see if he would,* and when he *g-r-o-w-l-e-d,* she just kissed him smack on his black nose and called him "A Precious," and said, "Why, of course he'll bite."

The Boy was ten years old—a year older, and much fatter than you. His name was Sam. The Girl was only eight years old, and you could not tell at first whether she was thin or fat, she was so ruffledy. She had a horrid dressy name, "Sophia." But everybody called her Ladykin.

Oh, it is fun to make a boat that will flop sideways through the waves. It is fun to make a windmill that will whirl and whirl in the grass. It is fun to make an education. It is fun to make a fortune. But most of anything in the world it is fun to make a *friend*!

You had never made a *friend* before. First of all you asked, "How old are you?" "Can you do fractions?" "Can you name



the capes on the west coast of Africa?" "What is your favorite color? Green? Blue? Pink? Red? Or yellow?" Sam voted for green. Ladykin chose green *and* blue *and* pink *and* red *and* yellow, *also* purple. Then you asked, "Which are you most afraid of, the Judgment Day or a Submarine Boat?" Sam chose the Submarine Boat right off, so you had to take the Judgment Day, which was not a very pleasant fear to have for a pet. Ladykin declared that she wasn't afraid of anything in the world except of Being Homely. Wasn't that a silly fear? Then you got a little more intimate and asked, "What is your Father's business?" Sam and Ladykin's Father kept a huge candy store. It was mortifying to have to confess that your Father was only an Artist, but you laid great stress on his large eyes and his long fingers.

Then you three went off to the sandy beach and climbed up on a great huddly gray rock to watch the huge yellow sun go down all shiny and important, like a twenty-dollar gold piece in a wad of pink cotton batting. The tide was going out, too, the mean old "injun-giver," taking back all the pretty, chuckling pebbles, the shining ropes of seaweed, the dear salt secrets it had brought so teasingly to your feet a few hours earlier. You were very lonesome. But not till the gold and pink was almost gone from the sky did you screw your courage up to its supreme point. First you threw four stones very far out into the surf, then——

"What—is—your—Mother—like?" you whispered.

Ladykin went to her answer with impetuous certainty:

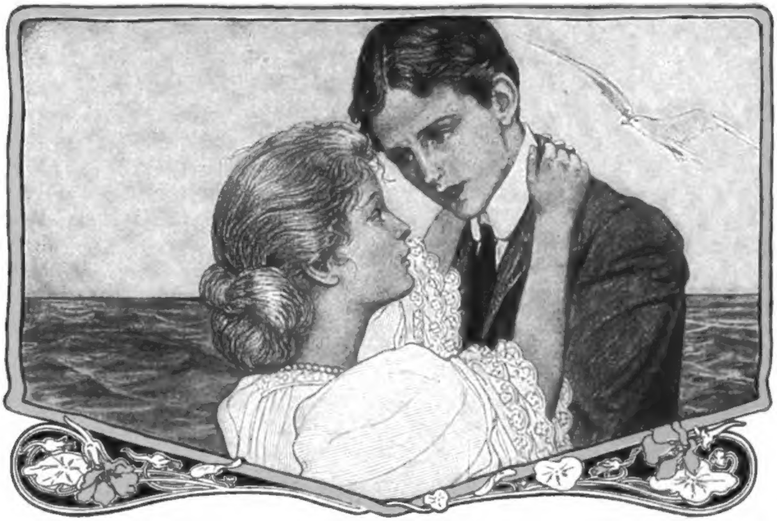
"Our Mother," she announced, "is fat and short and wears skin-tight dresses, and is President of the Woman's Club, and is sometimes cross."

A great glory came upon you and you clutched for wonder at the choking neck of your little blouse.

"M-y Mother," you said, "m-y Mother is like the Flash of a White Wing across a Stormy Sea!"

You started to say more, but with a wild war-whoop of amusement, Sam lost his balance and fell sprawling into the sand. "Oh, what a funny Mother!" he shouted, but Ladykin jumped down on him furiously and began to kick him with her scarlet sandals. "Hush! hush!" she cried, "Jack's Mother is dead!" and then in an instant she had clambered back to your side again and snuggled her little soft girl-cheek close against yours, while with one tremulous hand she pointed way out beyond the surf line where a solitary, snow-white gull swooped down into the Blue. "Look!" she gasped, "L-o-o-k!" and when you turned to her with a sudden gulping sob, she kissed you warm and sweet upon your lips.

It was not a Father-kiss with two tight arms and a scrunching pain. It was not a Grandmother-Lady kiss complimenting your clean face. It was not a Bruno-Clarice kiss, mute and wishful and lappy. There was no pain in it. There was no compliment. There was no doggish fealty. There was just *sweetness.*



Then you looked straight at Ladykin, and Ladykin looked straight at you, looked and *looked* and LOOKED, and you both gasped right out loud before the first miracle of your life, the Miracle of the Mating of Thoughts. Without a word of suggestion, without a word of explanation, you and Ladykin clasped hands and tiptoed stealthily off to the very edge of the water, and knelt down slushily in the sand, and stooped way over, oh, way, way over, with the cold waves squirting up your cuffs; and kissed two perfectly round floaty kisses out to the White Sea-Gull, and after a minute the White Gull rose in the sky, swirled round and round and round, stopped for a second, and then with a wild cry swooped down again into the blue— Once! Twice! and then with a great fountainy splash of wings rose high in the air like a white silk kite and went scudding off like mad into the Grayness, then into the Blackness, then into the Nothingness of the night. And you stayed behind on that pleasant, safe, sandy edge of things with all the sweetness gone from your lips, and nothing left you in all the world but the thudding of your heart, and a queer, sad, salty pucker on your tongue that gave you a thirst not so much for water as for *life*.

Oh, you learned a great deal about living in those first few days and weeks and months at the Grandmother-Lady's house.

You learned, for instance, that if you wanted to *do* things, Boys were best; but if you wanted to *think* things, then Girls were infinitely superior. You, yourself, were part Thinker and part Doer.

Sam was a *doer* from start to finish, strong of limb, long of wind, sturdy of purpose. But Sam was certainly prosy in his head. Ladykin, on the contrary, had "gray matter" that jumped like a squirrel in its cage, and fled hither and yon, and turned somersaults, and leaped through hoops, and was altogether *alert* beyond description. But she could not *do* things. She could not stay in the nice ocean five minutes without turning blue. She could not climb a tree without falling and bumping her nose. She could not fight without getting mad. Out of these proven facts you evolved a beautiful theory that if Thinky-Girls could only be taught to *do* things, they would make the most perfect playmates in all the wide, wide world. Yet somehow you never made a theory to improve Sam, though Sam's inability to think invariably filled you with a very cross, unholy contempt for him, while Ladykin's inability to *do* only served to thrill you with the most delicious, sweet, puffy pride in *yourself*.

Sam was very evidently a Person. Ladykin was a Feeling. You began almost at once to distinguish between Persons and Feelings. Anything that straightened out your head was a Person. Anything that puckered up your heart was a Feeling. Your Father, you had found out, was a Person. The Grandmother-Lady was a Person. Sam was a Person. Sunshine was a Person. A Horse was a Person. A Chrysanthemum was a Person. But your Mother was a Feeling. And Ladykin was a Feeling. And Bruno-Clarice was a Feeling. And the Ocean Blue was a Feeling. And a Church Organ was a Feeling. And the Smell of a June Rose was a Feeling. Perhaps your Happy-Day was the biggest Feeling of All.

Thursday, to be sure, came only once a week, but—*such a Thursday!* Even now, if you shut your eyes tight and gasp a quick breath, you can sense once more the sweet, crisp joy of fresh, starched clothes, and the pleasant, shiny jingle of new pennies in your small white cotton pockets. White? Yes; your Father had said that always on that day you should go like a little white Flag of Truce on an embassy to Fate. And Happiness? Could anything in the world make more for happiness than to be perfectly clean in the morning and perfectly dirty at night, with something rather frisky to eat for dinner, and Sam and Ladykin invariably invited to supper? Your Happy-Day was your Sacristy, too. Nobody ever punished you on Thursday. Nobody was ever cross to you on Thursday. Even if you were very black-bad the last thing Wednesday night, you were perfectly, blissfully, lusciously safe until Friday morning.

Oh, a Happy-Day was a very simple thing to manage compared with the terrible difficulties of being kind to everybody named "Clarice." There was *nobody* named Clarice! In all the town, in all the directory, in all the telephone books, you and Ladykin could not find a single person named Clarice. Once in a New York newspaper you read about a young Clarice-Lady of such and such a street who fell and broke her hip; and you took twenty shiny pennies of your money and bought a beautiful, hand-painted celluloid brush-holder and sent it to her; but you never, never heard that it did her any good. You did not want your Father to be mad at you, but Ladykin reasoned you out of your possible worry by showing you how if you ever saw your Father again you could at least plant your feet firmly, fold your arms, puff out your chest, and affirm distinctly: "Dear Father, I have *never* been cruel to *any one* named 'Clarice.'" Ladykin knew perfectly well how to manage it. Ladykin knew perfectly well how to manage everything.

Sam was the stupid one. Sam took a certain pleasure in Bruno-Clarice, but he never realized that Bruno-Clarice was a sacred dog. Sam thought that it was very fine for you to have a Happy-Day, with Clean Clothes, and Ice-cream, and Pennies, but he never almost *burst* with the wonder of the day.

Sam thought that it was pleasant enough for you to have a dead Mother who was like "the flash of a white wing across a stormy sea," but he did not see any possible, possible connection between that fact and stoning all the white sea-gulls in sight. Ladykin, on the contrary, told Sam distinctly that she'd knock his head off if he ever hit a gull, but fortunately—or unfortunately—Ladykin's aim was not so sure as Sam's. It was you who had to stay behind on the beach and pommel more than half the life out of Sam while Ladykin, pink as a posy in her best muslin, scared to death of wet and cold, plunged out to her little neck in the chopping waves to rescue a quivering fluff of feathers that struggled broken-winged against the cruel, drowning water. "Gulls are gulls!" persisted Sam with every blubbering breath. "Gulls are *Mothers!*" gasped Ladykin, staggering from the surf all drenched and dripping like a bursted water-pail. "Well, boy-gulls are gulls!" Sam screamed in a perfect explosion of outraged *truth*. But Ladykin defied him to the last. Through chattering teeth her vehement reassertion sounded like some horrid, wicked blasphemy: "Nnnnnnnnnnnn-oo! Bbb-o-y ggggg-ggulls are MMMMMM-Mothers too!" Then with that pulsing drench of feathers cuddled close to her breast, she struggled off alone to the house to have the Croup, while you and Sam went cheerily up the beach to find some shiners and some seaweed for your new gull hospital. Not till you were quite an old boy did you ever find out what became of that gull. Sacred Bruno-Clarice ate him. Ladykin, it seems, knew always what had happened to him, but she never dreamed of telling you till you were old enough to bear it. To Ladykin, Truth out of season was sourer than strawberries at Christmas time.

Sam would have told you *anything* the very first second that he found it out. Sam was perfectly great for Truth. He could tell more Great Black Truths in one day than there were thunder-clouds in the whole hot summer sky. This quality made Sam just a little bit dangerous in a crowd. He was always and forever shooting people with Truths that he didn't know were loaded. He was always telling the Grandmother-Lady, for instance, that her hair looked *exactly* like a wig. He was always telling Ladykin that she smelled of raspberry jam. He was always telling you that he didn't believe your Father really loved you. Oh, everything that Sam said was as straight and lank and honest as a lady's hair when it's out of crimp. Nothing in the world could be straighter than that.

But sometimes, when you had played sturdily with Sam for a good many hours, you used to coax Ladykin off all alone to the puffy, scorchy-looking smoke tree, where you could cuddle up on the rustic seat and rest your Honesty. And when you were thoroughly rested, you used to stretch your little arms behind your yawning face and beg:

"Oh, Ladykin, wouldn't you, couldn't you *please* say something curly?"

Ladykin's mind seemed to curl perfectly naturally. The crimp of it never came out. Almost any time you could take her words that looked so little and tight, and unwind them and unwind them into yards and yards and yards of pleasant, magic meanings.

There were no magic meanings in Sam's words. Sam, for instance, could throw as many as a hundred stones into the water, yet when he got through he just lay down in the sand and groaned, "Oh, how tired I am! Oh, how tired I am!" But Ladykin, after she'd thrown only two stones—one that hit the beach, and one that hit you—would stand right up and declare that her arm was "*be*-witched." Tired? No, not a bit of it, but "*be*-witched!" Hadn't she seen, hadn't you seen, hadn't everybody seen that *perfectly awful* sea-witch's head that popped out of the wave just after she had thrown her first stone? Oh, indeed, and it wasn't the first time either that she had been so frightened! Once when she was sitting on the sand counting sea-shells, hadn't the Witch swooped right out of the water and grabbed her legs? So, now if you wanted to break the cruel spell, save Ladykin's life, marry Ladykin, and live in a solid turquoise palace—where all the walls were papered with foreign postage-stamps, and no duplicates—you, not Sam, but *you, you*, chosen of all the world, must go down to the little harbor between the two highest, reariest rocks and stick a spiked stick through every wave that came in. There was no other way! Now you, yourself, might possibly have invented the witch, but you never, never would have thought of harpooning the waves and falling in and drowning your best suit, while Ladykin rested her arms.

Yet in the enforced punishment of an early bedtime you were not bereaved, but lay in rapturous delight untangling the minutest detail of Ladykin's words, till turquoise cities blazed like a turquoise flashlight across your startled senses; wonderful little princes and princesses kowtowed perpetually to royal Mother Ladykin and royal Father Yourself; and life-sized postage-stamps loomed so lusciously large that envelopes had to be pasted to the corners of stamps instead of stamps to the corners of envelopes. And before you had half straightened out the whole thought, you were fast asleep, and then fast awake, and it was suddenly morning! Oh, it is very comforting to have a playmate who can say curly things.

Sometimes, too, when Sam's and Ladykin's Mother had been rude to them about brushing their teeth or tracking perfectly good mud into the parlor, and Sam had gone off to ease his sorrow, scatting hens or stoning cats, you and Ladykin would steal down to the gray rock on the beach to watch the white, soft, pleasant sea-gulls. There were times, you think, when Ladykin wished that *her* Mother was a sea-gull. Then you used to wonder and wonder and wonder about your own Mother, and tell Ladykin all over again about the creaky, black-oak library, and the smoky, smelly hearth-fire with the hurt red book, and the blue-flowered muslin sleeve beckoning and beckoning to you; and Ladykin used to explain to you how, very evidently, you were the only souvenir that your Father did not burn. With that thought in mind, you used to guess and guess what could possibly have happened long ago on a Thursday to make a Happy-Day forever and ever. Ladykin said that of course it was something about "Love," but when you ran off to ask the Grandmother-Lady just exactly what "Love" was, the Grandmother-Lady only laughed and said that "Love" was a fever that came along a few years after chicken-pox and measles and scarlet fever. Ladykin was saucy about it. "That may be *true*," Ladykin acknowledged, "but *t'aint so*!" Then you went and found Sam and asked him if he knew what "Love" was. Sam knew at once. Sam said that "Love" was the feeling that one had for mathematics. Now that was all *bosh*, for the feeling that you and Ladykin had for Mathematics would not have made a Happy-Day for a cow.

But even if there were a great many things that you could not find out, it was a good deal of fun to grow up. Apart from a few stomach-aches and two or three gnawing pains in the calves of your legs, aging was a most alluring process.

Springs, summers, autumns, winters, went hurtling over one another, till all of a sudden, without the slightest effort on your part, you were fifteen years old, Bruno-Clarice had grown to be a sober, industrious, middle-aged dog, Sam was idolatrously addicted to Geometry, and Ladykin subscribed to a Fashion magazine for the benefit of her paper dolls.

Most astonishing of all, however, your Father had invited you to go to Germany and visit him. It was a glorious invitation. You were all athrill with the Geography and Love of it. Already your nostrils crinkled to the lure of tar and oakum. Already your vision feasted on the parrot-colored crowds of Come-igrants and Go-igrants that huddled along the wharves with their eager, jabbering faces and their soggy, wadded feet.

Oh, the prospect of the journey was a most beautiful experience, but when the actual Eve of Departure came, the scissors of separation gleamed rather hard and sharp in the air, and you hunched your neck a little bit wincingly before the final crunching snip. That last evening was a dreadful evening. The Cook sat sobbing in the kitchen. The Grandmother-Lady's eyes were red with sewing. The air was all heavy with *going-awayness*. To escape the strangle of it, you fled to the beach with Bruno-Clarice tagging in mournful excitement at your heels, his smutty nose all a-sniff with the foreboding leathery smell of trunks and bags. There on the beach in a scoopy hollow of sand backed up against the old gray rock, were Sam and Ladykin. Sam's round, fat face was fretted like a pug-dog's, and Ladykin's eyes were blinky-wet with tears.

It was not a pleasant time to say good-by. It had been a beautiful, smooth-skied day, crisp and fresh and bright-colored as a "Sunday supplement"; but now the clouds piled gray and crumpled in the west like a poor stale, thrown-away newspaper, with just a sputtering blaze in one corner like the kindling of a half-hearted match.

"*Please* be kind to Bruno-Clarice," you began; "I shall miss you very much—very, very much. But I will come back——"

"N—o, I do not think you will come back," said Ladykin. "You will go to Germany to live with your Father and your Play-Mother, and you will gargle all your words like a throat tonic till you don't know how to be friends in English any more; and even if you did come back Bruno-Clarice would bark at you, and I shall be married, and Sam will have a long, black beard."

Now you could have borne Ladykin's marriage; you could even have borne Bruno-Clarice's barking at you; but you could not, simply could not bear the thought of Sam's growing a long black beard without you. Even Ladykin with all her wonderfulness sat utterly helpless before the terrible, unexpected climax of her words. It was Sam who leaped into the breach. The clutch of his hand was like the grit of sand-paper. "Jack," he stammered, "Jack, I promise you—anyhow I won't *cut* my beard until you come!"

It was certainly only the thought of Sam's faithful beard that sustained you on your rough, blue voyage to Germany. It was certainly only the thought of Sam's faithful beard that rallied your smitten forces when you met your Father face to face and saw him reel back white as chalk against the silky shoulder of your Play-Mother, and hide his eyes behind the crook of his elbow.

It is not pleasant to make people turn white as chalk, even in Germany. Worse yet, every day your Father grew whiter and whiter and whiter, and every day your pretty Play-Mother wrinkled her forehead more and more in a strange, hurty sort of trouble. Never once did you dare think of Ladykin. Never once did you dare think of Bruno-Clarice. You just named all your upper teeth "Sam," and all your lower teeth "Sam," and ground them into each other all day long —"Sam! Sam! Sam!" over and over and over. There were, also, no Happy-Days in Germany, and nobody ever spoke of Clarice.

You were pretty glad at last after a month when your Father came to you with his most beautiful face and his most loving hands, and said:

"Little Boy Jack, there is no use in it. You have got to go away again. You are a wound that will not heal. It is your Dear Mother's eyes. It is your Dear Mother's mouth. It is your Dear Mother's smile. God forgive me, but I cannot bear it! I am going to send you away to school in England."

You put your finger cautiously up to your eyes and traced their round, firm contour. Your Mother's eyes? They felt like two heaping teaspoonfuls of tears. Your Mother's mouth? Desperately you poked it into a smile. "Going to send me away to school in England?" you stammered. "Never mind. Sam will not cut his beard until I come."

"*What?*" cried your Father in a great voice. "*W-h-a-t?*"

But you pretended that you had not said anything, because it was boy-talk and your Father would not have understood it.

Never, never, never had you seen your Father so suffering; yet when he took you in his arms and raised your face to his and quizzed you: "Little Boy Jack, do you love me? Do you love me?" you scanned him out of your Mother's made-over eyes and answered him out of your Mother's made-over mouth:

"N—o! N—o! I *don't* love you!"

And he jumped back as though you had knifed him, and then laughed out loud as though he were glad of the pain.

"But I ask you this," he persisted, and the shine in his eyes was like a sunset glow in the deep woods, and the touch of his hands would have lured you into the very heart of the flame. "It is not probable," he said, "that your Dear Mother's child and mine will go through Life without knowing Love. When your Love-Time comes, if you understand *then*, and forgive me, will you send me a message?"

"Oh, yes," you cried out suddenly. "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and clung to him frantically with your own boyish hands, and kissed him with your Mother's mouth. But you did not love him. It was your Mother's mouth that loved him.

So you went away to school in England and grew up and up and up some more; but somehow this latter growing up was a dull process without savor, and the years went by as briefly and inconsequently as a few dismissing sentences in a paragraph. There were plenty of people to work with and play with, but almost no one to think with, and your hard-wrought book knowledge faded to nothingness compared to the three paramount convictions of your youthful experience, namely, that neither Coffee nor Ocean nor Life tasted as good as it smelled.

And then when you were almost twenty-one you met "Clarice"!

It was at a Christmas supper party in a café. Some one looked up suddenly and called the name "Clarice! Clarice!" and when your startled eyes shot to the mark and saw her there in her easy, dashing, gorgeous beauty, something in your brain curdled, and all the Lonesomeness, all the Mystery, all the Elusiveness of Life pounded suddenly in your heart like a captured Will-o'-the-Wisp. "Clarice?" Here, then, was the end of your journey? The eternal kindness? The flash of a white wing across *your* stormy sea? "Clarice!" And you looked across unbidden into her eyes and smiled at her a gaspy, astonished smile that brought the strangest light into her face.

Oh, but Clarice was very beautiful! Never had you seen such a type. Her hair was black and solemn as crape. Her eyes were bright and noisy as jet. Her heart was barren as a blot of ink. And she took your dreamy, paper-white boy life and scourged it like a tongue of flame across a field of Easter lilies!

And when the wonder of the flame was gone, you sat aghast in your room among the charred, scorched fragments of your Youth. The thirst for death was very strong upon you, and the little, long, narrow cup of your revolver gleamed very brimming full of death's elixir. Even the June-time could not save you. Your Mother's name was an agony on your lips. The frenzied reiteration of your thoughts scraped on your brain like a sledge on gravel. You would drink very deep, you thought, of your little slim cup of death. Yet the thing that was tortured within you was scarcely Love, and you had no message of understanding for your Father. Just with wrecked life, wrecked faith, wrecked courage, you huddled at your desk, catching your breath for a second before you should reach out your fretted fingers for the little, cool, cunning, toy hand of Death.

"Once again," you said to yourself, "once again I will listen to the children's voices in the garden. Once again I will lure the smell of June roses into my heart." The children prattled and passed. Your hand reached out and fumbled. Once more you shut your scalding eyes, hunched up your shoulders, and breathed in like an ultimate tide the ravishing sweetness of the June—one breath, another, another—longer—longer. Oh, God in Heaven, if one could only die of such an anesthetic—smothered with Sweetbrier, spiced with Saffron, buried in Bride Roses. *Die?* Your wild hand leaped to the task and faltered stricken before the strange, grim fact that blazed across your consciousness. It was Thursday. It was your "Happy-Day!" Your Father's words came pounding back like blows into your sore brain! Your "Happy-Day!" "No cruelty must ever defame it, no malice, no gross bitterness!" Somewhere in Air or Sky or Sea there was a Mother-Woman who must not be *hurt*. Your "Happy-Day?" HAPPY-DAY? Rage and sorrow broke like a fearful storm across your senses, and you put down your head and cried like a child.

Tears? Again you felt on your lips that queer, sad, salty pucker, that taste of the Sea that gave you a thirst not so much for water as for Life. *Life? Life?* The thought thrilled through you like new nerves. Your ashy pulses burst into flame. Your dull heart jumped. Your vision woke. Your memory quickened. You saw the Ocean, blue, blue, blue before you. You saw a small, rude boy lie sprawling in the sand. You saw a little girl's face, wild with wonder, tremulous with sweetness. You felt again the flutter of a kiss against your cheek. The little girl who —understood. Your salt lips puckered into a smile, and the smile ran back like a fuse into the inherent happiness of your heart. Sam? Ladykin? Home? You began to laugh! Haggard, harried, wrecked, ruined, you began to laugh! Then, faltering like a hysterical girl, you staggered down the stairs, out of the house, along the streets to the cable office, and sent a message to Sam.

"How long is your beard?" the message said. "How long is your beard?" Just that silly, magic message across miles and miles and miles of waves and seaweeds. How the great cable must have simpered with the foolishness of it. How the pink coral must have chuckled. How the big, tin-foiled fishes must have wondered.

You did not wait for an answer. What answer was there? You could picture Sam standing in stupefied awkwardness before the amazing nothingness of such a message. But Ladykin would remember. Oh, yes, Ladykin would remember. You could see her peering past Sam's shoulder and snatching out suddenly for the fluttering paper. Ladykin would remember. What were six years?

Joy sang in your heart like the purr of a sea-shell. The blue blur of ocean, the dear green smell of mignonette, the rush of wind through the poplar trees were tonic memories to you. You did not wait to pack your things. You did not wait to notify your Father. You sped like a wild boy to the first wharf, to the first steamer that you could find.

The week's ocean voyage went by like a year. The silly waves dragged on the steamer like a tired child on the skirts of its mother. Haste raged in your veins like a fever. You wanted to throw all the fat, heavy passengers overboard. You wanted to swim ahead with a towing rope in your teeth.

You wanted to kill the Captain when he stuttered. You wanted to flay the cook for serving an extra course for dinner. Yet all the while the huge machinery throbbed in rhythm, "Time *will* pass. It *always does.* It *always does.* It *always does.*"

And then at last you stood again on your Native Land, *alive, well, vital, at home!*

With the sensation of an unbroken miracle, you found your way again to the little Massachusetts sea town, along the peaceful village walk to the big brown house that turned so bleakly to the street. There on the steps, wonder of wonders, you found two elderly people, Bruno-Clarice and the Grandmother-Lady, and your knees gave out very suddenly and you sank down beside Bruno-Clarice and smothered the bark right out of him.

"Good lack!" cried the Grandmother-Lady, "Good *lack!*" and made so much noise that Sam himself came running like mad from the next house; and though he had no beard, you liked him very much and shook and shook his hand until he squealed.

With the Grandmother-Lady plying you with questions, and Sam feeling your muscle, and Bruno-Clarice trying to crawl into your lap like a pug-dog baby, it was almost half an hour before you had a chance to ask,

"Where is Ladykin?"

"She's down on the beach," said Sam. "I'll go and help you find her."

You looked at Sam speculatively. "I'll give you ten dollars if you won't," you said.

Sam considered the matter gravely before he began to grin.

"I'll do it for five," he acquiesced.

So you went off with Bruno-Clarice hobbling close at your heels, to find Ladykin for yourself. When you saw her she was perched up on the very top of the huddly gray rock playing tinkle tunes on her mandolin, and you stole up so quietly behind her that she did not see you till you were close beside her.

Then she turned very suddenly and looked down upon you and pretended that she did not know you, with her color coming and going all luminous and intermittent like a pink and white flashlight. In six years you had not seen such a wonderful play-matey face.

"Who are you?" she asked. "Who are you?"

"I am 'Little Boy Jack' come back to marry you," you began, but something in the wistful, shy girl tenderness of her face and eyes choked your bantering words right off in your throat.

"Yes, Ladykin," you said, "I have come home, and I am very tired, and I am very sad, and I am very lonesome, and I have not been a very good boy. But please be good to me! I am so lonesome I cannot wait to make love to you. Oh, *please, please* love me *n-o-w.* I *need* you to love me N-O-W!"

Ladykin frowned. It was not a cross frown. It was just a sort of a cosy corner for her thoughts. Surprise cuddled there, and a sorry feeling, and a great tenderness.

"You have not been a very good boy?" she repeated after you.

The memory of a year crowded blackly upon you. "No," you said, "I have not been a very good boy, and I am very suffering-sad. But *please* love me, and forgive me. No one has ever loved me!"

The surprise and the sorry feeling in Ladykin's forehead crowded together to make room for something that was just *womanliness.* She began to smile. It was the smile of a hurt person when the opiate first begins to overtake the pain.

"Oh, I'm sure it was an accidental badness," she volunteered softly. "If I were accidentally bad, you would forgive *me*, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," you stammered, and reached up your lonesome hands to her.

"Then you don't have to make love," she whispered. "It's all made," and slipped down into your arms.

But something troubled her, and after a minute she pushed you away and tried to renounce you.

"But it is not Thursday," she sobbed; "it is Wednesday; and my name is not 'Clarice'; it is Ladykin."

Then all the boyishness died out of you—the sweet, idle reveries, the mystic responsibilities. You shook your Father's dream from your eyes, and squared your shoulders for your own realities.

"A Man must make his own Happy-Day," you cried, "and a Man must choose his own Mate!"

Before your vehemence Ladykin winced back against the rock and eyed you fearsomely.

"Oh, I will love you and cherish you," you pleaded.

But Ladykin shook her head. "That is not enough," she whispered. There was a kind of holy scorn in her eyes.

Then a White Gull flashed like an apparition before your sight. Ladykin's whole figure drooped, her cheek paled, her little mouth quivered, her vision narrowed. There with her eyes on the White Gull and your eyes fixed on hers, you saw her shy thoughts journey into the Future. You saw her eyes smile, sadden, brim with tears, smile again, and come homing back to you with a timid, glad surprise as she realized that your thoughts too had gone all the long journey with her.

She reached out one little hand to you. It was very cold.

"If I should pass like the flash of a white wing," she questioned, "would you be true to me—and *mine?*"

The Past, the Present, the Future rushed over you in tumult. Your lips could hardly crowd so big a vow into so small a word. "Oh, YES, YES, YES!" you cried.

In reverent mastery you raised her face to yours. "A Man must make his own Happy-Day," you repeated. "A Man must make his own Happy-Day!"

Timorously, yet assentingly, she came back to your arms. The whisper of her lips against your ear was like the flutter of a rose petal.

"It will be Wednesday, then," she said, "for us and—ours."

Clanging a strident bell across the magic stillness of the garden, Sam bore down upon you like a steam-engine out of tune.

"Oh, I say," he shouted, "for heaven's sake cut it out and come to supper."

The startled impulse of your refusal faded before the mute appeal in Ladykin's eyes.

"All right," you answered; "but first I must go and cable 'love' to my Father."

"Oh, hurry!" cried Ladykin. Her word was crumpled and shy as a kiss.

"Oh, hurry!" cried Sam. His thought was straight and frank as a knife and fork.

Joy sang in your heart like a prayer that rhymed. Your eager heart was pounding like a race horse. The clouds in the sky were scudding to sunset. The surf on the beach seemed all out of breath. The green meadow path to the village stretched like the paltriest trifle before a man's fleet running pace.

"But I can't hurry," you said, for Bruno-Clarice came poking his grizzled old nose into your hand. "Oh, wait for me," he seemed to plead. "Oh, please, *please* wait for me."

"Next to Reading Matter"

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice

HE compelled my interest as he stepped from the ferry at Desbrosses Street. He had the air of being familiar with hemispheres and worlds, and of entering New York as the lord of a demesne who revisited it after years of absence. But I thought that with all his air, he had never before set foot on the slippery cobblestones of the City of Too Many Caliphs.

He wore loose clothes of a strange bluish-drab color, and a conservative, round, Panama hat without the cock-a-hoop indentations and cants with which Northern fanciers disfigure the tropic head-gear. Moreover, he was the homeliest man I have ever seen. His ugliness was less repellent than startling—arising from a sort of Lincolnian ruggedness and irregularity of feature that spellbound you with wonder and dismay. So may have looked afrites or the shapes metamorphosed from the vapor of the fisherman's vase. As he afterward told me, his name was Judson Tate; and he may as well be called so at once. He wore his green silk tie through a topaz ring; and he carried a cane made of the vertebræ of a shark.

Judson Tate accosted me with some large and casual inquiries about the city's streets and hotels, in the manner of one who had but for the moment forgotten the trifling details. I could think of no reason for dispraising my own quiet hotel in the downtown district; so the mid-morning of the night found us already victualed and drinked (at my expense), and ready to be chaired and tobaccoed in a quiet corner of the lobby.

There was something on Judson Tate's mind, and, such as it was, he tried to convey it to me. Already he had accepted me as his friend; and when I looked at his great snuff-brown, first-mate's hand, with which he brought emphasis to his periods, within six inches of my nose, I wondered if, by any chance, he was as sudden in conceiving enmity against strangers.

When this man began to talk I perceived in him a certain power. His voice was a persuasive instrument upon which he played with a somewhat specious but effective art. He did not try to make you forget his ugliness; he flaunted it in your face and made it part of the charm of his speech. Shutting your eyes, you would have trailed after this rat-catcher's pipes at least to the walls of Hameln. Beyond that you would have had to be more childish to follow. But let him play his own tune to the words set down, so that if all is too dull, the art of music may bear the blame.

"Women," said Judson Tate, "are mysterious creatures."

My spirits sank. I was not there to listen to such a world-old hypothesis—to such a time-worn, long-ago-refuted, bald, feeble, illogical, vicious, patent sophistry—to an ancient, baseless, wearisome, ragged, unfounded, insidious falsehood originated by women themselves, and by them insinuated, foisted, thrust, spread, and ingeniously promulgated into the ears of mankind by underhanded, secret, and deceptive methods, for the purpose of augmenting, furthering, and reenforcing their own charms and designs.

"Oh, I don't know!" said I vernacularly.

"Have you ever heard of Oratama?" he asked.

"Possibly," I answered. "I seem to recall a toe dancer—or a suburban addition—or was it a perfume?—of some such name."

"It is a town," said Judson Tate, "on the coast of a foreign country of which you know nothing and could understand less. It is a country governed by a dictator and controlled by revolutions and insubordination. It was there that a great life-drama was played, with myself, Judson Tate, the homeliest man in America, and Fergus McMahan, the handsomest adventurer in history or fiction, and Señorita Anabela Zamora, the beautiful daughter of the alcalde of Oratama, as chief actors. And, another thing—nowhere else on the globe except in the department of Treinta y tres in Uruguay does the *chuchula* plant grow. The products of the country I speak of are valuable woods, dyestuffs, gold, rubber, ivory, and cocoa."

"I was not aware," said I, "that South America produced any ivory."

"There you are twice mistaken," said Judson Tate, distributing the words over at least an octave of his wonderful voice. "I did not say that the country I spoke of was in South America—I must be careful, my dear man; I have been in politics there, you know. But, even so—I have played chess against its president with a set carved from the nasal bones of the tapir—one of our native specimens of the order of perissodactyle ungulates inhabiting the Cordilleras—which was as pretty ivory as you would care to see.

"But it was of romance and adventure and the ways of woman that I was going to tell you, and not of zoological animals.

"For fifteen years I was the ruling power behind old Sancho Benavides, the Royal High Thumbscrew of the republic. You've seen his picture in the papers—a mushy black man with whiskers like the notes on a Swiss music-box cylinder, and a scroll in his right hand like the ones they write births on in the family Bible. Well, that chocolate potentate used to be the biggest item of interest anywhere between the color line and the parallels of latitude. It was three throws, horses, whether he was to wind up in the Hall of Fame or the Bureau of Combustibles. He'd have been sure called the Roosevelt of the Southern Continent if it hadn't been that Grover Cleveland was President at the time. He'd hold office a couple of terms, then he'd sit out for a hand—always after appointing his own successor for the interims.

"But it was not Benavides, the Liberator, who was making all this fame for himself. Not him. It was Judson Tate. Benavides was only the chip over the bug. I gave him the tip when to declare war and increase import duties and wear his state trousers. But that wasn't what I wanted to tell you. How did I get to be It? I'll tell you. Because I'm the most gifted talker that ever made vocal sounds since Adam first opened his eyes, pushed aside the smelling-salts, and asked: 'Where am I?'

"As you observe, I am about the ugliest man you ever saw outside of the gallery of photographs of the New England Early Christian Scientists. So, at an early age, I perceived that what I lacked in looks I must make up in eloquence. That I've done. I get what I go after. As the back-stop and still small voice of old Benavides I made all the great historical powers-behind-the-throne, such as Talleyrand, Mrs. de Pompadour, and Loeb, look as small as the minority report of a Duma. I could talk nations into or out of debt, harangue armies to sleep on the battlefield, reduce insurrections, inflammations, taxes, appropriations, or surpluses with a few words, and call up the dogs of war or the dove of peace with the same birdlike whistle. Beauty and epaulettes and curly mustaches and Grecian profiles in other men were never in my way. When people first look at me they shudder. Unless they are in the last stages of angina pectoris they are mine in ten minutes after I begin to talk. Women and men—I win 'em as they come. Now, you wouldn't think women would fancy a man with a face like mine, would you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Tate," said I. "History is bright and fiction dull with homely men who have charmed women. There seems——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Judson Tate; "but you don't quite understand. You have yet to hear my story.

"Fergus McMahan was a friend of mine in the capital. For a handsome man I'll admit he was the duty-free merchandise. He had blond curls and laughing blue eyes and was featured regular. They said he was a ringer for the statue they call Herr Mees, the god of speech and eloquence resting in some museum at Rome. Some German anarchist, I suppose. They are always resting and talking.

"But Fergus was no talker. He was brought up with the idea that to be beautiful was to make good. His conversation was about as edifying as listening to a leak dropping in a tin dish-pan at the head of the bed when you want to go to sleep. But he and me got to be friends—maybe because we was so opposite, don't you think? Looking at the Hallowe'en mask that I call my face when I'm shaving seemed to give Fergus pleasure; and I'm sure that whenever I heard the feeble output of throat noises that he called conversation I felt contented to be a gargoyle with a silver tongue.

"One time I found it necessary to go down to this coast town of Oratama to straighten out a lot of political unrest and chop off a few heads in the customs and military departments. Fergus, who owned the ice and sulphur-match concessions of the republic, says he'll keep me company.

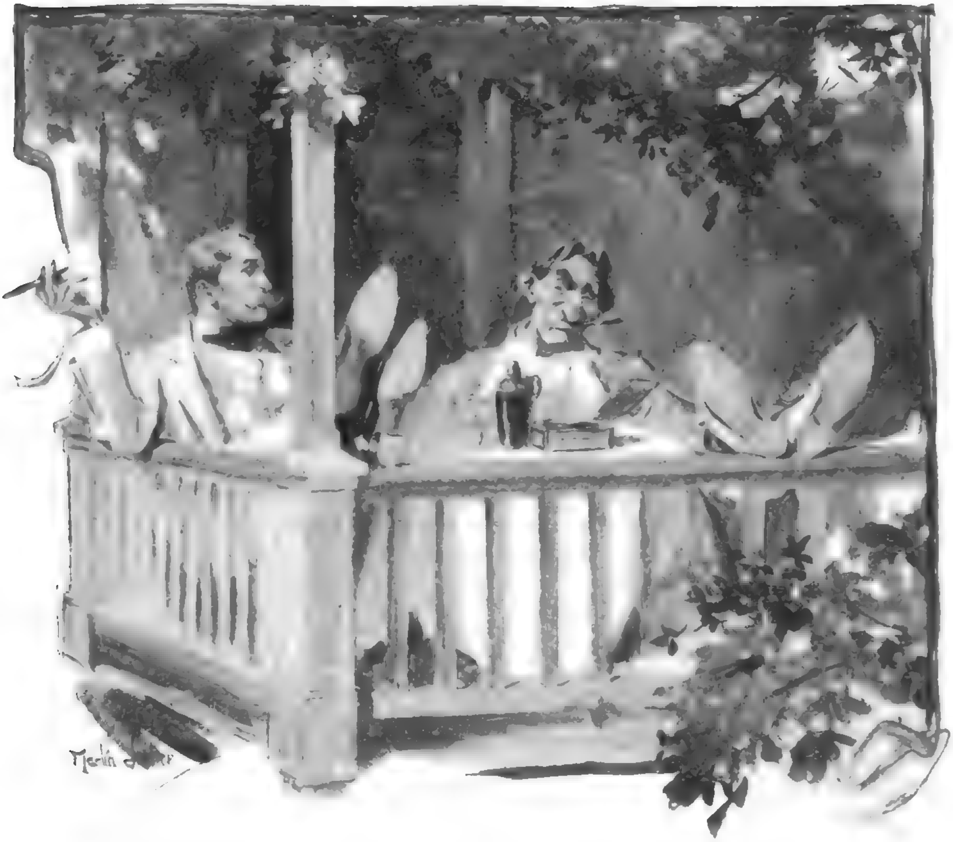
"So, in a jangle of mule-train bells, we gallops into Oratama, and the town belonged to us as much as Long Island Sound doesn't belong to Japan when T. R. is at Oyster Bay. I say us; but I mean me. Everybody for four nations, two oceans, one bay and isthmus, and five archipelagoes around had heard of Judson Tate. Gentleman adventurer, they called me. I had been written up in five columns of the yellow journals, 40,000 words (with marginal decorations), in a monthly magazine, and a stickful on the twelfth page of the New York *Times*. If the beauty of Fergus McMahan gained any part of our reception in Oratama, I'll eat the price-tag in my Panama. It was me that they hung out paper flowers and palm branches for. I am not a jealous man; I am stating facts. The people were Nebuchadnezzars; they bit the grass before me; there was no dust in the town for them to bite. They bowed down to Judson Tate. They knew that I was the power behind Sancho Benavides. A word from me was more to them than a whole deckle-edged library from East Aurora in sectional bookcases was from anybody else. And yet there are people who spend hours fixing their faces—rubbing in cold cream and massaging the muscles (always toward the eyes) and taking in the slack with tincture of benzoin, and electrolyzing moles—to what end? Looking handsome. Oh, what a mistake! It's the larynx that the beauty doctors ought to work on. It's words more than warts, talk more than talcum, palaver more than powder, blarney more than bloom that counts—the phonograph instead of the photograph. But I was going to tell you.

"The local Harrylehrs put me and Fergus up at the Centipede Club, a frame building built on posts sunk in the surf. The tide's only nine inches. The Little Big High Low Jacks-in-the-game of the town came around and kowtowed. Oh, it wasn't to Herr Mees. They had heard about Judson Tate.

"One afternoon me and Fergus McMahan was sitting on the seaward gallery of the Centipede, drinking iced rum and talking.

"'Judson,' says Fergus, 'there's an angel in Oratama.'

"'So long,' says I, 'as it ain't Gabriel, why talk as if you had heard a trump blow?'



"'JUDSON,' SAYS FERGUS, 'YOU KNOW YOU ARE AS BEAUTILESS AS A RHINOCEROS.'"

"'It's the Señorita Anabela Zamora,' says Fergus. 'She's—she's—she's as lovely as—as hell!'

"'Bravo!' says I, laughing heartily. 'You have a true lover's eloquence to paint the beauties of your inamorata. You remind me,' says I, 'of Faust's wooing of Marguerite—that is, if he wooed her after he went down the trap-door of the stage.'

"'Judson,' says Fergus, 'you know you are as beautiless as a rhinoceros. You can't have any interest in women. I'm awfully gone on Miss Anabela. And that's why I'm telling you.'

"'Oh, *seguramente*,' says I. 'I know I have a front elevation like an Aztec god that guards a buried treasure that never did exist in Jefferson County, Yucatan. But there are compensations. For instance, I am It in this country as far as the eye can reach, and then a few perches and poles. And again,' says I, 'when I engage people in a set-to of oral, vocal, and laryngeal utterances, I do not usually confine my side of the argument to what may be likened to a cheap phonographic reproduction of the ravings of a jellyfish.'

"'Oh, I know,' says Fergus, amiable, 'that I'm not handy at small talk. Or large either. That's why I'm telling you. I want you to help me.'

"'How can I do it?' I asked.

"'I have subsidized,' says Fergus, 'the services of Señorita Anabela's duenna, whose name is Francesa. You have a reputation in this country, Judson,' says Fergus, 'of being a great man and a hero.'

"'I have,' says I. 'And I deserve it.'

"'And I,' says Fergus, 'am the best-looking man between the arctic circle and the antarctic ice pack.'

"'With limitations,' says I, 'as to physiognomy and geography, I freely concede you to be.'

"'Between the two of us,' says Fergus, 'we ought to land the Señorita Anabela Zamora. The lady, as you know, is of an old

Spanish family, and further than looking at her driving in the family *carruaje* of afternoons around the plaza, or catching a glimpse of her through a barred window of evenings, she is as unapproachable as a star.'

"'Land her for which one of us?' says I.

"'For me, of course,' says Fergus. 'You've never seen her. Now, I've had Francesa point me out to her as being you on several occasions. When she sees me on the plaza, she thinks she's looking at Don Judson Tate, the greatest hero, statesman, and romantic figure in the country. With your reputation and my looks combined in one man, how can she resist him? She's heard all about your thrilling history, of course. And she's seen me. Can any woman want more?' asks Fergus McMahan.

"'Can she do with less?' I ask. 'How can we separate our mutual attractions, and how shall we apportion the proceeds?'

"Then Fergus tells me his scheme.

"The house of the alcalde, Don Luis Zamora, he says, has a *patio*, of course—a kind of inner courtyard opening from the street. In an angle of it is his daughter's window—as dark a place as you could find. And what do you think he wants me to do? Why, knowing my freedom, charm, and skilfulness of tongue, he proposes that I go into that *patio* at midnight, when the hobgoblin face of me cannot be seen, and make love to her for him—for the pretty man that she has seen on the plaza, thinking him to be Don Judson Tate.

"Why shouldn't I do it for him—for my friend, Fergus McMahan? For him to ask me was a compliment—an acknowledgment of his own shortcomings.

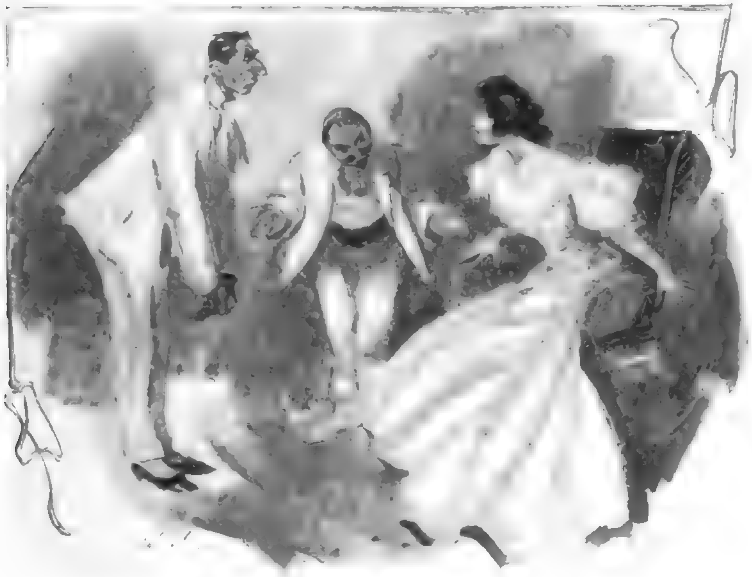
"'You little, lily-white, fine-haired, highly polished piece of dumb sculpture,' says I, 'I'll help you. Make your arrangements and get me in the dark outside her window and my stream of conversation opened up with the moonlight-tremolo stop turned on, and she's yours.'

"'Keep your face hid, Jud,' says Fergus. 'For heaven's sake, keep your face hid. I'm a friend of yours in all kinds of sentiment; but this is a business deal. If I could talk I wouldn't ask you. But seeing me and listening to you, I don't see why she can't be landed.'

"'By you?' says I.

"'By me,' says Fergus.

"Well, Fergus and the duenna, Francesa, attended to the details. And one night they fetched me a long black cloak with a high collar, and led me to the house at midnight. I stood by the window in the *patio* until I heard a voice as soft and sweet as an angel's whisper on the other side of the bars. I could see only a faint, white-clad shape in-



"THE ALCALDE LEADS ME UP TO ANABELA."

side; and true to Fergus, I pulled the collar of my cloak high up, for it was July, in the wet season, and the nights were chilly. And, smothering a laugh as I thought of the tongue-tied Fergus, I began to talk.

"Well, sir, I talked an hour at the Señorita Anabela. I say 'at,' because it was not 'with.' Now and then she would say: 'Oh, Señor,' or 'Now, ain't you foolin'?' or 'I know you don't mean that,' and such things as women will when they are being rightly courted. Both of us knew English and Spanish; so in two languages I tried to win the heart of the lady for my friend Fergus. But for the bars to the window I could have done it in one. At the end of the hour she dismissed me and gave me a big, red rose. I handed it over to Fergus when I got home.

"For three weeks every third or fourth night I impersonated my friend in the *patio* at the window of Señorita Anabela. At last she admitted that her heart was mine, and spoke of having seen me every afternoon when she drove in the plaza. It was Fergus she had seen, of course. But it was my talk that won her. Suppose Fergus had gone there and tried to make a hit in the dark with his beauty all invisible, and not a word to say for himself!

"On the last night she promised to be mine—that is, Fergus's. And she put her hand between the bars for me to kiss. I bestowed the kiss and took the news to Fergus.

"'You might have left that for me to do,' says he.

"'That'll be your job hereafter,' says I. 'Keep on doing that and don't try to talk. Maybe after she thinks she's in love she won't notice the difference between real conversation and the inarticulate sort of droning that you give forth.'

"Now, I had never seen Señorita Anabela. So the next day Fergus asks me to walk with him through the plaza and view the daily promenade and exhibition of Oratama society, a sight that had no interest for me. But I went; and children and dogs took to the banana groves and mangrove swamps as soon as they had a look at my face.

"'Here she comes,' said Fergus, twirling his mustache—'the one in white, in the open carriage with the black horse.'

"I looked, and felt the ground rock under my feet. For Señorita Anabela Zamora was the most beautiful woman in the world, and the only one from that moment on, so far as Judson Tate was concerned. I saw at a glance that I must be hers and she mine forever. I thought of my face and nearly fainted; and then I thought of my other talents and stood upright again. And I had been wooing her for three weeks for another man!

"As Señorita Anabela's carriage rolled slowly past, she gave Fergus a long, soft glance from the corners of her night-black eyes, a glance that would have sent Judson Tate up into heaven in a rubber-tired chariot. But she never looked at me. And that handsome man only ruffles his curls and smirks and prances like a lady-killer at my side.

"'What do you think of her, Judson?' asks Fergus, with an air.

"'This much,' says I. 'She is to be Mrs. Judson Tate. I am no man to play tricks on a friend. So take your warning.'

"I thought Fergus would die laughing.

"'Well, well, well,' said he, 'you old dough-face! Struck, too, are you? That's great! But you're too late. Francesa tells me that Anabela talks of nothing but me, day and night. Of course, I'm awfully obliged to you for making that chin-music to her of evenings. But, do you know, I've an idea that I could have done it as well myself.'

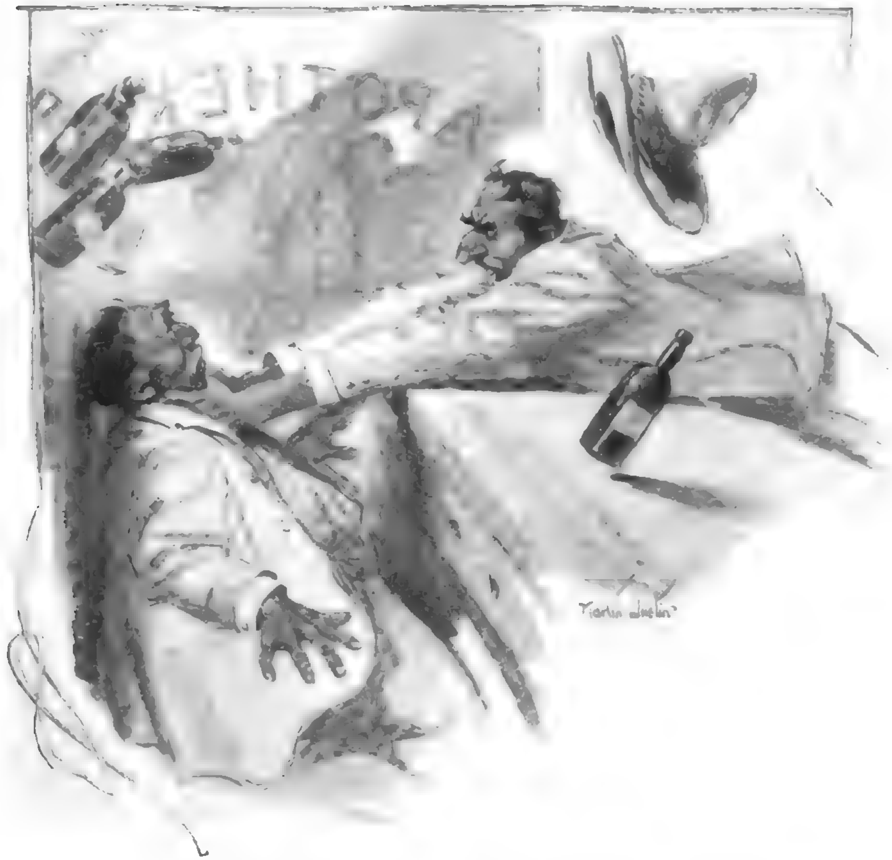
"'Mrs. Judson Tate,' says I. 'Don't forget the name. You've had the use of my tongue to go with your good looks, my boy. You can't lend me your looks; but hereafter my tongue is my own. Keep your mind on the name that's to be on the visiting cards two inches by three and a half—"Mrs. Judson Tate." That's all.'

"'All right,' says Fergus, laughing again. 'I've talked with her father, the alcalde, and he's willing. He's to give a *baile* to-morrow evening in his new warehouse. If you were a dancing man, Jud, I'd expect you around to meet the future Mrs. McMahan.'

"But on the next evening, when the music was playing loudest at the Alcalde Zamora's *baile*, into the room steps Judson Tate in new white linen clothes as if he were the biggest man in the whole nation, which he was.

"Some of the musicians jumped off the key when they saw my face, and one or two of the timidest señoritas let out a screech or two. But up prances the alcalde and almost wipes the dust off my shoes with his forehead. No mere good looks could have won me that sensational entrance.

"'I hear much, Señor Zamora,' says I, 'of the charm of your daughter. It would give me great pleasure to be presented to her.'



"I REACHED ACROSS THE COUNTER AND SEIZED HIM BY THE THROAT."

"There were about six dozen willow rocking-chairs, with pink tidies tied on to them, arranged against the walls. In one of them sat Señorita Anabela in white Swiss and red slippers, with pearls and fireflies in her hair. Fergus was at the other end of the room trying to break away from two maroons and a claybank girl.

"The alcalde leads me up to Anabela and presents me. When she took the first look at my face she dropped her fan and nearly turned her chair over from the shock. But I'm used to that.

"I sat down by her and began to talk. When she heard me speak she jumped, and her eyes got as big as alligator pears. She couldn't strike a balance between the tones of my voice and the face I carried. But I kept on talking in the key of C, which is the ladies' key; and presently she sat still in her chair and a dreamy look came into her eyes. She was coming my way. She knew of Judson Tate, and what a big man he was, and the big things he had done; and that was in my favor. But, of course, it was some shock to her to find out that I was not the pretty man that had been pointed out to her as the great Judson. And then I took the Spanish language, which is better than English for certain purposes, and played on it like a harp of a thousand strings. I ranged from the second G below the staff up to F-sharp above it. I set my voice to poetry, art, romance, flowers, and moonlight. I repeated some of the verses that I had murmured to her in the dark at her window; and I knew from a sudden soft sparkle in her eye that she recognized in my voice the tones of her midnight mysterious wooer.

"Anyhow, I had Fergus McMahan going. Oh, the vocal is the true art—no doubt about that. Handsome is as handsome palavers. That's the renovated proverb.

"I took Señorita Anabela for a walk in the lemon grove while Fergus, disfiguring himself with an ugly frown, was waltzing with the claybank girl. Before we returned I had permission to come to her window in the *patio* the next evening at midnight and talk some more.

"Oh, it was easy enough. In two weeks Anabela was engaged to me, and Fergus was out. He took it calm, for a handsome man, and told me he wasn't going to give in.

"'Talk may be all right in its place, Judson,' he says to me, 'although I've never thought it worth cultivating. But,' says he, 'to expect mere words to back up successfully a face like yours in a lady's good graces is like expecting a man to make a square meal on the ringing of a dinner-bell.'

"But I haven't begun on the story I was going to tell you yet.

"One day I took a long ride in the hot sunshine, and then took a bath in the cold waters of a lagoon on the edge of the town before I'd cooled off.

"That evening after dark I called at the alcalde's to see Anabela. I was calling regular every evening then, and we were to be married in a month. She was looking like a bulbul, a gazelle, and a tea-rose, and her eyes were as soft and bright as two quarts of cream skimmed off from the milky way. She looked at my rugged features without any expression of fear or repugnance. Indeed, I fancied that I saw a look of deep admiration and affection, such as she had cast at Fergus on the plaza.

"I sat down, and opened my mouth to tell Anabela what she loved to hear—that she was a trust, monopolizing all the loveliness of earth. I opened my mouth, and instead of the usual vibrating words of love and compliment, there came forth a faint wheeze such as a baby with croup might emit. Not a word — not a syllable — not an intelligible sound. I had caught cold in my laryngeal regions when I took my injudicious bath.

"For two hours I sat trying to entertain Anabela. She talked a certain amount, but it was perfunctory and diluted. The nearest approach I made to speech was to formulate a sound like a clam trying to sing 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' at low tide. It seemed that Anabela's eyes did not rest upon me as often as usual. I had nothing with which to charm her ears. We looked at pictures and she played the guitar occasionally, very badly. When I left, her parting manner seemed cool—or at least thoughtful.

"This happened for five evenings consecutively.

"On the sixth day she ran away with Fergus McMahan.

"It was known that they fled in a sailing yacht bound for Belize. I was only eight hours behind them in a small steamer belonging to the Revenue Department.

"Before I sailed, I rushed into the *botica* of old Manuel Iquito, a half-breed Indian druggist. I could not speak, but I pointed to my throat and made a sound like escaping steam. He began to yawn. In an hour, according to the customs of the country, I would have been waited on. I reached across the counter, seized him by the throat, and pointed again to my own. He yawned once more, and thrust into my hand a small bottle containing a black liquid.

"'Take one small spoonful every two hours,' says he.

"I threw him a dollar and skinned for the steamer.

"I steamed into the harbor at Belize thirteen seconds behind the yacht that Anabela and Fergus were on. They started for the shore in a dory just as my skiff was lowered over the side. I tried to order my sailormen to row faster, but the sounds died in my larynx before they came to the light. Then I thought of old Iquito's medicine, and I got out his bottle and took a swallow of it.

"The two boats landed at the same moment. I walked straight up to Anabela and Fergus. Her eyes rested upon me for an instant; then she turned them, full of feeling and confidence, upon Fergus. I knew I could not speak, but I was desperate. In speech lay my only hope. I could not stand beside Fergus and challenge comparison in the way of beauty. Purely involuntarily, my larynx and epiglottis attempted to reproduce the sounds that my mind was calling upon my vocal organs to send forth.

"To my intense surprise and delight the words rolled forth beautifully clear, resonant, exquisitely modulated, full of power, expression, and long-repressed emotion.

"'Señorita Anabela,' says I, 'may I speak with you aside for a moment?'

"You don't want details about that, do you? Thanks. The old eloquence had come back, all right. I led her under a cocoanut palm and put my old verbal spell on her again.

"'Judson,' says she, 'when you are talking to me I can hear nothing else—I can see nothing else—there is nothing and nobody else in the world for me.'

"Well, that's about all of the story. Anabela went back to Oratama in the steamer with me. I never heard what became of Fergus. I never saw him any more. Anabela is now Mrs. Judson Tate. Has my story bored you much?"

"No," said I. "I am always interested in psychological studies. A human heart—and especially a woman's—is a wonderful thing to contemplate."

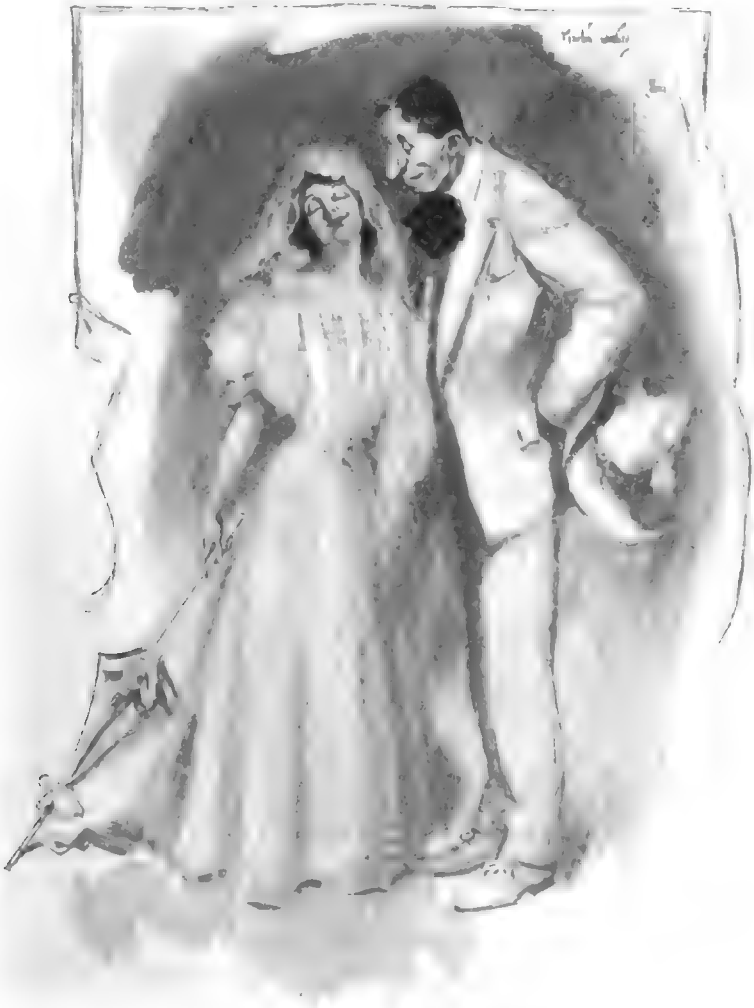
"It is," said Judson Tate. "And so are the trachea and the bronchial tubes of man. And the larynx, too. Did you ever make a study of the windpipe?"

"Never," said I. "But I have taken much pleasure in your story. May I ask after Mrs. Tate, and inquire of her present health and whereabouts?"

"Oh, sure," said Judson Tate. "We are living in Bergen Avenue, Jersey City. The climate down in Oratama didn't suit Mrs. T. I don't suppose you ever dissected the arytenoid cartilages of the epiglottis, did you?"

"Why, no," said I, "I am no surgeon."

"Pardon me," said Judson Tate, "but every man should know enough of anatomy and therapeutics to safeguard his own health. A sudden cold may set up capillary bronchitis or inflammation of the pulmonary vesicles,



"'JUDSON,' SAYS SHE, 'WHEN YOU ARE TALKING TO ME, THERE IS NOTHING AND NOBODY ELSE IN THE WORLD FOR ME.'"

which may result in a serious affection of the vocal organs."

"Perhaps so," said I, with some impatience; "but that is neither here nor there. Speaking of the strange manifestations of the affection of women, I——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Judson Tate, "they have peculiar ways. But, as I was going to tell you: when I went back to Oratama I found out from Manuel Iquito what was in that mixture he gave me for my lost voice. I told you how quick it cured me. He made that stuff from the *chuchula* plant. Now, look here."

Judson Tate drew an oblong, white pasteboard box from his pocket.

"For any cough," he said, "or cold, or hoarseness, or bronchial affection whatsoever, I have here the greatest remedy in the world. You see the formula printed on the box. Each tablet contains licorice, 2 grains; balsam tolu, $\frac{1}{10}$ grain; oil of anise, $\frac{1}{20}$ of a minim; oil of tar, $\frac{1}{60}$ of a minim; oleo-resin of cubebs, $\frac{1}{60}$ of a minim; fluid extract of *chuchula*, $\frac{1}{10}$ of a minim.

"I am in New York," went on Judson Tate, "for the purpose of organizing a company to market the greatest remedy for throat affections ever discovered. At present I am introducing the lozenges in a small way. I have here a box containing four dozen, which I am selling for the small sum of fifty cents. If you are suffering——"

I got up and went away without a word. I walked slowly up to the little park near my hotel, leaving Judson Tate alone with his conscience. My feelings were lacerated. He had poured gently upon me a story that I might have used. There was a little of the breath of life in it, and some of the synthetic atmosphere that passes, when cunningly tinkered, in the marts. And, at the last it had proven to be a commercial pill, deftly coated with the sugar of fiction. The worst of it was that I could not offer it for sale. Advertising departments and counting-rooms look down upon me. And it would never do for the literary. Therefore I sat upon a bench with other disappointed ones until my eyelids drooped.

I went to my room, and, as my custom is, read for an hour stories in my favorite magazines. This was to get my mind back to art again.

And as I read each story, I threw the magazines sadly and hopelessly, one by one, upon the floor. Each author, without one exception to bring balm to my heart, wrote liltingly and sprightly a story of some particular make of motor-car that seemed to control the sparking-plug of his genius.

And when the last one was hurled from me I took heart.

"If readers can swallow so many proprietary automobiles," I said to myself, "they ought not to strain at one of Tate's Compound Magic Chuchula Bronchial Lozenges."

And so if you see this story in print you will understand that business is business, and that if Art gets very far ahead of Commerce, she will have to get up and hustle.

I may as well add, to make a clean job of it, that you can't buy the *chuchula* plant in the drug stores.

The Turn of the Year

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE pines shake and the winds wake,
And the dark waves crowd the sky-line!
The birds fly out on a troubled sky;
The widening road lies white and long,
And the page is turned,
And the world is tired!
So I want no more of twilight sloth,
And I want no more of resting,
And of all the earth I ask no more
Than the green sea, the great sea,
The long road, the white road,
And a change of life to-day!

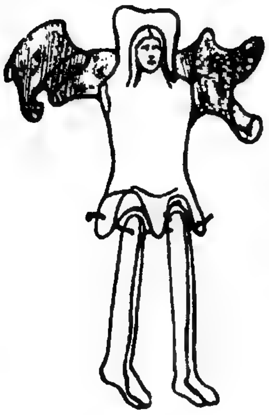
CHILDREN·OF·THE·LONG·AGO

BY·VANCE·THOMPSON

I

MAGIC·AND·THE·MOVSE·DRIVER

A ROUGH field, yellow with whin-flowers, then a plantation of ancient trees, and, beyond, the little river, with an old flat-bottomed boat nosing the bank. There were three of the Wise Folk sitting there one afternoon. One of them was nine years old. She had yellow hair and her eyes were the color of a bee. She had woven herself belt and bracelets of the long grass that grows by the river. And now she was sitting on her feet like a tailor, singing a song about herself—"la belle Marguerite." Her small brother lay on his stomach near-by and drummed his heels together. The ennui of life was upon him. He had been about everything that afternoon—soldier and pirate, brigand and chauffeur; he had been even, for a while, the King of Lilliput, what time I lay a furious, helpless Gulliver, tied up with grass. All these things Jack had enjoyed immensely for the time being. It was easy play. All he had to do, for instance, when he was a pirate, was to



remember what piracy really was. For the normal boy is the sum-total of his race. And when he is let alone — when the Grown-ups don't bother—he can remember all things his ancestors *have been*, back to the yellow-toothed, hairy, vehement thing that chattered in a tree. And that was the way with Jack. Now, however, the weight of life was upon him —*tedium vitæ*. "I want to do someving else," he said gloomily; "why don't you find someving else?" The third of the Wise People was Jill, a two-year-old, supple and white and fat. It was her destiny in life to repeat whatever Jack said first; she added "somevin' else" and grinned cheerfully. Whereupon Margaret stopped singing and said gravely, almost reprovingly, "Yes, it is time you found something else, now."

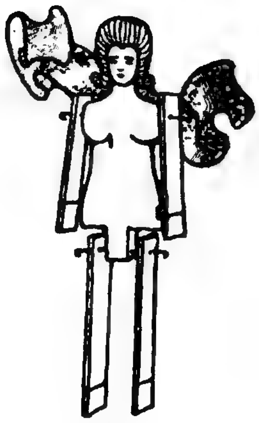
(That is the beautiful thing about the Wise Folk. They have a calm conviction that everything is due them. This belief is imbedded in child nature as a triangle is in a circle. They have, rightly enough, an instinctive feeling that they are superior to the Grown-ups; so they order them about and claim what is due.)

"All right, something else!" I said, and lay on my back and thought darkly. The Wise Folk respected the operation. At last I announced: "We'll go to Rome."

"Rome?" Jack said dubiously, and Jill echoed "Wome?" and grinned.

But I insisted. I knew what I was talking about. Anything may happen in Rome! 'Tis a strange place! (Once I was smoking a cigar in the Colosseum, when night fell; suddenly the silence was torn by the noise of trumpets, and a cohort of skeletons in gilded chariots came rushing by with screams of triumph; behind the chariots hung broken weapons and fading laurel leaves and crowns. In dust and windy speed they passed, and, for a moment, Rome triumphed once again; then in the Colosseum there was only darkness, and silence fell.)

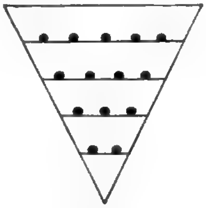
Anything may happen in Rome. So we set out. We climbed into the flat-bottomed boat and pushed it out into the stream to the length of the rusty chain. Then we shut our eyes and Margaret "magicked" us. Three times she repeated certain mystic words known to all the Wise Folk. 'Tis an evident fact that children know things, remember things, long ago forgotten by the Grown-ups. So when we were properly magicked we opened our eyes and found ourselves walking, two by two, in a narrow street that led to an open garden with seven trees and four marble seats and wide paths radiating from a fountain. And there a dozen children, kilted in white wool, played immemorial games. Had it not been for the way they were dressed, I do not think we should have known that we were in the Rome of Augustus, for the games and the toys were those of the world we had sailed away from in the flat-bottomed boat. One little Roman whipped a boxwood top; and another trundled a metal hoop hung with tiny bells; and a third rode a stick with a horse's head. Little Roman girls were playing hide-and-seek among the ancient trees. No one paid any attention to us; indeed, we had been so well magicked that they could neither see nor hear us. Jack tagged after a young Roman who was driving a team of mice hitched to a little wagon of wood. He saw delightful possibilities of trouble in that game. The rest of us sat down soberly and watched the hide-and-seekers. 'Twas the same way we had played it by the river. One little girl covered her eyes with her hands and waited until the others were hid away; then she shouted "Ready!" and darted about trying to discover them and "tag" them before they could reach "home." We knew that game, and we watched it with approval; we might have been sitting there yet if Jack had not appeared, breathless and stammering with excitement.



"Vat boy is goin' home," he said; "hur-r-ry! hur-r-ry!"

He set off running and of course we followed. Jill grinned in her placid way, but Margaret's face was dark with care.

"If Jack gets lost or gets 'unmagicked' or something, I'll never dare to face my kind parents," she said. "Oh, do keep up with him!" So we ran. Jack's blue and white sailor suit was just disappearing under the portico of a brick house with a big wooden upper story. There were some bigger children—half Grown-ups of twelve and thirteen—playing "court" under the portico; at least that is what it looked like, for there were a prisoner and a judge and a lanky boy making a speech; but of course we couldn't stop to listen. Jack had followed the mouse-driver into a big open courtyard beyond and—forgetting he was magicked—had squatted down by his side and joined in a game of marbles. 'Twas played with nuts, but 'twas the same game the little Italian children play to-day with marbles. And this was the way of it. The mouse-driver had drawn a triangle on the ground; like this:

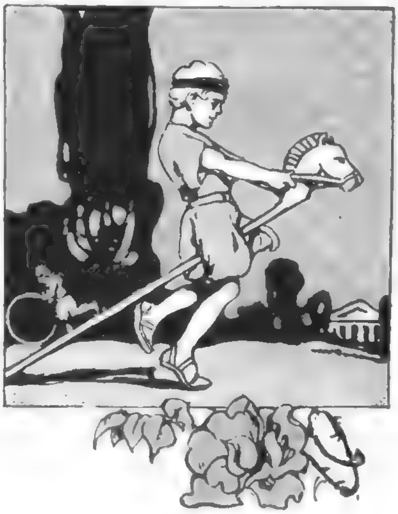


On the first line he had placed two nuts, on the second three, on the others four and five. Then he knelt down a yard away from the apex of the triangle, and shot a nut out of his curled forefinger. Now his object was to roll the nut across as many lines as possible without sending it out of the triangle. If he passed the first line he gained two nuts, while if he passed all the lines he won all the nuts. Jack watched him try it three times. Then when the nuts were nicely arranged he stepped in ahead of the mouse-driver and fired away. Of course that Roman boy couldn't see Jack. There were several reasons. In the first place Jack was magicked. In the second place, this happened in the Rome of Augustus—indeed 'twas in the atrium of that great orator Asinius Pollio—and Jack couldn't possibly be born for some two thousand years. Anyway, those are reasons enough why the mouse-driver couldn't see him. What he did see was a nut that lifted itself in the air and was shot by an invisible thumb and forefinger straight into the triangle, driving the well-ordered nuts to right and left like ninepins. Roman as he was, he started up with a scream that echoed round the atrium. All in a second a black slave in a white shirt came running, and the great orator thrust his head out of a wooden window and roared. Jack, like all other boys, has plenty of courage if you give him time to think it over, but this was far too abrupt. He dived at Margaret for protection and we swept him out into the street. There Margaret shook him and threatened to unmagic him and send him home if he let go her hand once; only Jill was unperturbed—she grinned cheerfully and said: "I thaw a bwack man."

Of course after that we were very careful. We even talked in whispers, though that was perfectly ridiculous, as nobody could hear us, because we shouldn't be born for thousands of years. There was a toy-shop, I remember, at a corner, near a big, oblong space that Margaret said was a forum. The little street going by the front of the shop was called the Vicus Tuscus, but why it was called that we couldn't find out. It was narrow and shady and many people walked there. It was hard work dodging them, for we didn't dare let go hands. There were women with flowers in their hair, who smiled at the old senators; and there were young men in loose togas coming from the baths; and slaves in brown robes; and philosophers in sandals, and water-sellers, and boys who pretended to read the circus advertisements on the pillars. Then there was the shop with an awning of light cloth, and rows upon rows of dolls, lying down or sitting up or hanging by the hair. 'Twas wonderful. Some of the dolls looked like the old senators and some like the women with garlands of flowers. And some could bend their knees and elbows; and some had legs like matches. Those with real hair, and eyes made with bits of blue seashell, were so beautiful they made Margaret's heart ache; she called them "motherless darlings." Jill of course only stood on her fat legs and grinned. That's her way, and there's really no use in magicking her. There was one doll, with corn-colored hair and a red Phrygian cap, that looked so much like Margaret that Jack and I winked at each other. He still felt rather angry about the shaking (but after all if a fellow's sister can't shake him for his soul's good, who can?); however, he said: "You can r-r-reach it—nip it for-r-r her-r-r!"

(Jack has the rolliest "r's" to be found out of Scotland.)

I nodded back approval of petty larceny. But the shopkeeper was leaning against the door-post, cutting his finger-nails with a little knife. He was a big, fat man in a dark tunic, and looked as though he loved his property. Moreover, we hadn't sight-seen round the shop yet. There were all kinds of gay-colored balls, hard-stuffed with feathers so they would bounce divinely; there were tops and swings and hoops. There were beds and couches and tables for dolls; there were toy chariots, and whistles made to look like wolves and pigs and cocks and horses; there were jumping-jacks and wooden Roman soldiers; there were "jacks"—only they were made of bones from the feet of sheep. Then the rattles and drums——

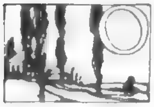


As we stepped out past the toyman, Jack nudged me and pointed to the doll that looked like Margaret.

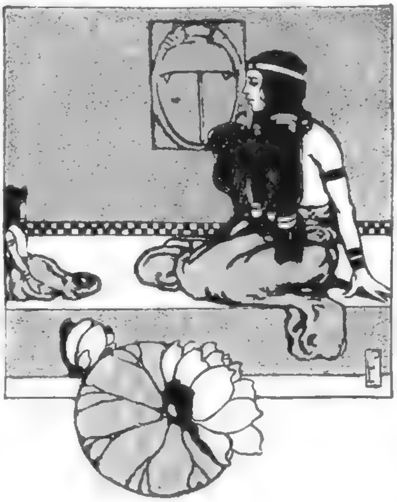
"Nick it!" he said, and because I subtly knew he meant it for a peace-offering—and anyway it was two thousand years ago and I wasn't born yet—I turned petty larcenist and nicked it. Then we ran; and we came out into the big space that Margaret insists was the Forum Vetus. There Jill sat down without warning, beat her knees together, and wailed: "I want my milk! I want my muvver—O muvver!" So, regretfully, Margaret unmagicked us. Three times she said the mystic words backwards; and lo, we were sitting in the flat-bottomed boat by the bank of the little river in far-away Normandy. Jill rubbed the tears out of her eyes and repeated: "I want my milk! I want my milk!" The rest of us looked at one another and pretended we had been dreaming—as indeed we might have been had it not been for the Roman doll with the corn-colored hair and the Phrygian cap and the eyes like Margaret's eyes—and hers are the color of a bee. There was no dream about that. You never saw a dream that moved its arms and legs and had hair that would curl. We made a bed for the doll in the locker of the boat; for we thought it just as well not to take it up to the house yet—Grown-ups ask such silly questions.

II

THE · SWALLOW · AND · THE · AMBER · MONKEY



OF course that was only our first journey. There were many others. Oftener than not we left Jill at home. She was a mere child—aged two—and no matter how severely you magicked her, she'd spoil everything by howling for milk and "muvver" at most inopportune times. There never was such an appetite as Jill's. She'd turn the Appian road into a milky way. Margaret and Jack and I, however, magicked ourselves into all sorts of places—why, once we sat with little Tahoser, the daughter of the High Priest Petamunoph in far-away Egypt, and played for a long time with a wooden crocodile that opened and shut its awful, crimson jaws—and cracked nuts like mad. I might as well confess though, that no matter how potent the magic is—and Margaret's was the best and strongest white magic ever made—there must be one of the magicked who knows just where to go and what to see. Now I happened to be that one who knew where to go. That was because during a shameful period of my life I was a Grown-up and fooled my time away on books instead of playing reasonable games with the Wise Folk. So I knew many things. For instance, how ghoulish Grown-ups had gone down into the ancient tombs of Egypt and found a little girl wrapped in world-old cerements. (So long ago she lived that then the sunlight in which we walk had not yet started upon its journey toward the earth.) And beside the little girl they found a mirror of metal and ivory rings and all her toys. There was her ball; and beside it a little jumping-jack, dressed like a fisherman, and a quaint wooden doll, draped in a yellow linen dress—a familiar little doll, for the paint has been kissed off the cheeks and one wooden foot has been broken and mended again. That was why we magicked ourselves to Egypt—to play with the little daughter of the High Priest and with her crocodile and her doll and a wonderful rattle with a head of lapis lazuli. And unless I had known of these things beforehand, how could we have found them?



Every holiday, of course, I had to discover something new. It was not always easy, for the musty old historians—they are all on the bookshelves yonder in Latin and Greek—never took the trouble to write about children. Read them from one end to the other and you will come to the absurd conclusion that the affairs of that old world were carried on solely for Grown-ups. What the Wise Folk said to one another; what games they played; what toys—with inquiring wisdom—they broke; what perils they faced in dark corners of the nursery—there is hardly a word of all this. Fortunately the artists, who never quite grow away from the Wise Folk, painted and carved these things for us. They are recorded in terra-cotta. And then those sad little tombs of the Wise Folk, whose very dust has vanished, have given up their secrets. See, here is a tiny ivory alphabet. They laid it beside their little man in his tomb, with his lead centurions and his toy buckler. And I know another child who played at "priest," as children play "church" in these days; in his box of toys were found miniature statues of the divinities, miniature oxen and sheep, miniature knives for the sacrifice; and there, too, was a terra-cotta pig that made a noise when he blew through it—perhaps to summon the faithful. Childhood has always been the same. The Wise Folk are the eternal conservatives. The baby's rattle is primeval. And what games were played in Babylon are played to-day in Omaha—the top spins and the ball bounds.

There was one fair custom of old. Toys were cheap or costly, but they were all marked with the good workman's fancy, for machine-made things did not exist; so each toy—doll or drum, *sistrum*, or floating duck—was stamped with individuality. Now the kindly Grown-up had the toys of his tiny son or daughter reproduced in miniature in silver or lead; and these dainty reproductions of the child's toys were hung (like bangles) on a necklace which was worn all day. Do you know what purpose it served? Margaret and Jack and I found out one afternoon when we were magicking in Athens. There was rumor of a lost child. And the town-crier, jangling a mighty rattle, halted and cried aloud—not a description of the Lost One, but a list of the toy images she had worn on her necklace. They found her and comforted her with white figs. (The name of that lost child was Palæstra, and Plautus wrote one of his hundred and twenty plays about her.)

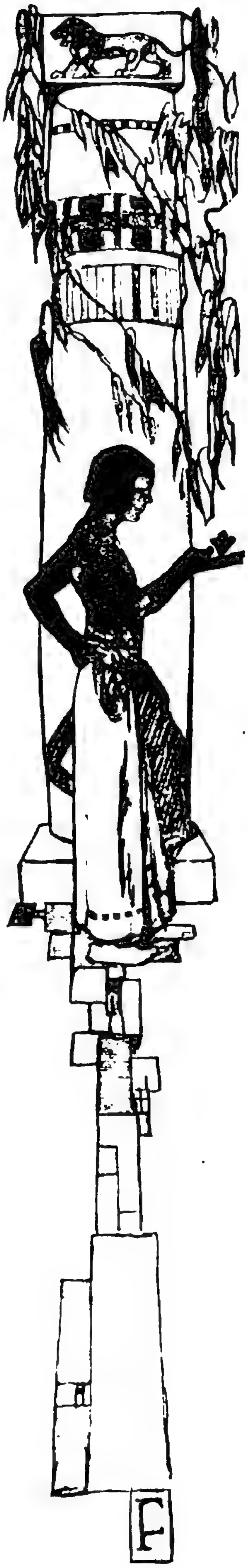
Eternal conservatives—here is a painted serpent and the mask of that bogey man, Orestes, that a Greek boy played with before there was any Christmas in the world; and here are his toy hatchet, the cutting edge dented deep in desperate play; a mule with panniers, a scorpion in painted wood, clay pigs and horses and birds out of what Ark I know not. You see the Wise Folk who go back into that antique world would feel quite at home, for nothing has really changed for them. Why, one afternoon Margaret, Jack, and I met a band of barefoot children singing through the Athenian streets. It had been St. Basil's day when we magicked ourselves, so it must have been in the spring. Each of the barefoot youngsters held in his hand a wooden swallow. 'Twas a curious toy with a hollow handle in which was a wheel; round the wheel ran a string which fluttered the swallow's wings. Shouting and whirling the wooden birds, they trooped along. At each door they paused and sang:

"She comes, she comes, the swallow,
The messenger of Spring;
White on the belly
Black on back and wing."

"They are like the Christmas waits," said Margaret.

And always they laughed and shouted: "Here is the swallow! Spring has come! Rejoice, rejoice! Give us fried nuts—for we have come to tell you Spring is here! Our swallow promises you much wine and oil. Give us a tart for the swallow—a roasted cake for the swallow who brings back the Spring!"

So with nuts and cakes they went their way. (The Scottish children play that game to-day; once a year when hogmenay comes round.) That was very interesting. Another day we watched the girls playing cottabus, which is the prettiest game in the world, as we saw it played by slim maidens. They were in a white marble court and the sunlight fell upon them. There was a queer sky overhead. It was pale and blue as Sheffield steel. Neither Margaret nor I can ever forget the sky or the marble court or the sunlight on the slim girls; and when we are Grown-ups and learn to paint we shall make a picture of it. Especially of Kinné. For she had sea-colored eyes and copper-colored hair; and she wore a short white chiton and had laid aside the outer garment which Margaret told me was a chlanis; and perhaps it was. I think Kinné was ten years old, but she was playing at cottabus in order to find out if some Greek lad loved her true. This is the way it was: There was a small statue of Eros standing upon a white pillar. Above him was suspended a silver balance, one scale being exactly over the mocking bronze head. Now Kinné, standing quite five feet away, filled a wine-cup and threw the wine so that it struck the balance and bore it down till it touched the head of Eros. Then Kinné screamed with delight and the other girls cried: "He is true to you, O Kinné! Praise be to Eros!"



"Praise be to Eros!" Kinné repeated.

"And here, O Kinné, is the prize you have won by your skill and good fortune." The girl who said that had black eyes and red lips; laughing, she gave Kinné the prize. 'Twas a tiny amber monkey, with his thumb in his mouth. (He grins at me from a corner of the inkstand as I write, for a French archeologist found him in Kinné's tomb—the amber monkey—and because I was there when she won it at cottabus, he kindly gave it to me.)

Very marvelous were the toys of Kinné. She showed them to us that day, though she thought she was quite alone. There were mechanical toys; Margaret called them "eolipyles";—the Wise Folk know these things. One of them was a copper vase, with a long thin neck sticking straight up in the air; when Kinné put it on the fire, the water boiled and the steam came up through the neck and atop of it a light ball danced the maddest dance imaginable. And there was a wooden dove; it had to be wound up and then it flew round the room and clicked its wings as it flew. What we liked best were the ivory toys. Above all, the ivory chariot, so wee, so wee—a fly could have covered it with his wings. (Shakespeare might have given it to Queen Mab.) That was the day—or perhaps it was another time—it rained in Athens; so, because

Margaret had promised to be careful of her new hat with the green ribbons and leaves, we ran for shelter. There were a lot of boys going that way. They were bare-legged, sandaled little fellows; over their chitons they wore short round cloaks and on their heads they had big, broad-rimmed hats like sombreros. They were all talking at once, but not very loud. And they kept looking at a bigger boy with eyes full of respect. They went into a kind of temple—a small one—and we dodged after them. There was a priest, too, who had word with the bigger boy, but his Greek was so bad we couldn't make out what he said. At last the bigger boy strode manfully up to a white divinity in marble, who, by the winged hat and winged heels, we knew to be the roguish god Hermes; and very distinctly the boy said:

"I am Philokles, O Hermes, and I consecrate to thee my rebounding ball, my loud-sounding rattle, the jack-stones I liked so well, my swift-going top, all the toys of my childhood."

At the god's feet he laid his toys and went away—a Grown-up. And this seemed very sad, even when it had become quite familiar to us. We knew that Philokles had gone out of our magic world forever. Such things happened more than once. Once upon a time Margaret and I walked hand in hand down an avenue of poplars. High above us towered a mountain of white marble; below us was a sandy shore, yellow as wrapping-paper, and, beyond, an azure sea stretched away to Asia. Somewhere we heard young voices, chanting a grave song; and between the tree-stems white-clad figures moved like shadows; but when we came to the place, they had vanished. What we found was a shrine of Aphrodite, and at her feet were spread the tiny dresses of a doll. And the votive prayer read: "O Aphrodite, do not despise the purple dresses of my dolls! I, Sappho, consecrate to thee these precious offerings!"

So we knew that we had come to Lesbos the very day when Sappho ceased to be one of the Wise Folk and entered the absurd Grown-up world.

Somehow or other as the days went by—for school interferes seriously with the important business of life—our magic seemed to lose a little of its power. Jack and I once went to Sparta to witness a tug-of-war.

And that was worth while!

Then we heard them talking about something they called *sphæromachia*. Jack thought that meant a ball-battle, so we went along. It turned out to be football.

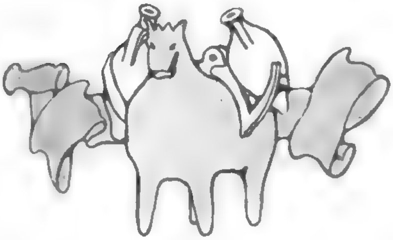
The girls played, too, which disgusted us at first, for girls are useful but not strong. Then just as we were getting warmed up to the game—a young Spartan with a fox gnawing at his breast had made a stunning touchdown—just at that moment, I say, something snapped and we found ourselves back in front of the wood-fire and the old chimney-place in Normandy—staring at each other, Jack and I, like idiots. We couldn't make out what had happened to us. So we consulted Margaret. She said: "Since I've begun German I'm not so good a magicker as I used to be."

Jack said: "You br-r-ung us back too quick!"

"What if I couldn't have brought you back at all! Think of that! What if the magic had stopped short while you were in Sparta and you could never come home again to your kind and generous parents and would have to stay there forever and ever——"

Jack looked serious.

"And of course none of the Spartans could see you because

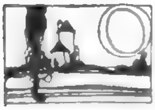


you'd still be a magicked child, and they couldn't give you anything to eat and you'd starve away——"

These awful words seemed to find a way to Jill's sense of trouble; she flopped down in her firm and sudden manner and knocked her knees together and roared for milk. When she was fed and her grin had reappeared, we considered the matter. There was a great deal in what Margaret had said. Even Jill saw that. At last we all stood up. Then we spun round on our heels three times —it was a solemn and tragic moment—and said something that unmagicked us forever. Forever and ever. And we shall never see the mouse-driver again, nor the waits who sang the song of the swallow, nor Kinné with the copper-colored hair, nor the Lesbian twilight—it was stained with amber and violet—through which Sappho fled like a doe. Never again. Only we shall think of them very often, as we think of the other Wise Folk we have known on our way through the world. In the years, perhaps, Jack will come to think of it as a dream; that will be when he is a Grown-up. But Margaret and I—always we shall know better. And if ever a faint doubt comes to her, she will go to the old chest of drawers in the Norman nursery and take out a yellow-haired doll in a red Phrygian cap; then the doubt will vanish; for that is the doll we nicked in Rome (the shop was in the Vicus Tuscus) two thousand years ago, in the reign of Augustus.

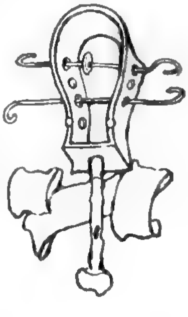
III

THE WHITE ARMY



ONLY childhood is eternal.

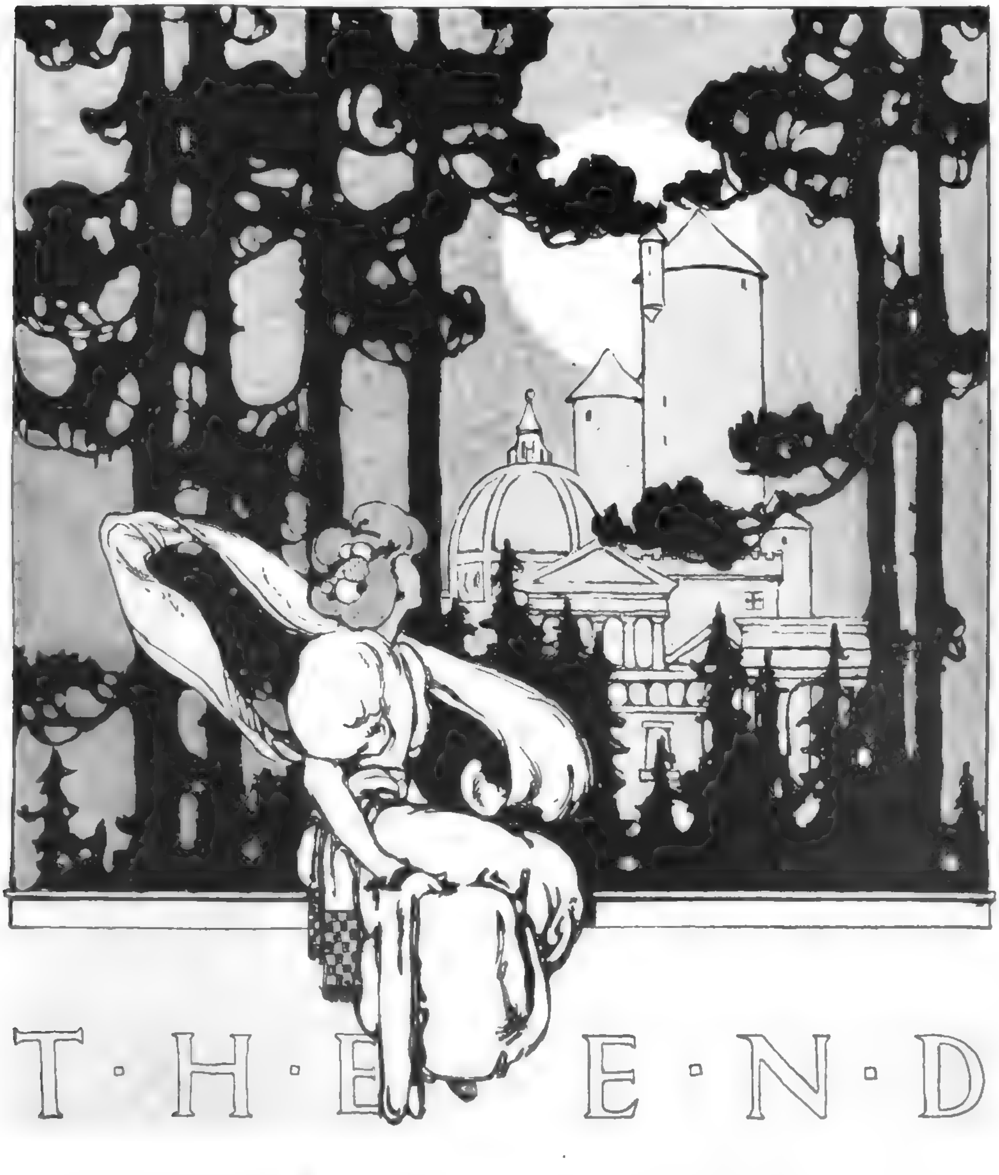
When I had written those words I laid down my pen and stared into the wood fire; a minute passed. It is strange, when you come to think of it: in that minute a hundred human beings were born, a hundred died; the calculation was made long ago; it is exact; in one hour six thousand corpses fall on your way through life and six thousand new voices take up the wistful song of humanity. Every hour this little army of the Wise Folk marches into the world. I had never thought of it that way before. So it marches down the road of the years—with games and laughter, with tears and cries—and crosses the frontier of Grown-up-Land and is lost from sight in the shadows. And another white army follows in an hour. You can hardly make out where one ends and the other begins. And it seems like an endless procession, ever-changing and eternal—the white army of childhood. Sometimes magic falls upon them. That happened once seven hundred years ago. There were thousands of very small children. Something called to them like the voice of a bird. From Germany and Flanders and France they set out on a pilgrimage to the Savior's tomb in Jerusalem. Tiny pilgrims they were, with birchen staves and crosses of wooden flowers; tiny pilgrims in white garments. They filled the road like a swarm of white bees. And as they marched toward the sea —to death or captivity—they sang the songs of Him they sought in far-off Judea. Now, in all history there is nothing so inexplicable as this Children's Crusade. It has always been a stumbling-block to the historian; it



is a dark riddle to the scientist; to the theologian it is a divine mystery. Perhaps after all it was only a symbol of this army that marches each hour down the way of the world—the army of those who march, singing, into the captivity of Grown-up-Land.

Only childhood is eternal. Only the Wise Folk live forever——

Always there are three children dreaming in a flat-bottomed boat on the river or yonder in front of the great Norman chimney-piece, and what they dream is true. Once Margaret brought us word of furtive slave-children playing a silent game with shells and vertebræ in the corner of a muddy court; the wall was made of bricks and an African sun beat down. I never saw those slave-children, but when Margaret told me about them I knew it was true—for she is one of the Wise Folk. And for the Wise Folk neither time nor space nor other grim fictions of the Grown-ups exist at all. They wander where they will and bring back strange old truths—like handfuls of flowers.



In Cloak of Gray

By ALFRED NOYES

LOVE'S a pilgrim, clothed in gray,
  And his feet are pierced and bleeding;
Have ye seen him pass this way
  Sorrowfully pleading?
Ye that weep the world away,
Have ye seen King Love to-day?

Yea; we saw him, but he came
  Poppy-crowned and white of limb!
Song had touched his lips to flame
  And his eyes were drowsed and dim;
And we kissed the hours away
Till night grew rosier than the day.

Hath he left you?—Yea; he left us
  A little while ago;
Of his laughter quite bereft us
  And his limbs of snow!
We know not why he went away
Who ruled our revels yesterday!

Because ye did not understand
  Love cometh from afar,
A pilgrim out of Holy Land
  Guided by a star;
Last night he came in cloak of gray
Begging! Ye knew him not! He went his way.

AN OLD-FASHIONED REAPER IN SOUTH GERMANY.

The Romance of the Reaper

By HERBERT N. CASSON

Author of "The Romance of Steel and Iron in America," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Bread is a nation's first essential. Cities, railways, factories, must all be built upon Bread. It is on this basis that Mr. Casson, in the series of which this is the first article, attributes America's prosperity in large measure to the Reaper. For it is the Reaper, born of the brain of young Cyrus H. McCormick, on a backwoods Virginia farm, that has made America the best fed nation in the world, that gave us twelve thousand million loaves of bread to eat in 1906. The account of its origin, of the inventor's heroic crusade, of the great wheat-fields that the Reaper has developed, and the great industries that have sprung up in its wake, is an absorbing romance, a true fairy tale of American life.

THE Story of the Reaper is a story of modern magic. The magicians are plain, unmysterious American farmers. Their wand, their enchanted lamp, is a great, noisy, bright-painted mechanical monster. And the magic that has been wrought is the miracle of modern civilization and the alleviation of the world's hunger.

For tens of centuries men garnered their harvests by hand, stooping—a score or more of them in a small field—to snip, snip with hand-sickles at the stalks that should yield them bread. Behind these workers came others, laboriously binding the grain into sheaves. And every bushel required in the gathering *three hours* of a man's time.

Then came the Reaper—and to-day a leviathan bites a twelve-foot roadway through the grain with its sharp teeth and ties the sheaves with its steel fingers. Four strong horses may be needed to move it—this giant machine—but in all the great yellow field is no human being save the man who sits comfortably on the harvester, driving. Or it may be a woman, or even a child. And in *seventy-six years* the Reaper has reduced the time-price of harvesting wheat to *ten minutes* a bushel!

There you have it: the secret of the magic. A gain of two hours and fifty minutes for every bushel of wheat, and a release to other industries of nine laborers in ten. Or even a larger number, for in the far West there are harvesters that do more work in a day than

THE VIRGINIA WORKSHOP WHERE THE FIRST McCORMICK REAPER WAS MADE IN 1831.

twenty laborers using the sickle's big and swifter brother, the scythe.

Translated, this means, primarily, vastly more wheat. That is a simple matter of mathematics, a problem too obvious to require statement. It means for America the development of the magnificent grain-lands of the West, where three States—Minnesota and the Dakotas—to-day produce enough wheat to feed all the people of England. It means the New Farmer and the wonders of scientific agriculture. It means great cities, with gigantic mills, and manufactories that create new wealth at the rate of sixteen billions a year. It means American prosperity.

And, above all, the Reaper has not only made the American nation the best fed in the world, but it has moved all the civilized peoples up out of the bread-line, and raised the whole struggle for existence to a higher plane. Life is still a race—always will be; but the prizes now are gold watches and steam-yachts and automobiles, not merely bread. Even the hobo at the back door scorns bread, unless we accompany it with meat and jam. In our hotels it is thrown in free of charge, as though it were a pinch of salt or a glass of water. There is no "penn'orth of bread" in the bill, as in Falstaff's day.

To-day, when the human race is growing wheat at the yearly rate of ten bushels a family, we can hardly believe that until recently the main object of all nations was to get bread; that life consisted in a search for food. Yet, cut the kings and their retinues out of history and it is no exaggeration to say that the human race was hungry for ten thousand years. Even of the Black Bread, burnt and dirty and coarse, there was not enough; and the few who were well fed took the food from the mouths of slaves. Even the nations that produced Galileo and Laplace and Newton were haunted by the ghosts of Hunger. Merrie England was famine-swept in 1315, 1321, 1369, 1438, 1482, 1527, 1630, 1661, and 1709. To have enough to eat was to the masses of all nations a dream—a Millennium of Prosperity.

This long Age of Hunger outlived the great nations of antiquity. Why? Because they went at the problem of progress in the wrong way.

If Marcus Aurelius had invented the reaper, or if the Gracchi had been inventors instead of politicians, the story of Rome

IN THE NEW WHEAT-FIELDS OF ARGENTINA.

would have had a happier ending. But Rome said—The first thing is empire. Egypt said—The first thing is fame. Greece said—The first thing is genius. Not one of them said—The first thing is *Bread.*

Why this was so, why agriculture, the first industry to be learned, and so obviously (from this side of the Reaper) the most fundamental, was the last to be developed, is one of the most baffling mysteries of history. One marvels at it afresh as one stands before a certain glass case in the Egyptian quarter of the British Museum, wherein is a little group of farm utensils—a fractured wooden plow, a rusted sickle, two sticks tied together with a leathern thong, and several tassels that had hung on the horns of oxen. To be sure, these implements were used three thousand years ago—they were found in the tomb of Seti I.—but one remembers that when Egypt was using these bread-tools, no better than those of the barbarians about her, she had a most elaborate government, an army and navy, and art and literature.

The records and relics of other nations, down through history, show the same strange incongruity. For thousands of years the wise men of the world absolutely ignored the problems of the farm. A farmer remained either a serf or a tenant. He was a stolid drudge—"brother to the ox." Even the masterful old Pilgrim Fathers had no plows at all—nothing but hoes and sharp sticks, for the first twelve years of their pioneering.

GATHERING IN THE HAY HARVEST AT THE FOOT OF THE HIMALAYAS.

And therefore for thousands of years there was Hunger.

Hunger, moreover, not only in far-off ages and countries, not only in the England of 1709, but in America, within the memory of men and women now living. In 1837 there were wheat bounties in Maine and bread-riots in New York City. Flour-mills were closed for lack of wheat. Starving men fell in the streets of Boston and Philadelphia. Mobs of laborers, maddened by the fear of famine, broke into warehouses and carried away sacks of food. Even in the Middle West—the prairie paradise of farmers—many a family fought against Death with the serf's weapon of Black Bread.

But, six years earlier, the click of the first reaper, on a backwoods farm in Virginia, had sounded a menace to famine and a promise of future plenty—a promise of the year 1906, when we eighty-five millions of people should eat twelve thousand million loaves of bread—seven bushels of wheat apiece, and should yet send a thousand million dollars' worth of food to other nations.

At that time, 1831, the American people were free, but they held in their hands the land-tools of slaves. They had to labor and sweat in the fields, with the crude implements that had been produced by ages of slavery. For two generations the sickles, flails, and wooden plows, with which they had tried to build up a prosperous republic, had held back agricultural progress. Let us try to reconstruct mentally the America of those days.

Enterprise was not then a national characteristic. The few men who dared to suggest improvements were persecuted as enemies of society. The first iron plows were said to poison the soil. The first railroad was torn up. The first telegraph wires were cut. The first sewing-machine was smashed. And the first man who sold coal in Philadelphia was chased from the state as a swindler.

Even the railway was a dangerous toy. The telegraph was still a dream in the brain of Morse. John Deere had not invented his steel plow, nor Howe his sewing-machine, nor Hoe his printing-press. There were no stoves nor matches nor oil-lamps. Petroleum was peddled as a medicine at $1 a bottle. Iron was $75 a ton. Money was about as reliable as mining stocks are to-day; and all the savings in all the banks would not now buy the chickens in Iowa.

The total exports amounted to no more than we paid last year for diamonds and champagne. Chicago was a twelve-family village. There was no West nor Middle West. Not one grain of wheat had been grown in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, Washington, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Arizona, Wyoming, Oklahoma, or Texas.

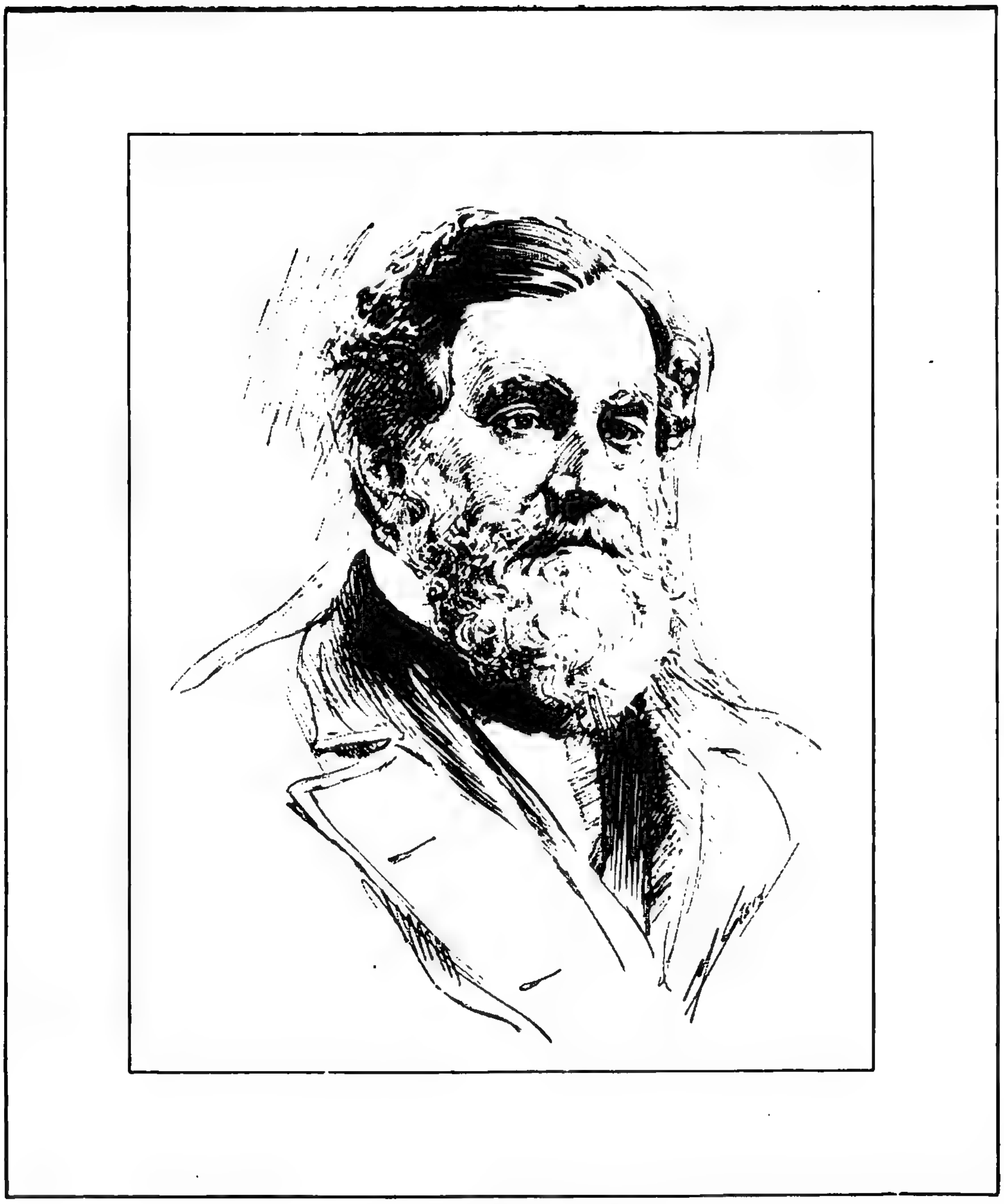
This was the America to which came the Reaper. Like most great things, it had its origin among humble people. No one man made it. It was the product of a hundred brains.

The exact truth about its beginnings is not known and never will be. What few facts there were have been torn and twisted by the bitter feuds of the Patent Office. Every letter and document that exists is controversial. So I cannot say that the story, as I give it, is exact in every detail, but only that it is as near as I can get to the truth after six months of investigation.

The first patent for a practical reaper was given to Obed Hussey, an inventive seaman of Nantucket, in 1833. The second was given to Cyrus H. McCormick, the son of a Virginia farmer, in 1834. But there is enough evidence to show that young McCormick had completed his reaper and given a public exhibition of it in 1831.

Nearly a hundred people saw this exhibition. But not one of them is now alive; and the story was told to me by their children.

A MODERN SELF-BINDER THAT SIMULTANEOUSLY CUTS AND BINDS THE GRAIN.



CYRUS H. McCORMICK.
THE CHIEF PIONEER OF THE REAPER.

It was in the fall of 1831, they say, that Cyrus McCormick hitched four horses to his unwieldy machine and clattered out of the barnyard into a field of wheat near by. Horses shied and pranced at the absurd object, which was unlike anything else on the face of the earth. Dogs barked. Small boys yelled. Farmers, whose backs were bent and whose fingers were scarred by the harvest labor, gazed with contemptuous curiosity at the queer contraption that was expected to cut grain without hands.

A little group of negro slaves had spasms of uncomprehending delight in one corner of the field, not one of them guessing that "Massa" McCormick's comical machine was cutting at the chains that bound their children. And a noisy crowd of white laborers followed the reaper up and down the field with boisterous enmity; for here was an invention that threatened to deprive them of the right to work—the precious right to work sixteen hours a day for three cents an hour.

The field was hilly and the reaper worked badly. It slewed and jolted along, cutting the grain very irregularly. Seeing this, the owner of the field—a man who was Ruff by name and rough by nature—rushed up to McCormick and shouted—"Here! This won't do. Stop your horses. Your machine is rattling the heads off my wheat."

"It's a humbug," bawled one of the laborers. "Give me the old cradle yet, boys!" exclaimed a round-shouldered farmer. The negroes turned handsprings with delight, and the whole jeering mob gathered around the discredited machine.

Just then a fine-looking man rode up on horseback. The crowd made way as he came near, for they recognized him as the

Honorable William Taylor—a conspicuous politician of that day.

"Pull down the fence and cross over into my field," he called to young McCormick. "I'll give you a fair chance to try your machine."

McCormick promptly accepted the offer, drove into Taylor's field, which was not so hilly, and cut the grain successfully for four or five hours. This was the first grain that had ever been cut by machinery in the United States.

When he arrived home that evening, Cyrus thought that his troubles were over. He had reaped six acres of wheat in less than half a day—as much as six men would have done by the old-fashioned method. He had been praised as well as jeered at. "Your reaper is a success," said his father, "and it makes me proud to have a son do what I could not do."

Two Big Men had given him approval—William Taylor and a Professor Bradshaw, of the Female Academy in the town of Lexington, Virginia. The professor, who was a pompous and positive individual, made a solemn investigation of the reaper, and then announced, in slow, loud, and emphatic tones:—"That—machine—is worth—a hundred—thousand—dollars!"

But if Cyrus McCormick hoped to wake up the following morning and find himself rich and famous, he was rudely disappointed. The local excitement soon died out, and one old woman expressed the general feeling by saying that young McCormick's reaper was "a right smart curious sort of thing, but it won't come to much."

THE LARGEST OF HARVESTERS, CALLED A HEADER, WHICH CUTS TWELVE FEET OF GRAIN AT A TIME.

McCormick was at this time a youth of twenty-two. Like Lincoln, he was born in a log cabin—but in Virginia. He was bred from a fighting race. His father had wrenched a living from the rocks of Virginia for his family of seven children. His grandfather had fought the English in the Revolution. His great-grandfather had been an Indian fighter in Pennsylvania; and his great-great-grandfather had battled with a flint-lock against the soldiers of James II., at the siege of Londonderry.

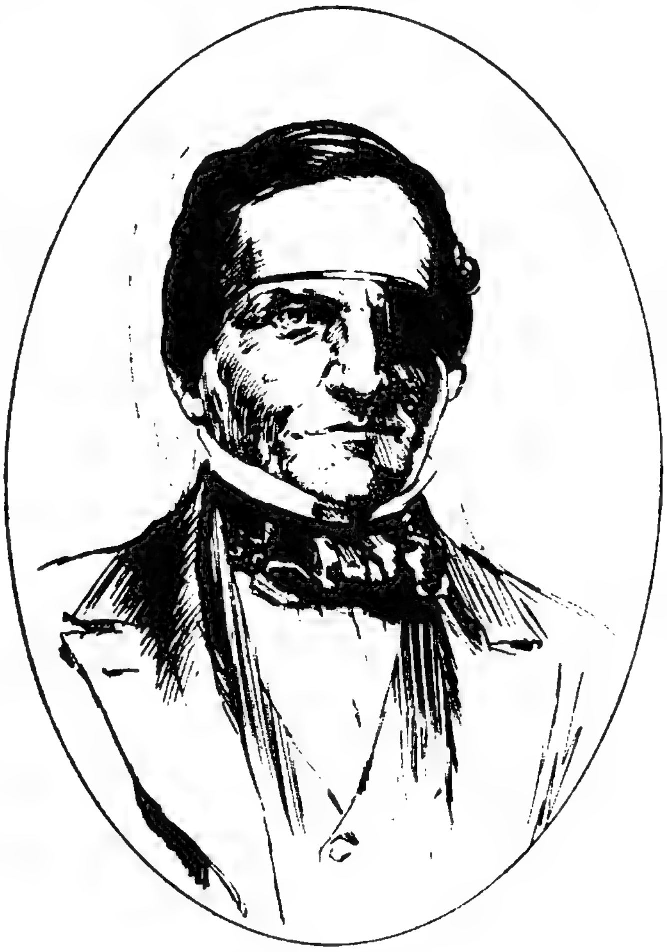
Robert McCormick, the father of Cyrus, was himself fairly famous in his county as the inventor of a hemp-brake, a clover-huller, a bellows, and a thrashing-machine. The one persistent ambition of his life was to invent a reaper. It is also true, and a tidbit of a fact for those who believe in prenatal influences, that during the year in which Cyrus H. McCormick was born, his father first began the actual construction of a reaping-machine. "Reaper" was one of the first words that baby Cyrus learned to say, and his favorite toy, when he grew older, was the wreck of his father's reaper, which wouldn't reap, and which lay in rusty disgrace near the barn-door.

"Often I have seen Robert McCormick standing over his machine," said one of his neighbors, "studying and thinking, drawing down his under lip, as was his habit when he was puzzling over anything." His friends ridiculed him for wasting so much time on a foolish toy, until he became half ashamed of it himself and quit his experimenting in the daytime. But at night he and Cyrus hammered away in the little log workshop, like a pair of conspirators.

The romantic mystery of these midnight labors made an indelible mark on the brain of the boy. He grew up serious and self-contained — quite unlike the boys of the neighborhood, unpopular, and indifferent to his unpopularity. Abhorring the drudgery of the farm, he delighted in any work that had an idea behind it, and was always busy making or mending some piece of machinery. One morning he surprised his teacher by bringing to school a twenty-inch globe of wood, which turned on its axis as the earth does, and had the seas and continents outlined in ink.

"That young fellow is ahead of me," said the amazed teacher.

At fifteen Cyrus had invented a new grain cradle. At twenty-one he improved a machine that his father had made to break hemp. And at twenty-two this country boy, who had never seen a college, a city, or a railroad, constructed *the first practical American reaper.* It was a clumsy makeshift, as crude as a Red River ox-cart, but it was built on the right lines. It was not at all handsome nor well made nor satisfactory, but it was a reaper that reaped.


OBED HUSSEY,
ONE OF McCORMICK'S RIVALS.

McCormick soon discovered, however, that it was not enough to invent a reaper. What the world needed was a man who was strong and dominating enough to force his reaper upon the unwilling laborers of the harvest fields.

Tenacity! Absolute indifference to defeat! The lust for victory that makes a man unconscious of the blows he gives or takes! These were what was needed, and what gave to Cyrus McCormick his high place among the men of genius and power who have made America what she is.

Tenacity! It was born in him. Back of him was the hardiest breed that was ever mixed into the American blend—the pick of the Scots who fought their way to the United States by way of Ireland. These Irish Scots, few as they were, led the way across the Alleghenies, founded Pittsburgh, made a trail to Texas, and put five Presidents in the White House.

And tenacity was bred, as well as born, into Cyrus McCormick. He went barefooted as a boy, not for lack of shoes, but to make him tough. "I want my boys to know how to endure hardship," said his mother. He sat on a slab bench in the little log schoolhouse and learned to read from the Book of Genesis. He sang psalms with forty verses, on Sundays, and sat as still as a graven image during the three-hour sermons, for his father was a Presbyterian of the old Covenanter brand.

So it came to pass that Cyrus McCormick clung to his reaper, as John Knox clung to his Bible. The making of reapers became to him more than a business. It was a creed—a religion—an eleventh commandment. By the time he was thirty he had become a nineteenth-century Mahomet, ready for a world crusade. His war-cry was—Great is the Reaper, and McCormick is its prophet.

Like Mahomet, he had his visions of future glory. On one occasion, while riding on horseback through a wilderness path, the dazzling thought flashed upon his mind—"Perhaps I may make a million dollars from this reaper." This idea remained for years the driving-wheel of his brain.

Also, like Mahomet, he had a period of preparatory solitude. Soon after the first exhibition of his reaper, he bought a tract of land and farmed it alone, with two aged negroes as housekeepers. Here he lived for more than a year with no companion except his reaper.

The two things of which he stood most in need were money and cheaper iron. So, after thinking over the situation in his lonely cabin, he decided to build a furnace and make his own iron. His father and a neighbor joined him in the enterprise. They built the furnace, made the iron, and had taken the first steps toward success when the financial earthquake of 1839 shook them down into the general wreckage. The neighbor, who had been made a partner, signed over his property to his mother, and threw the whole burden of the bankruptcy upon the McCormick family, crushing them for a time into an abyss of debt and poverty.

Cyrus McCormick gave up everything he owned to the creditors—everything except his reaper, which nobody wanted. With the rest of his family, he slaved for five years to save the homestead from the auctioneer. Once the sheriff rode up with a writ, but was so deeply impressed with their energy and uprightness that he rode away with the dreaded paper still in his pocket.

Up to this time Cyrus had not sold one reaper. As Mahomet preached for ten years without converting any one except his own relatives, so Cyrus McCormick preached the gospel of the reaper for ten years without success. Then, in 1841, he sold two reapers for $100 apiece. The next year seven daring farmers came to the McCormick homestead, each with $100 in his hands.

This brilliant success brought the whole family into line behind Cyrus, and the farm was transformed into a reaper factory. Twenty-nine machines, "fearfully and wonderfully made," were sold in 1843, and fifty in 1844. There were troubles, of course. Some buyers failed to pay. A workman who was sent out on horseback to collect $300, ran away with horse, money, and all. But none of these things moved Cyrus. At last, after thirteen years, he was selling reapers.

Best of all, an order for eight had come from Cincinnati. These were the first reapers that were sold outside of Virginia. They were seen by the more enterprising farmers of Ohio and created a sensation wherever they were used. Cyrus, who was now a powerful, broad-chested man of thirty-six, caught a glimpse of his opportunity and sprang to seize it. He saw that the time had come to leave the backwoods farm—forty miles from a blacksmith, sixty miles from a canal, one hundred miles from a railway. So, with $300 in his belt he set out on horseback for the West.

Here he saw *the prairies*. To a man who had spent his life in a hollow of the Alleghenies, the West was a new world. It was the natural home of the reaper. The farmers of Virginia might continue forever to harvest their small, hilly fields by hand; but here, in this vast land-ocean, with few laborers and an infinity of acres, the reaper was as indispensable as the plow. To reap even one of these new states by hand would require the whole working population of the country.

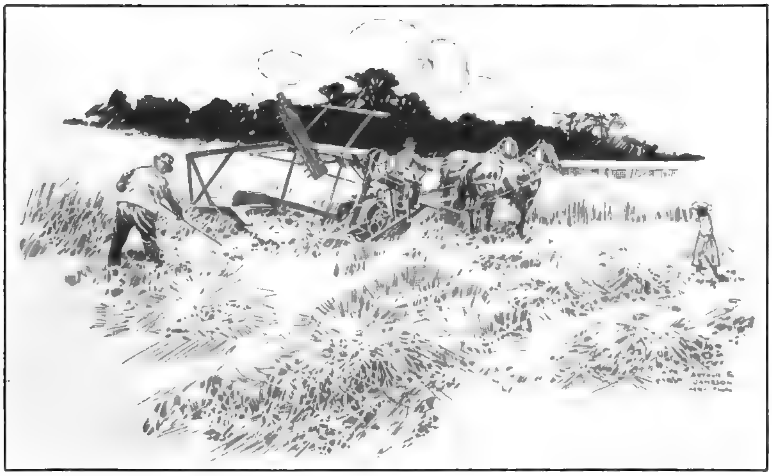
Also, in Illinois, McCormick saw what made his Scotch heart turn cold within him—he saw hogs and cattle feeding in the autumn wheat-fields, which could not be reaped for lack of laborers. Five million bushels of wheat had grown and ripened—enough to empty the horn of plenty into every farmer's home. Men, women, and children toiled day and night to gather in the yellow food. But the short harvest season rushed past so quickly that tons of it lay rotting under the hoofs of cattle.

It was a puzzling problem. It was too much prosperity—a new trouble for farmers. In Europe, men had been plentiful and acres scarce. Here, acres were plentiful and men scarce. Ripe grain—the same in all countries—will not wait. Unless it is gathered quickly, in from four to ten days, it breaks down and decays. So, even to the dullest minds, it was clear that there must be found some better way of snatching in the harvest.

The sight of the trampled wheat goaded McCormick almost into a frenzy of activity. He rode on horseback through Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Ohio, and New York, proclaiming his harvest gospel and looking for manufacturers who would build his reapers. From shop to shop he went with the zeal of a Savonarola.

One morning, in the little town of Brockport, New York, he found the first practical men who appreciated his invention—Dayton S. Morgan and William H. Seymour. Morgan was a handy young machinist who had formed a partnership with Seymour, a prosperous storekeeper. They listened to McCormick with great interest and agreed to make a hundred reapers. By this decision they both later became millionaires, and also entered history as the founders of the first reaper factory in the world.

Altogether, in the two years after he left Virginia, McCormick sold 240 reapers. This was big business; but it was only a morsel in proportion to his appetite. Neither was it satisfactory. He found himself tangled in a snarl of troubles because of bad iron, stupid workmen, and unreliable manufacturers. He cut the Gordian knot by building a factory of his own at Chicago.



THE EARLIEST TYPE OF SELF-RAKE REAPER.

This was one of the wisest decisions of his life, though at the time it appeared to be a disastrous mistake. Chicago in 1847 showed no signs of its present greatness. As a city, it was a ten-year-old experiment, built in a swamp, without a railway or a canal. It was ugly and dirty, with a river that ran in the wrong direction; but it was *busy*. It was the link between the Mississippi and the Great Lakes—a central market where wheat was traded for lumber and furs for iron. It had no history—no ancient families clogging up the streets with their special privileges. And, best of all, it was a place where a big new idea was actually preferred to a small old one.

Chicago did not look at McCormick with dead eyes and demand a certified check from his ancestors. It sized him up in a few swift glances and saw a thick-set, ruddy man, with the physique of a heavy-weight wrestler, black hair that waved in glossy furrows, and strong eyes that struck you like a blow. It glanced at his reaper and saw a device that would give the country more wheat. More wheat meant more business, so Chicago said:

"Glad to see you. You're the right man and you're in the right place. Come in and get busy." William B. Ogden, the first mayor of Chicago, listened to his story for two minutes, then asked him how much he wanted for a half interest. McCormick had little money and no prestige. Ogden had a surplus of both. So a partnership was arranged, and the new firm leaped toward prosperity by selling $50,000 worth of reapers for the next harvest.

At last there had come a break in the

clouds, and McCormick found his path flooded with sunshine. He was no longer a wanderer in the night. He was the Reaper King—the founder of a new dynasty. As soon as possible he bought out Ogden and established a one-man business. By 1851 he was making a thousand reapers a year, and owned one-tenth of the million dollars he had dreamed of in the Virginian wilderness. His pioneer troubles were over. There were no more thousand mile rides on horseback, no more conflicts with jeering crowds, no more reapers smashed by farm laborers. The repeal of the Corn Laws in England had opened up a new market for our wheat; and the discovery of gold in California was booming the reaper business by making money plentiful and labor scarce.

Suddenly McCormick looked up from his work in the factory, and saw that he was not only rich, but famous. One of his reapers had taken the Grand Prize at a World's Fair in England. Even the London *Times*, which at first had ridiculed his reaper as "a cross between an Astley chariot, a wheelbarrow, and a flying-machine," was obliged to admit, several days later, that "the McCormick reaper is worth the whole cost of the Exposition."

Seventeen years later, on the imperial farm near Paris, Napoleon III descended from his carriage and fastened the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon McCormick's coat. There was a picture that some American-souled artist, when we have one, will delight to put on canvas. How splendid was the contrast, and how significant of the New Age of Democracy, between the suave and feeble Emperor, enjoying the sunset rays of his inherited glory, and the strong-faced, rough-handed Virginian farmer, who had built up a new empire of commerce that will last as long as the human race shall eat bread!

A DREAM REALIZED

From first to last, the stout-hearted Reaper King received no favors from Congress or the Patent Office. He built up his stupendous business without a land grant or a protective tariff. By the time that his Chicago factory was ten years old, he had sold 23,000 reapers, and cleared a profit of nearly $1,300,000. The dream of his youth had been realized, and more. All told, in 1859, there were 50,000 reapers in the United States, doing the work of 350,000 men, saving $4,000,000 in wages, and cramming the barns with 50,000,000 bushels of grain.

No history of the reaper can be complete without a reference to Mrs. McCormick, formerly Miss Nettie Fowler, of New York. She has been for fifty years, and is to-day, one of the active factors in our industrial development. Her exact memory and keen grasp of the complex details of her husband's business made her practically an unofficial manager. She suggested economies at the factory, stopped the custom of closing the plant in midsummer, and on several occasions superintended the field-trials in Europe.

MRS. McCORMICK AND THE BIG ENGINE

Chicago may not know it, but it is true that the immense McCormick factory there owes its existence to Mrs. McCormick. After the Big Fire of 1871, when his $2,000,000 plant was in ruins, McCormick thought of retiring. He still had a fortune of three or four millions and he was sixty-two years of age. His managers advised him not to rebuild, because of the excessive cost of new machinery.

As soon as the fiery cyclone had passed, he and his wife drove to the wrecked factory. Several hundred of the workmen gathered about the carriage, and the chief engineer, acting as spokesman, said: "Well, Mr. McCormick, shall we start the small engine and make repairs, or shall we start the big engine and make machines?"

Mr. McCormick turned to his wife and said: "Which shall it be?" It was a breathless moment for the workmen.

"Build again at once," said Mrs. McCormick. "I do not want our boy to grow up in idleness, I want him to work, as a useful citizen, and a true American."

"START THE BIG ENGINE," said McCormick. The men threw their hats in the air and cheered. They sprang at the smoking débris, and began to rebuild before the cinders were cold.

Such was the second birth of the vast factory, which, in its sixty years, has created fully 5,000,000 harvesters, and is now so magically automatic that, with 6,000 workmen, it can make one-third of all the grain-gathering machinery of the world.

Practically nothing has been written about Mr. McCormick from the human nature side. He was one of those Cromwellian men who can be appreciated only at a distance. He was too absorbed in his work to be genial and too aggressive to be popular. But most of the really great men of his day were his friends — Horace Greeley, for instance, and Peter Cooper, Junius Morgan, Abram S. Hewitt, Cyrus W. Field, and Ferdinand de Lesseps. Among the men of his own trade, however, he stood hostile and alone.

"McCormick wants to keep the whole reaper business to himself. He will not live and let live," said his competitors. And they had reason to say so. He did want to dominate. He wanted to make all the harvesting machines that were made—not one less. He was not at all a modern "community-of-interest" financier. He was a man of an outgrown school—a consistent individualist, not only in business, but in politics and religion as well. There was no compartment in his brain for mergers and combines, for theories of government ownership, for higher criticism and the new theology. He was a Benjamin Franklin commercialist, a Thomas Jefferson Democrat, and a John Knox Presbyterian.

He had worked harder to establish the reaper business than any other man. He was making reapers when William Deering, who was to be his chief competitor, was five years old, and before Ralph Emerson and William Whiteley were born. He had graduated into success through a fifteen-year course in failure. The world into which he was born was as hostile to him as the Kentucky wilderness was to Daniel Boone, or the Atlantic Ocean to Columbus. He was hard-fibered, because he had to be. He was the thin end of the wedge that split into fragments the agricultural obstacle to social progress.

"A BULLDOG"

Of all the men who fought him in the earlier days, there are only two now alive—Ralph Emerson, of Rockford, Illinois, and William N. Whiteley, of Springfield, Ohio. Both of these men to-day generously give the old warrior his due.

"McCormick was the first man to make the reaper a success in the field," said Whiteley, the battle-worn giant of Ohio, where I found him still at work. "McCormick was a fighter—a bulldog, we called him; but those were rough days. The man who couldn't fight was wiped out."

Ralph Emerson, now one of the most venerable figures in Illinois, rose from a sick-bed against his doctor's orders, that he might pay tribute to his former antagonist.

"McCormick's first reapers were a failure," said he, speaking slowly and with great difficulty; "and he owed his preeminence mainly to his great business ability. His enemies have said that he was not an inventor, but I say that he was an inventor of eminence."

McCORMICK'S MISSION

So, as in the gray haze of years we trace the larger outlines of his work, we can see that McCormick was especially fitted for a task that, up to his day, had never been done, and that will never need to be repeated during the lifetime of our earth. His business was his life. On one occasion, when a friend was joking him about his poor judgment in affairs outside of his business, he whirled around in his chair and said emphatically—"I have one purpose in life, and only one—the success and widespread use of my machines. All other matters are to me too insignificant to be considered."

He made money—ten millions or more. But a hundred millions would not have bribed him to forsake his reaper. It was as much a part of him as his right hand. In several of his business letters he writes as though he had been a Hebrew prophet, charged with a world message of salvation.

"But for the fact that Providence has seemed to assist me in all our business," he writes on one critical occasion, "it has at times seemed that I would almost sink under the weight of responsibility hanging upon me. I believe the Lord will help us out."

Not that he left to Providence any detail to which he could personally attend. He was a Puritan of the "trust-in-God-and-keep-your-powder-dry" species. A little farther along in this same letter he writes—"Meet Hussey in Maryland and *put him down.*"

REAPER KING AND NATION-BUILDER

The fountain-springs of his life were wholly within. He acted from a few basic, unchangeable convictions. If public opinion was with him, he was gratified; if it was against him, he thought no more of it than of the rustling of the trees in the wind.

"When any one opposed his plans and showed that they were impossible," said one of his superintendents, "I noticed that he never argued, he just went on working."

Small and easy undertakings had no interest for him whatever. It was the impossibility that enraged and inspired him. When the Civil War was at its height, he and Horace Greeley, who was very similar to him in this respect, actually believed that they could stop it. They had several long conferences in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and in 1864 McCormick went so far as to prepare a statement of principles that he fully believed would restore peace and harmony between the North and the South.

Such was this massive, unbendable American. It would make many a book to tell in detail the effect of his life-work upon the progress of the United States. Truly, it was a New World that had been created, for the people alike of the farms and of the cities, in the year that the victorious old Reaper King was carried to his grave, with a sheaf of wheat on his breast.

As Seward once said, it was the reaper that "pushed the American frontier westward at the rate of thirty miles a year." The reaper clicked ahead of the railroad, and civilization followed the wheat, from Chicago to Puget Sound, just as the self-binder is leading the railroad to-day—three hundred miles in front in Western Canada, and eight hundred miles in Siberia. Even so unyielding a partizan of the railroads as Marvin Hughitt admitted to me that "the reaper has not yet received proper recognition for its development of the West."

During the Civil War the reaper was doing the work of a million men in the grain-fields of the North. It enabled a widow, with five sons, to send them all to the front, and yet gather every sheaf into the barn. It kept the wolf from the door, and more—it paid our European debts in wheat. It wiped out all necessity for negro labor in the wheat states, just as a cotton-picker will do, some day, in the South.

MECHANICAL SLAVES

"The reaper is to the North what the slave is to the South," said Edwin M. Stanton in 1861. "It releases our young men to do battle for the Union, and at the same time keeps up the supply of the nation's bread."

Lincoln called out every third man, yet the crops increased. Europeans could not believe it. They shook their heads and said, "Another American story!" when they were told that we were supporting two vast armies and yet selling other nations enough grain to feed 35,000,000 people and sending three times as much wheat to England as we had ever sent before. Naturally, no country that clung to the sickle and flail could be convinced of such a preposterous miracle.

THE WORLD'S DINNER-TABLE

After the war, the mighty river of wheat that flowed from the West began to turn the wheels of 14,000 flour-mills. Rich cities sprang up, like Aladdin palaces, beside its banks—Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Kansas City, St. Paul, Omaha, Des Moines. All of these, and a hundred lesser ones, were nourished into prosperity by the rising current of reaper-wheat, as it moved from the Mississippi to the sea.

By 1876 we had become the champion food-producers of the world. A Kansas farmer was raising six bushels of wheat with as little labor as an Italian spent to produce one. And one doughty Scot, Dalrymple of Dakota, was cutting more wheat with 400 laborers and 300 harvesters, than 5,000 peasants could garner by hand.

Inevitably, the American farmer became a financier. In 1876 he earned twenty-four per cent. He had twenty-seven hundred millions to spend. By 1880 he had begun to buy so much store goods that the United States was able to write a Declaration of Industrial Independence. Every year he has grown richer and wiser, until now he is the owner of a billion-acre farm, worth $30 an acre, operated with farm machinery that cost him $900,000,000 and producing yearly 7,000 times the value of a millionaire.

Such, in one country, is the amazing result that the Reaper has helped to create. And this is not all. It is fighting back famine in fifty countries. Its click has become the music of an international anthem. The nations are feeding one another, in spite of their tariffs and armies. The whole world takes dinner at one long table; the fear of hunger is dying out of the hearts of men; and the prayer of the Christian centuries is being answered—"Give us this day our daily bread."

In the January number Mr. Casson will tell the story of ***The Battle of the Reaper Kings.***

The Old House Beyond the Hills

By JULIA KENNETT

Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball

THERE'S a little story of De Maupassant's that I always specially liked—and doubted, until a while ago. Now I know it might really have happened, and I'm glad to be sure, for it's the nicest little tale about two people who ran away together from the "*beau monde*" and lived forgotten in Corsica, just as peasants, without any of the things that they'd been used to—and they'd had about all there was. Years and years after, some man of their own world, but of a generation later, found them very old and perfectly happy, caring just as much for each other as they had when he was a brilliant young officer with a racing stable, and she was a great lady and a beauty, regretting nothing but that they were old, and could not expect to be together very much longer.

I don't know why this idea should particularly have appealed to me. I couldn't do what that woman did; I should know better than to try. But perhaps my just understanding it a little was why I was allowed to see something that has been good to remember ever since.

When I married Bob and came to the Hillriver country, I found the last echoes of a romantic tale—not a scandal exactly, and not so very romantic either, as it was told to me—dying out among the local gossip. It seemed that a girl who had spent the autumn hunting with the Hewitts (they had left Hillriver before I came) had married and run away with a young man whom Hillriver pronounced impossible. No one had supposed that she even knew him to speak to, unless, perhaps, about a loose girth or a gate to be opened, as one might speak to a groom. But he wasn't a groom. If he *had* been, it would have been better, they said—one could at least have had the satisfaction of being able to classify him. He was not quite a farmer, either, though he bred a few horses somewhere and sold a hunter now and again. At this point whoever was relating the tale would lower her voice and draw closer to me. "My dear, all this is not the worst of it," she would murmur; "he was a *particularly* impossible young man, marked with an undeniable bar-sinister; it was always rather trying to know that he was about at all. You see, thirty years ago or thereabouts there was a most hideous scandal here; we needn't rake up the details of it; they were sordid enough. It was fairly well kept in hand at the time, however, and had been nearly forgotten when all this brought it up again. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the young man—they never mentioned him by any name, perhaps because he hadn't a real one—is the son of the man who was of the most importance in this part of the world in those days. He is dead now, and the boy was provided for in the will in a small way; this is known absolutely. Taken all together, could one imagine a more thoroughly unpleasant situation?"

I was obliged to admit that I could not. Naturally, the place had rocked upon its foundations when the thing first became known. The Hewitts, feeling responsible, had nearly gone out of their minds, all the more that Miss Maitland had no people of her own, except a terribly austere and high-born aunt who expected to marry her brilliantly. The girl was a beauty—one in a thousand, it appears; the equivalent of a coronet or several millions at the lowest. I never heard what the aunt did; nothing, probably. Miss Maitland was of age and unhampered, having no money of her own and so no trustees. And besides, she and her husband had utterly vanished; no one seemed to know what had become of them. I fancied that the world at large and one intensely aristocratic family in particular were not ill pleased to have it so. All this happened about two years before the November day when the hounds met at a place called Wilderness—and rightly named it was!—miles beyond our regular country.

Bob was away, and all my own horses being laid up with various small mishaps, I sent one of his on overnight with a groom. I heard later that the horse spent the night in a cowshed, and I observed for myself that the man had spent it in the local bar. By starting at dawn, I got to the meet partly by driving and partly by a loathsome little train, as did every one who was rash enough to try the experiment. The less said of that day's hunting the better. The country was impossible to ride—steep gullies in every direction, which you had to follow to the end once you were in them—and sometimes there wasn't any end. The native who was supposed to be our guide, mounted on a woolly white horse whose legitimate occupation was betrayed by glaring collar and trace marks, was a poor witless creature who constantly kept getting lost. We wandered drearily about for hours and lost a lot of hounds. Sometimes we went through groves of huge old pines and up little streams where the horses climbed staircases of slaty blue rock—I was afraid finally to hang over Monitor's shoulder any more to scan his stout gray legs for cuts; I was only too likely to find them—sometimes we burst through primeval undergrowth and came out on high places, where we saw divinely lovely lines of violet-blue hills stretching away against the pale autumn sky. At other times we plowed through fields, up to the horses' hocks in the holding clay of the little valleys; we'd had a lot of rain that year. But there seemed to be no such thing as a fox anywhere. Whoever had lured the master into bringing his hounds to that forsaken country was an admirable judge of scenery, but a grim humorist on the subject of hunting.

Late in the afternoon, when every sane person had pulled out and gone home, we suddenly found, and the pack split. I clung to Hale, the huntsman, and his band of hounds; and we were almost immediately confronted by a horribly sheer gully—a veritable chasm. Hale went into it, and as for the others, whether they slipped down or went on purpose I'm not sure, but at any rate we saw them no more that day. "We" meant Donovan — the whip — and I. We went round the gully, and thinking we heard the hounds just ahead, sped toward the sound—at least Donovan sped. I suppose Bob has his reasons for appreciating Monitor; certainly he's a fine type of heavyweight to look at, very painstaking, and he can jump—in his own fashion—but he gives one the sensation that I imagine trying to cross country on a traction engine might. While he was solemnly dragging his great feet out of the sticky plow and heaving himself ponderously over little stone walls about two feet high, Donovan on his weedy little thoroughbred disappeared. Then I distinctly heard hounds in a bit of wood to the right. Monitor and I got there in time, but the hounds were no longer either in sight or in hearing. We lumbered out over a broken-down fence with a ditch on the far side, well masked by briars, into which Monitor blundered badly, and then I found myself on one of the streaks of bottomless mud that represent roads in those parts. Not a soul was in sight, so I turned in what seemed the general direction of home and set out for it.

With some effort I roused Monitor to his unspeakable trot, which sent clods of mud and showers of yellow water all over me, only to find that he was lame. The scramble in the ditch had done it, of course. As we went on, he grew lamer, on purpose probably, though one might have supposed he'd have wanted his evening meal. I wanted mine.

I hadn't the slightest idea where we were, nor how far from any village. The sun had gone down and there was only a long strip of cold greenish sky under the heavy clouds in the west, which threw a steely reflection on the water in the yawning wheel-ruts; presently it would be pitch-dark.

Far down the road was something that looked like a barn, and back from it there seemed to be a house with trees almost hiding it. Obviously, the thing to do was to get there as soon as possible; but by the time that we had plodded through the sucking, slippery clay to it, the darkness had pretty well come.

Monitor turned in willingly at the gate. There was a gleam of light under the great double doors of the barn, and as if he had heard me, a man came out with a lantern, a collie rushing past him in a frenzy of barking at the big horse. The man quieted it with a stern word, and I waited for him to recover from his astonishment as Monitor and I stood before him, flooded in the light of his lantern. We were far beyond the zone of farmers who are used to the sight of lost hunting people. Before I could speak, he said, "You have been hunting and lost the hounds? Let me—" but I interrupted to ask how far I was from Wilderness. Eleven miles, he said. And the nearest village? Whitechurch; and it was only a church and a post office and a cottage or two. I explained that my horse was lame—could he let me have a horse and trap of some sort? It would have been a dreadful thing to ask, considering those roads, even if I had offered to give him the value of the conveyance afterward. And somehow I couldn't say anything of the kind to this man, though he looked like the ordinary small farmer.

Instead of answering, he took Monitor by the bridle and led him into the barn; then, coming round to the near side, he unfastened the straps from my boot-heel and slipped my foot from the stirrup.

"Let me take you down," he said simply; "you won't think me disobliging, but I am alone here—the only man, I mean—and there are reasons—I can't leave the farm to-night. Besides, you couldn't get to Wilderness for hours over these roads, and there's no fit place for you to stay if you did. And you couldn't reach Hillriver to-night in any case." He seemed to know everything, and I meekly let him break my descent from Monitor's mighty back, having long since learned not to oppose Fate, whose representative this unknown man appeared to be.

"I am sure we can make you comfortable here," he went on; "at least it's much the best thing for you to do. We should be only too glad," he added quickly. He seemed hesitating and hospitable, both at once. Naturally, I protested, but it was quite idle—I couldn't sit in the mud all night, and there was nothing to do but accept what was offered me. I could only thank this firm and kindly person, while I felt most keenly the awkwardness of a self-invited guest, as one may well imagine. "My aunt is with me," continued my host; "she will be able to give you whatever you need." I was terrified at the idea of some ancient and probably irritable dame, outraged at having a strange and muddy woman thrust upon her by the reckless hospitality of the master of the house.

He unbuckled the girths and took the saddle off Monitor, felt his clipped coat, and threw a heavy rug over him.

"He's dry," he said, "all but the mud. Where is he lame?"

"Behind," I answered; "it's a strain, I think."

"We'll let it alone for the present," he said, watering the horse and turning him into a box, where he instantly began tearing down the hay in the rack. *He* had no disquieting delicacy. My host bolted the door and picked up his lantern.

"I'll give him his grain presently," he said; "you must let me take you to the house now."

I noticed that he had put my saddle down right end up. He hadn't a farmer's way with horses, either. Could he have been in a good stable at some time or other, I wondered. But he certainly hadn't addressed me as "madam." On the way up to the house I told him who I was and where I lived. There was a pause. "My name is Whitby," he said in a curiously colorless voice. The name conveyed absolutely nothing to me, but I saw that I was expected to recognize it.

"I'm very bad at remembering names," I said; "you know my husband, perhaps?"

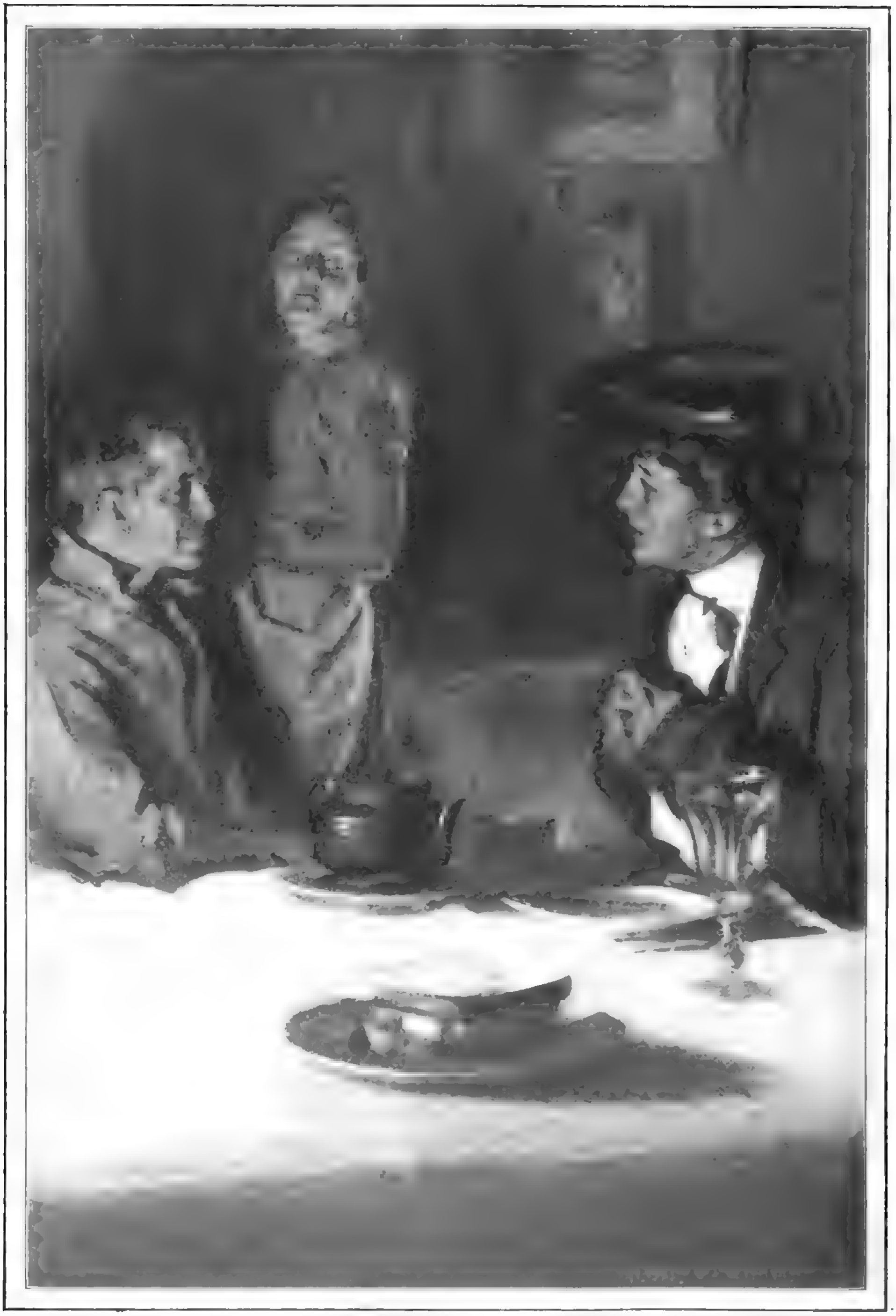
"Yes," said he, "I've met Mr. Forcyth." That was all.

We were at his doorstep by now. It was a very old house, white and square. All I could really see was an exquisite fan-shaped transom above the door, and long strips of leaded glass at the sides, with light streaming through them.

"You must be tired and hungry," he said, as he opened the door.

The hall was bare, and a flight of stairs with a graceful curving hand-rail of dark polished wood went up at the far end. You know the instant impression the atmosphere of a house makes as you come into it? In this one the air was very fresh and pure, a little cold, with a faint scent of wood-smoke; short of real violets—not hothouse ones—nothing is better. And I knew what the air of most farmhouses is like.

From above there came a little sound—a sound that no one mistakes who has once heard it. I'm not a creature of sentiment; but what woman who has ever had a child



"MY WIFE WOULD BE VERY GLAD IF YOU WOULD GO UP TO SEE HER, MRS. FORCYTH."

does not give a little start at the cry of a quite new baby? My Robin was then eight months old.

I turned quickly to my host. "Yes," he said, "a little daughter—two days old."

"Oh," I said, "you should have told me. I must be a dreadful trouble—just now."

"It was time enough to tell you when you got to the house," he said. "My dear lady, could I let you spend the night on the road?"

By this time he had brought me into a beautifully proportioned old room, with very little in it but a heap of rose-red coals in a fluff of white ashes on the wide hearth. I suppose I should have uttered more useless protests and apologies, but he was gone.

I sat down before the fire, realizing that I was very tired. Every muscle in my body clamored with aching memories of Monitor's hideous trot and too conscientious methods of jumping; and I had had but one small sandwich since seven o'clock that morning.

I looked about me. The few pieces of old furniture were admirable. Then a book on the table caught my eye. In spite of my stiffness I had it in my hand in a moment. Was I dreaming? It was Bédier's *Tristan et Iseut.* I certainly *was* dreaming, for a motherly old person with her hair screwed into a button above her benevolent face, and a figure flowing away into vastnesses happily undefined in her gray print gown, came bustling in, full of homely hospitality. She let me know at once that she was totally deaf. But evidently her nephew had made her understand the situation very clearly, for she led me away to where were poached eggs and tea and toast—the best I ever tasted. While I was having tea, though it couldn't have been far from my normal dinner-hour, my host came back. He was full of kindly interest in my appetite and told me that Monitor's was even better. I was consumed with compunction for all the trouble I was giving, and said so.

I could see him distinctly now, as he sat across the table from me: a thin, lightly made man of about thirty, with a sharply cut, irregular face, all evenly colored the faint clear red that fair skins turn with outdoor life. His hair was reddish, too, and he was not in the least good-looking, intrinsically, but quite apart from his hospitality—and no *grand seigneur's*, given the circumstances, could have been greater—I liked him to a quite unreasonable extent.

Presently he said: "My wife would be very glad if you would go up to see her, Mrs. Forcyth, after you've had your tea."

I suppose I must have been burning with unconscious curiosity, since the suggestion pleased me so much, but I felt bound to say, "Surely it will disturb her to see a stranger; had I better not stay away?"

"Please go," he said, "if you are not too tired. She asked me to bring you." He went before me up the stairs and knocked at a door very softly. Some one answered, and he pushed the door open and stood aside to let me pass, not going in himself. I can't tell what made me feel the reverent tender way of it so keenly—it was nothing, and it was exquisite. The room was dimly lighted by a low, smoldering fire and a candle in an old bell-glass on a little table.

"Thank you for coming; it's good of you," said a low-pitched voice from the pillows of the great bed. My hostess turned her head, and in the soft candle-glow I saw her face.

It made me catch my breath. We all dream loveliness, I suppose, but so seldom see it, that when we do it is with a kind of keen shock. I could not believe that any one was as she seemed to me, all white and golden; her face was like a pearl. You hear that said of surfaces as opaque as cream. But her face—the light seemed actually to shine through it; or had it a soft light of its own? Her hair was a pale grayish gold, like some rare metal that might be gold and silver together. But it wasn't merely her perfect tinting nor the lovely lines of her that made me feel as if a hand had suddenly taken tight hold of my heart and squeezed it; it was the look she gave, first at me, and then downward where a tiny red crumpled face and a downy little head showed close against her shoulder, all swathed about in flannel. The little face seemed crimson as she touched it with her white hand.

"My daughter would apologize to you if she could, for the poor welcome we give you—since it's her fault," she said, looking up at me again through her eyelashes, which were of an incredible length.

She motioned to a low chair beside the bed. "Will you sit there?" she said. "You must be so tired, you and the big horse." Evidently she knew all about us. "Tell me about your adventures." I thought she spoke as a very great lady, some wonderfully gracious princess, might.

"There were no adventures," I answered; "only a very bad day's hunting, and I was most stupid and contrived to get us completely lost—Monitor and me. But for all that, we've been very lucky—in the end."

She smiled a little; then she said, with her serious gray eyes on my face, "I have never seen you before, of course, Mrs. Forcyth, but I think you may have heard of me; perhaps not." She stopped and smiled again—to herself, rather than at me—a gentle, thoughtful smile. "You see," she went on, "it's disagreeable to be startled; no one likes it, neither a single person nor the world at large. So when one has startled that comfortable old world, one simply withdraws as quickly as possible, shutting the door very softly and carefully behind one—as if one had disturbed an elderly irritable person."

Then I knew this was Elizabeth Maitland.

"A few very courteous people may do that," I said. "But most of the others sit down before the world to scold it for being stupid and irritable."

"They're unjust then," she said. "How should it understand anything but its own plans and arrangements? It's a kindly old person really; it fully intends that there shall be plenty of happy women who have found *l'ami* in the appointed places. But if some one woman finds him where the world did not expect her to, it's naturally surprised and annoyed; and since it is only regretfully that we annoy respected old persons, the least we can do is not to be put out with them for being annoyed."

I thought that if the world, even the austere old dowager that we pictured it, could have seen her so—the serene lovely good-humor of her, for all its dislike of inconvenience it must have understood a little, as I did.

I could only be as simple as she was.

"Yes, I've heard something of you—naturally," I said, "but perhaps I understand better than the others, just seeing you here—you two. May I have her to hold a little?" I asked, stretching out my hands for the baby. She let me take her, very carefully, and I sat and held the delicious soft bundle, which uttered wonderfully grown-up tiny sighs and sniffs, and blinked at the candle rays until I pulled a fold of flannel between the little face and the light. The flannel smelled of iris, and the little head, when I laid my cheek against it, was like heavenly warm velvet. The baby's mother lay still, watching us; I don't think she knew how tender her eyes were. Quite suddenly she said: "It will be red, don't you think?" There was anxiety in her voice, as though all her happiness depended on its being so. I looked at the just perceptible down. "Yes," I answered truthfully, "it certainly will be red."

We both laughed.

"All this while I've not asked you if you've had all that you needed," she said. "But it was useless for me to ask; if Martin was there, you had all that there was."

As she spoke her husband's name, we heard his step in the passage outside. "He will think I am with you too long," I said, getting up and laying the baby beside her.

"No," she said, taking my hand and looking up at me. I never imagined such eyes—the gray of a summer rain-cloud. "It's been good to see you; you seem like a messenger, a very kindly, understanding messenger from that old world we spoke of. Of course the world did not mean to send one, and has forgotten me, so I send no message in return. If I were to send one, it would only be that I am happy—without anything it can give. But that would not be a polite message to an old queen, would it? Martin!"—she raised her voice a little. He came in and stood beside the bed's head, looking down at her. As his wife's face turned to him with the light on her clear throat and cheek and the upward sweep of her shining hair, I saw a little quiver about his mouth and chin, but that was all.

She said: "Do you think we could make our guest believe how glad we are of her coming, if we told her both together, Martin?"

He put out his hand and just touched hers. "Mrs. Forcyth will believe anything you say, dear, I think," he said, smiling at me. I liked hearing him say it, and I knew that I was seeing a beautiful thing—just seeing without really understanding.

I was still thinking of it when I was alone in the bare white room they gave me. And that good old aunt! She had brought me a great blue jug of really hot water, and while the dressing-table was spread with a coarse cloth embroidered in red cotton with an artless design of kittens, there was a brush of tortoise-shell with a little gold E. M. on the back, laid out upon it, with other necessities. Folded on my pillow was a nightgown of sheerest batiste, worn to cobweb softness, and I saw that the fine lace of its frills was all raveled away. I don't know why a little thing like that should have touched me so. Perhaps I was not quite myself, for after I had put out my light I lay awake, aching with fatigue and listening to the rush of the

SHE SPOKE AS MIGHT A VERY GREAT LADY—SOME WONDERFULLY GRACIOUS PRINCESS.

wind in the pines outside my window, and I thought of all sorts of things that never come into my head ordinarily. There was something in the air of that old house to make one dream. I went to sleep at last with a line of old French running in my head among the dreams, "*Nous avons perdu le monde, et le monde, nous; que vous en semble, Tristan, ami?*"

Next morning I saw my hostess a moment to say good-by. And when I found myself saying, "Will you understand that what I thank you for most is something I am taking away?" she smiled in comprehension.

"That I am not to see you again is part of the price I have to pay the 'old queen' for my happiness," she said; "it's the first time I've not paid gladly. But you understand?"

I understood. The world was not to be reminded.

When I reached home at last, I had had so many small adventures by the way that they made a sufficiently amusing tale to cover up the fact that I never actually mentioned where I had spent the night. Bob had come back, and though my mind was still full of the memory of Elizabeth Maitland's gray eyes, and of all that I had seen in the old house beyond the hills, I realized that there is more than one way of being happy. I had brought home Bob's best horse useless for the rest of the season, but he did not seem even to be aware of it; he was only consumed with anxiety to know if I had been warm and fed and had escaped taking cold.

Elizabeth Maitland was right: there are women happy in the scheme of things that the world arranges for them, and she has given me a very lovely memory to add to a most solid and comfortable reality. I'm grateful for both.

To Fire

By HELEN HUNTINGTON

O FIRE, thou free one!
Thou god unspoiled,
Attaining swiftly,
Where man has toiled!
Thy formless glory
No mind may see,
Nor brooding fathom
Thy mystery.

Destroyer, Father,
Creator, King,
Thy raging beauty
A living thing;
In desolation,
Bright wings unfurled,
Thy barren pathway
Lies round the world.

All foul corruptions
Thou makest clean,
In flame they vanish
To space unseen.
The shames of nature,
The taints of earth,
By thee transfigured
Have airy birth.

O force supernal!
O rose of heat!
Incarnate wonder,
Unrest complete,
Remote from knowledge,
Defying sense,
Ah, whither speedest?
And comest—whence?

More strange than jewels,
More fierce than hate,
Consummate wonder
Thy flames create.
O perfect passion!
O great desire!
I, bowed, salute thee,
Resistless fire!

Women of the Bible

Miriam
Hugo Ballin

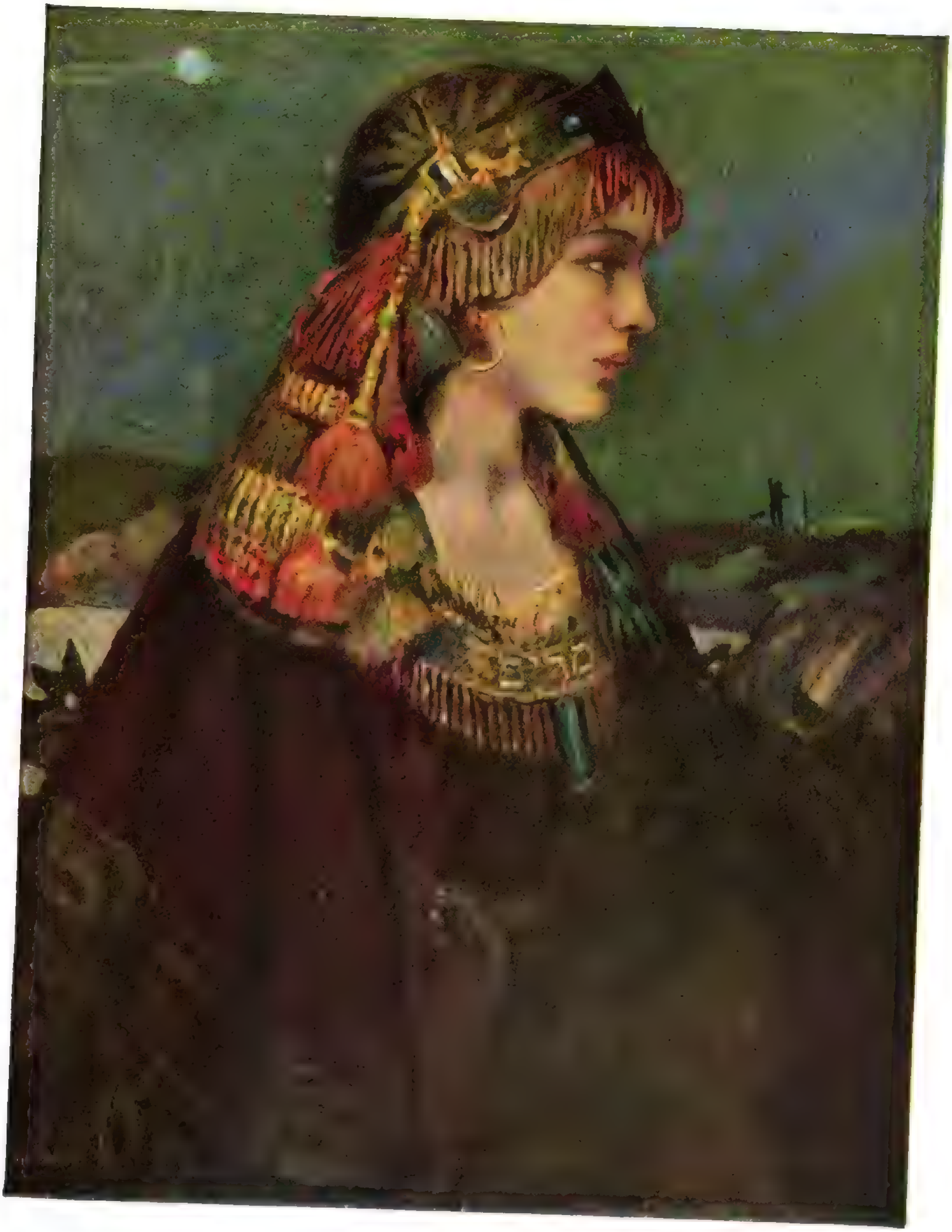
Judith
André Castaigne

Ruth
H. O. Tanner

Miriam

"The Cloud again—behold the Cloud!" The message ran from tent to tent; a silence, shot with murmurings and whisperings, fell on the camp, for the children of Israel knew that Miriam, the prophetess, and Aaron, her brother, had displeased the Lord; knew that punishment was to fall upon them.

There followed the hurrying of a silent multitude toward the tabernacle, over which rested the pillar of cloud. Some crouched upon the ground; the elders bowed themselves upon their faces. Through the press came Moses from one side, Aaron and Miriam from another—Miriam, the prophetess, fair-faced and with brooding eyes, who had dared the wrath of the Lord in her jealousy. For she and Aaron had said: "Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? Hath he not spoken also by us?" And the Lord heard it. She was a prophetess and her power was great among the children of Israel, but her pride in that power was greater. She would speak against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman he had married. She would speak in the councils of the elders; she would even say what Moses, the Lawgiver, who talked with God, should do or should not do. She was very wise in the ways of men, but with her wisdom had come arrogance. Her head lifted royally; royally she walked beneath the cloud into the entrance of the tabernacle. Silence came again; no ox lowed, no bird sang; it was as though the people and the very beasts looked into that cloud, and, looking, fell asleep. Of a sudden, as it was wont to do, it lifted; was utterly gone. The purple door opened; Miriam and Aaron stood on the threshold. And, as they looked, lo—the ruddy brown skin of Miriam was as white as the dead. Her arm had dropped from the tent door to her side; and Aaron, quivering, was creeping backward from the horror. She turned her great eyes, that burned now like life in a corpse, upon her ghastly hand, and sank to the ground before the tabernacle. "Unclean!" she cried. "O Lord, for my pride I am become a thing ashamed!" The tent door parted again. Moses, majestic in his meekness, was striding toward the crowd. With a sound like wind in a forest, all Israel fell prostrate. "The Judgment of the Lord!" came the dreadful voice again through the silence. "Unclean!"

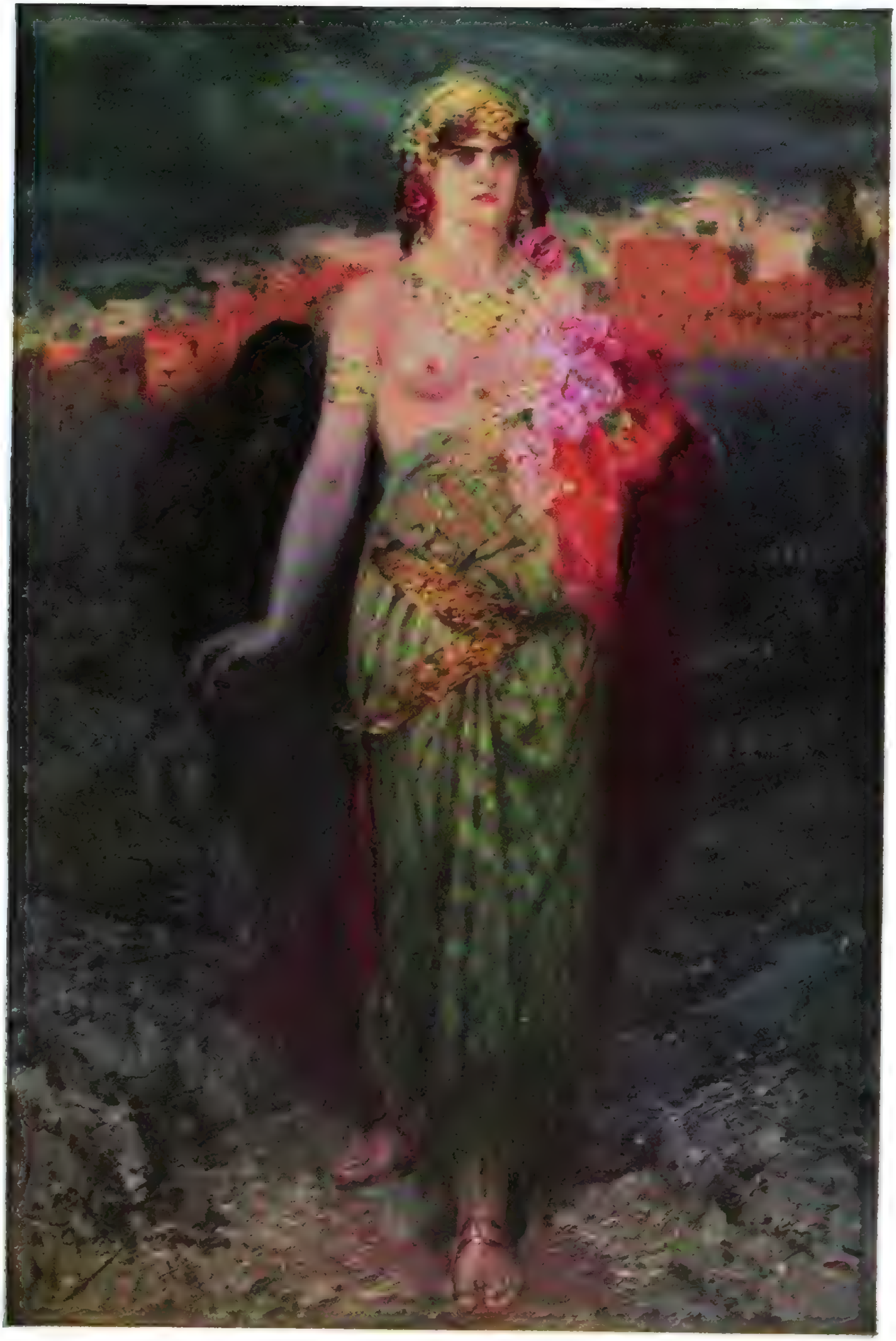


Judith

Anopheres, the Persian sentry outside the tent of Holofernes, leaned upon his spear and watched the old moon thrust its horn above those easterly mountains where Israel, penned in like a wounded lion, lay awaiting the grapple—and the end. To him came the little body-servant of the General, frightened and with twitching hands.

"She is a witch, I tell you, that dark woman of Israel," he muttered. "She eats not of our food; she carries always that sack of hers that is never empty. To-night I saw her shudder as she passed before the General's gold-hilted fauchion that hung upon the wall. No witch can look straight at steel. Each night at this hour she fares forth into the wilderness, to gather herbs for her spells, perhaps. Hark—some one moves within the tent!"

The gaudy leathern tent-door opened, the moonlight fell full on Judith's face. The dark eyes that had seen deliverance for Israel glowed with strange and brooding fires; the round breast below the robe that muffled head and figure heaved and fluttered and was still. And her face was the face of tragedy; high, aloof from the little cares of men, purified with the flame of martyrdom that lighted it. Woman she was, and with a woman's knowledge of her beauty and its power, but man she was also, in her fierce courage; casting aside the traditions of her sex, and ready to do a man's red work of slaughter if she might so gain her ends. Passionate, stormy in her loves, relentless in her hates, daring all for either love or hate, of the blood that has run in the veins of patriots since man first died for man, she stood, elemental and untamed, painted against the background of the night. A moment her face was a blaze of eager triumph, of fierce joy, of a high pride in lofty achievement; then the mask fell. With full, certain stride she stepped out into the moonlight and was gone down the dark path. "Did you see her eyes?" whispered the body-servant. "They are bloody eyes—she is a witch. Did you see the bag? It is full to-night." "But, ah, her form is as a cedar in the King's garden," said Anopheres, the sentry, "and her brows are horns of the crescent moon." And he who died next day upon the sword of Israel ran his fingers through his love-locks and blew a kiss into the air, still fragrant with perfume from her passing.

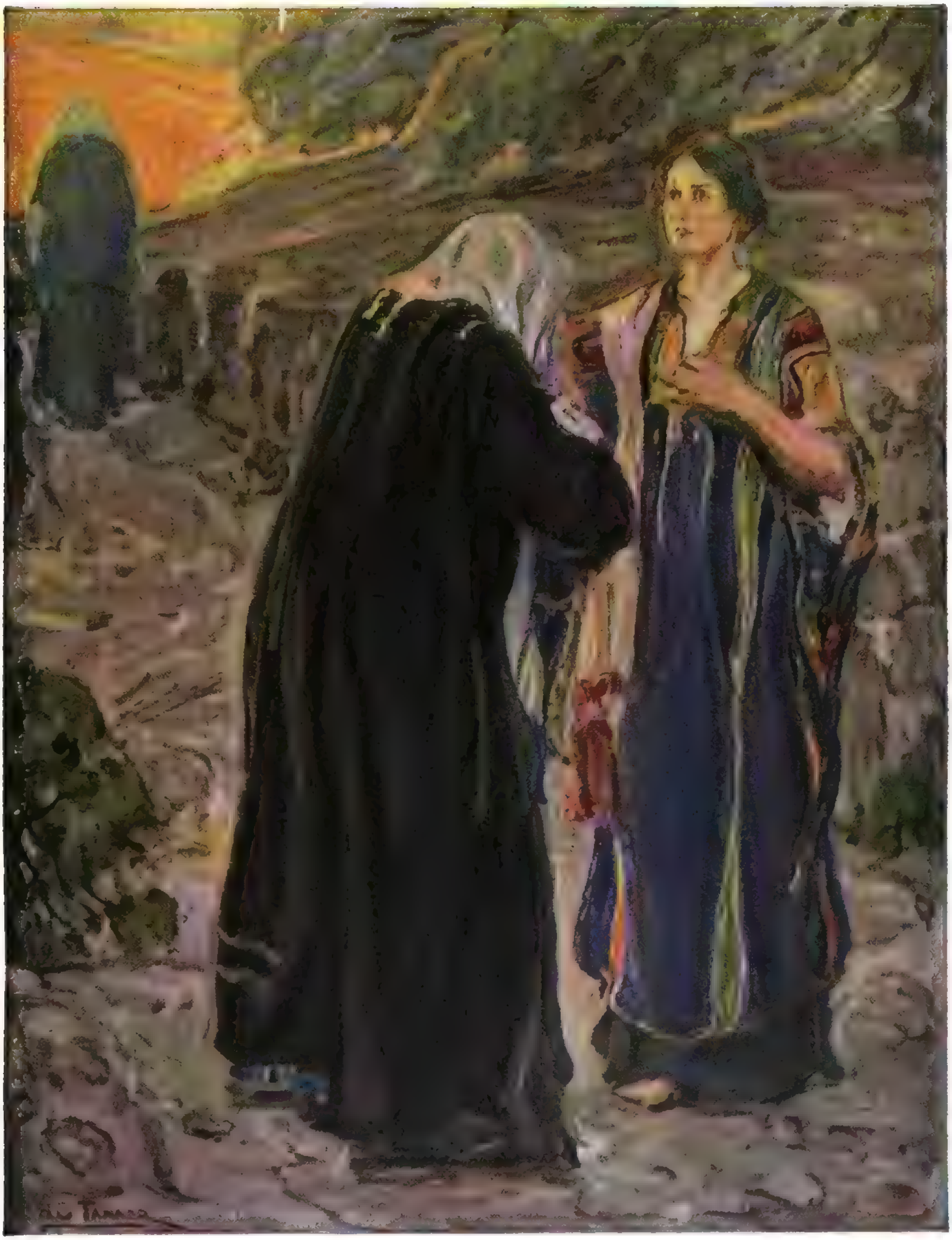


Ruth

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Three women stood on the hillside, in the yellow light of that ancient evening; and one was Naomi, she who had carried the blood of Israel beneath her heart. One, walking away in the distance, bowed with grief under her muffling robe, was Orpah, returning to her own kindred in the land of Judah. And one was Ruth, she who had continued faithful. Ruth of the tender eyes and the clinging hands, with the softness that makes unconscious claim to service and protection, yet that gives over freely of each of these; with young, pliant strength to bear the burden of another's bitterness;—the type of all womanly sweetness in gentle steadfastness and quiet courage, trained through the ages to acceptance of the woman's passive part. Ruth, the gleaner, patiently stooping for what careless hands have dropped, asking but to "glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves," yet receiving all of honor and chivalry that the world may give. She looked deep into Naomi's old, world-worn eyes. "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." The older woman swayed with a gesture of surrender; Ruth took Naomi in her arms, and kissed her with the kiss of holy women. Westward the two have turned. It is not only the road to Bethlehem that they walk, but the road of those whose feet are blessed. A Babe was to be born in Bethlehem because one troubled woman of the people, humblest of all who walked that day in Palestine, had made the good decision; had bent her head to the thorny crown of self-sacrifice, sacrifice that receives no applause, demands no reward, and is content to only stand and wait. "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The shepherds, bringing their flocks homeward in the dusk, beheld two weary women trudging westward on the road to Bethlehem, and looked wonderingly at the younger, she was so fair to walk unprotected.



The Guest of Quesnay

by Booth Tarkington

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana,"
"The Two Van Revels" "Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.

Illustration by
M. G. Blumenschein

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT.—Three threads, later to be twisted together in the mystery of "The Guest of Quesnay," are spun in the first instalment. First, the American artist who tells the story, and his friend, George Ward, witness the wreck, near Paris, of an automobile in which are a Parisian dancer and Larrabee Harman, an American who is notorious for a career of dissipation. Harman, whose divorced wife is Ward's cousin, is seriously injured. Here this thread of the story is dropped. Two years later the artist establishes himself at an inn in Normandy, where he learns that the neighboring Château de Quesnay, which had been leased by the sister of George Ward, is for the time in charge of her guest, a certain very charming Madame d'Armand. The third element is furnished by the arrival at the inn of a distinguished scientist accompanied by a younger man who is invested with an air of great singularity and deep mystery.

CHAPTER V

I HAD been painting in various parts of the forest, studying the early morning along the eastern fringe and moving farther in as the day advanced. For the stillness and warmth of noon I went to the very woodland heart, and in the late afternoon moved westward to a glade—a chance arena open to the sky, the scene of my most audacious endeavors, for here I was trying to paint foliage luminous under those long shafts of sunshine which grow thinner but ruddier toward sunset. A path closely bordered by underbrush wound its way to the glade, crossed it, and wandered away into shady dingles again; with my easel pitched in the mouth of this path, I sat at work, one late afternoon, wonderful for its still loveliness.

The path debouched abruptly on the glade and was so narrow that when I leaned back my elbows were in the bushes, and it needed care to keep my palette from being smirched by the leaves; though there was more room for my canvas and easel, as I had placed them at arm's length before me, fairly in the open. I had the ambition to paint a picture here—to do the whole thing in the woods from day to day, instead of taking notes for the studio—and was at work upon a very foolish experiment: I had thought to render the light—broken by the branches and foliage—with broken brush-work, a short stroke of the kind that stung an elder painter to swear that its practitioners painted in shaking fear of the concierge appearing for the studio rent. The attempt was alluring, but when I rose from my camp-stool and stepped back into the path to get more distance for my canvas, I saw what a mess I was making of it. At the same time, my hand, falling into the capacious pocket of my jacket, encountered a package, my lunch, which I had forgotten to eat, whereupon, becoming suddenly aware that I was very hungry, I began to eat Amédée's good sandwiches without moving from where I stood.

Absorbed, gazing with abysmal disgust at my canvas, I was eating absent-mindedly—and with all the restraint and dignity of a Georgia darky attacking a watermelon—when a pleasant voice spoke from just behind me:

"Pardon, monsieur; permit me to pass, if you please."

That was all it said, very quietly and in French, but a gunshot might have startled me less.

I turned in confusion to behold a dark-eyed lady, charmingly dressed in lilac and white, waiting for me to make way so that she could pass. Nay, let me leave no detail of my mortification unrecorded: I have just said that I "turned in confusion"; the truth is that I jumped like a kangaroo, but with infinitely less grace. And in my nervous haste to clear her way, meaning only to push the camp-stool out of the path with my foot, I put too much valor into the push, and with horror saw the camp-stool rise in the air and drop to the ground again nearly a third of the distance across the glade. Upon that I squeezed myself back into the bushes, my ears singing and my cheeks burning.

There are women who will meet or pass a strange man in the woods or fields with as finished an air of being unaware of him (particularly if he be a rather shabby painter no longer young) as if the encounter took place on a city sidewalk; but this woman was not of that priggish kind. Her straightforward glance recognized my existence as a fellow-being; and she further acknowledged it by a faint smile, which was of courtesy only, however, and admitted no reference to the fact that at the first sound of her voice I had leaped into the air, kicked a camp-stool twenty feet, and now stood blushing, so shamefully stuffed with sandwich that I dared not speak.

"Thank you," she said as she went by; and made me a little bow so graceful that it almost consoled me for my caperings.

I stood looking after her as she crossed the clearing and entered the cool winding of the path on the other side. I stared and wished—wished that I could have painted her into my picture, with the thin, ruddy sunshine flecking her dress; wished that I had not cut such an idiotic figure. I stared until her filmy summer hat, which was the last bit of her to disappear, had vanished. Then, discovering that I still held the horrid remains of a sausage-sandwich in my hand, I threw it into the underbrush with unnecessary force, and, recovering my camp-stool, sat down to work again.

I did not immediately begin. The passing of a pretty woman anywhere never comes to be quite of no moment to a man, and the passing of a pretty woman in the greenwood is an episode—even to a middle-aged landscape painter. "An episode?" quoth I. I should be ashamed to withhold the truth out of my fear to be taken for a sentimentalist: this woman who had passed was of great and instant charm; it was as if I had heard a serenade there in the woods—and at thought of the jig I had danced to it my face burned again.

With a sigh of no meaning, I got my eyes down to my canvas and began to peck at it perfunctorily, when a snapping of twigs underfoot and a swishing of branches in the thicket warned me of a second intruder, not approaching by the path, but forcing a way toward it through the underbrush, and very briskly too, judging by the sounds.

He burst out into the glade a few paces from me, a tall man in white flannels, liberally decorated with brambles and clinging shreds of underbrush. A streamer of vine had caught about his shoulders; there were leaves on his bare head, and this, together with the youthful sprightliness of his light figure and the naive activity of his approach, gave me a very faunlike first impression of him.

At sight of me he stopped short.

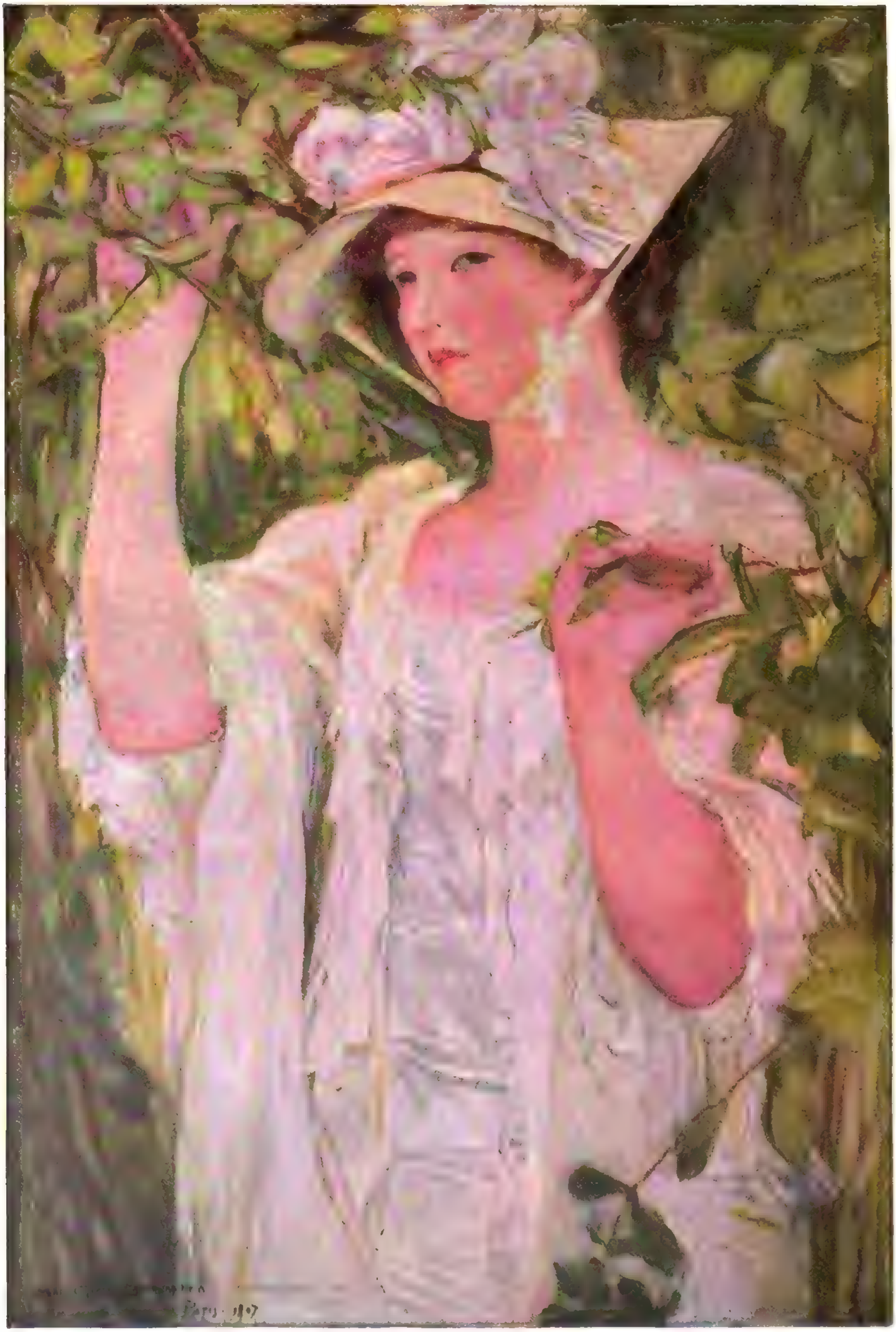
"Have you seen a lady in a white and lilac dress and with roses in her hat?" he demanded, omitting all preface and speaking with a quick eagerness which caused me no wonder—for I had seen the lady.

What did surprise me, however, was the instantaneous certainty with which I recognized the speaker from Amédée's description, a certainty founded on that item which had so dangerously strained the old fellow's powers.

This sudden gentleman was strikingly good-looking, his complexion so clear and boyishly healthy, that, except for his gray hair, he might have passed for twenty-two or twenty-three, and even as it was I guessed his years five short of thirty; but there are plenty of handsome young fellows with prematurely gray hair, and, as Amédée said, though out of the world we were near it. It was the newcomer's "singular air" which established his identity. Amédée's vagueness had irked me, but the thing itself—the "singular air"—was not at all vague. Instantly perceptible, it was an investiture; marked, definite—and intangible. My interrogator was "that other monsieur."

In response to his question I asked him another: "Were the roses real or artificial?"

"I don't know," he answered, with what I took to be a whimsical assumption of gravity. "It wouldn't matter, would it? Have you seen her?"



I WISHED THAT I COULD HAVE PAINTED HER INTO MY PICTURE.

He stooped to brush the brambles from his trousers, sending me a sidelong glance from his blue eyes, which were brightly confident and inquiring, like a boy's. At the same time it struck me that whatever the nature of the singularity investing him (and now that I was in the presence of it I found myself as unable as Amédée to define it) it partook of nothing that was repellent, but, on the contrary, measurably enhanced his attractiveness, making him "different" and lending him a distinction which, without it, he might have lacked. And yet, patent as this singularity must have been to the dullest, it was something quite apart from any eccentricity of speech or manner, though, heaven knows, I was soon to think him odd enough.

"Isn't your description," I said gravely, thinking to suit my humor to his own, "somewhat too general? Over yonder a few miles lies Beuzeval-Houlgate. Trouville itself is not so far, and this is the season. A great many white hats trimmed with roses might come for a stroll in these woods. If you would complete the items—" and I waved my hand as if inviting him to continue.

"I have seen her only once before," he responded promptly, with a seriousness apparently so genuine as to make me doubt that he had meant to be whimsical at all. "That was from my window at an inn, three days ago. She drove by in an open carriage without looking up, but I could see that she was very handsome. No—" he broke off abruptly, but as quickly resumed—"handsome isn't just what I mean. Lovely, I should say. That is more like her and a better thing to be, shouldn't you think so?"

"Probably—yes—I think so," I stammered, in considerable amazement.

"She went by quickly," he said, as if he were talking in the most natural and ordinary way in the world, "but I noticed that while she was in the shade of the inn her hair appeared to be dark, though when the carriage got into the sunlight again it looked fair."

I had noticed the same thing when the lady who had passed emerged from the shadows of the path into the sunshine of the glade, but I did not speak of it now; partly because he gave me no opportunity, partly because I was almost too astonished to speak at all, for I was no longer under the delusion that he had any humorous or whimsical intention.

"A little while ago," he went on, "I was up in the branches of a tree over yonder, and I caught a glimpse of a lady in a light dress and a white hat and I thought it might be the same. She wore a dress like that and a white hat with roses when she drove by the inn. I am very anxious to see her again."

"You seem to be!" I murmured, quite dumfounded.

"And haven't you seen her? Hasn't she passed this way?"

He urged the question with the same strange eagerness which had marked his manner from the first, a manner which confounded me by its absurd resemblance to that of a boy who had not mixed with other boys and had never been teased. And yet his expression was intelligent and alert; nor was there anything in the least degree abnormal or "queer" in his frank, good-humored gaze.

"I think that I may have seen her," I began slowly; "but if you do not know her I should not advise——"

I was interrupted by a shout and the sound of a large body plunging in the thicket. At this the face of "that other monsieur" flushed slightly; he smiled, but seemed troubled.

"That is a friend of mine," he said. "I am afraid he will want me to go back with him." And he raised an answering shout.

Professor Keredec floundered out through the last row of saplings and bushes, his beard embellished with a broken twig, his big face red and perspiring. He was a fine, a mighty man, ponderous of shoulder, monumental of height, stupendous of girth; there was cloth enough in the hot-looking black frock-coat he wore for the canopy of a small pavilion. Half a dozen books were under his arm, and in his hand he carried a hat which evidently belonged to "that other monsieur," for his own was on his head.

One glance of scrutiny and recognition he shot at me from his silver-rimmed spectacles; and seized the young man by the arm.

"Ha, my friend!" he exclaimed in a bass voice of astounding power and depth, "that is one way to study botany: to jump out of the middle of a high tree and to run like a crazy man!" He spoke with a strong accent and a thunderous rolling of the "r." "What was I to think?" he demanded. "What has arrived to you?"

"I saw a lady I wished to follow," the other answered promptly.

"A lady! What lady?"

"The lady who passed the inn three days ago. I spoke of her then, you remember."

"*Tonnerre de Dieu!*" Keredec slapped his thigh with the sudden violence of a man who remembers that he has forgotten something, and as a final addition to my amazement, his voice rang more of remorse than of reproach. "Have I never told you that to follow strange ladies is one of the things you cannot do?"

"That other monsieur" shook his head. "No, you have never told me that. I do not understand it," he said, adding irrelevantly, "I believe this gentleman knows her. He says he thinks he has seen her."

"If you please, we must not trouble this gentleman about it," said the professor hastily. "Put on your hat, in the name of a thousand saints, and let us go."

"But I wish to ask him her name," urged the other, with something curiously like the obstinacy of a child. "I wish——"

"No, no!" Keredec took him by the arm. "We must go. We shall be late for our dinner."

"But why?" persisted the young man.

"Not now!" The professor removed his broad felt hat and hurriedly wiped his vast and steaming brow—a magnificent structure, corniced, at this moment, with anxiety. "It is better if we do not discuss it now."

"But I might not meet him again."

Professor Keredec turned toward me with a half-desperate, half-apologetic laugh which was like the rumbling of heavy wagons over a block pavement; and in his flustered face I thought I read a signal of genuine distress. I had been listening to the hurried dialogue in mystified silence, but at the troubled appeal of the professor's glance I interposed.

"I do not know the lady," I said with some sharpness. "I have never seen her until this afternoon."

Upon this "that other monsieur" astonished me in good earnest. Searching my eyes eagerly with his clear, inquisitive gaze, he took a step toward me and said:

"You are sure you are telling the truth?"

The professor uttered an exclamation of horror, sprang forward, and clutched his friend's arm again. "*Malheureux!*" he cried, and then to me: "Sir, you will give him pardon if you can? He has no meaning to be rude."

"Rude?" The young man's voice showed both astonishment and pain. "Was that rude? I didn't know. I didn't mean to be rude, God knows! Ah," he said sadly, "I do nothing but make mistakes. I hope you will forgive me."

He lifted his hand as if in appeal, and let it drop to his side; and in the action, as well as in the tone of his voice and his attitude of contrition, there was something that reached me suddenly, with the touch of pathos.

"Never mind," I said. "I am only sorry that it was the truth."

"Thank you," he said, and turned humbly to Keredec.

"Ha, that is better!" shouted the great man, apparently relieved of a vast weight. "We shall go home now and eat a good dinner. But first—" his silver-rimmed spectacles twinkled upon me, and he bent his Brobdingnagian back in a bow which against my will reminded me of the curtseys performed by Orloff's dancing bears—"first let me speak some words for myself. My dear sir"—he addressed himself to me with grave formality—"do not suppose I have no realization that other excuses should be made to you. Believe me, they shall be. It is now that I see it is fortunate for us that you are our fellow-innsman at *Les Trois Pigeons*."

I was unable to resist the opportunity, and, affecting considerable surprise, interrupted him with the apparently guileless query:

"Why, how did you know that?"

Professor Keredec's laughter rumbled again, growing deeper and louder till it reverberated in the woods and a hundred hale old trees laughed back at him.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he shouted. "But you shall not take me for a window-curtain spy! That is a fine reputation I give myself with you! Ho, ho!"

Then, followed submissively by "that other monsieur," he strode into the path and went thundering forth through the forest.

CHAPTER VI

No doubt the most absurd thing I could have done after the departure of Professor Keredec and his singular friend would have been to settle myself before my canvas again with the intention of painting—and that is what I did. At least, I resumed my camp-stool and went through some of the motions habitually connected with the act of painting.

I remember that the first time in my juvenile reading I came upon the phrase, "seated in a brown study," I pictured my hero in a brown chair, beside a brown table, in a room hung with brown paper. Later, being enlightened, I was ambitious to display the figure myself, but the uses of ordinary conversation allowed the occasion for it to remain unoffered. Let me not only seize upon the present opportunity but gild it, for the adventure of the afternoon left me in a study which was, at its mildest, a greenish purple.

The confession has been made of my curiosity concerning my fellow-lodgers at *Les Trois Pigeons*; however, it had been comparatively a torpid growth; my meeting with them served to enlarge it so suddenly and to such proportions that I wonder it did not strangle me. In fine, I sat there brush-paddling my failure like an automaton, and saying over and over aloud, "What is wrong with him? What *is* wrong with him?"

This was the sillier inasmuch as the word "wrong" (bearing any significance of a darkened mind) had not the slightest application to "that other monsieur." There had been neither darkness nor dulness; his eyes, his expression, his manner, betrayed no hint of wildness; rather they bespoke a quick and amiable intelligence—the more amazing that he had shown himself ignorant of things any child of ten would know. Amédée and his fellows of *Les Trois Pigeons* had judged wrongly of his nationality; his face was of the lean, right, American structure; but they had hit the relation between the two men: Keredec was the master and "that other monsieur" the scholar—a pupil studying boys' text-books and receiving instruction in matters and manners that children are taught. And yet I could not believe him to be a simple case of arrested development. For the matter of that, I did not like to think of him as a "case" at all. There had been something about his bright youthfulness — perhaps it was his quick contrition for his rudeness, perhaps it was a certain wistful quality he had, perhaps it was his very "singularity"—which appealed as directly to my liking as it did urgently to my sympathy.

I came out of my varicolored study with a start, caused by the discovery that I had absent-mindedly squeezed upon my palette the entire contents of an expensive tube of cobalt violet, for which I had no present use; and sighing (for, of necessity, I am an economical man), I postponed both of my problems till another day, determined to efface the one with a palette knife and a rag soaked in turpentine, and to defer the other until I should know more of my fellow-lodgers at Madame Brossard's.

The turpentine rag at least proved effective; I scoured away the last tokens of my failure with it, wishing that life were like the canvas and that men had knowledge of the right celestial turpentine. After that I cleaned my brushes, packed and shouldered my kit, and, with a final imprecation upon all sausage-sandwiches, took up my way once more to *Les Trois Pigeons*.

Presently I came upon an intersecting path where, on my previous excursions, I had always borne to the right; but this evening, thinking to discover a shorter cut, I went straight ahead. Striding along at a good gait, and chanting sonorously, "On Linden when the sun was low," I left the rougher boscages of the forest behind me and emerged, just at sunset, upon an orderly fringe of woodland where the ground was neat and unencumbered, and the trimmed trees stood at polite distances, bowing slightly to one another with small, well-bred rustlings.

The light was somewhere between gold and pink when I came into this lady's boudoir of a grove. "Isar flowing rapidly" ceased its tumult abruptly, and Linden saw no sterner sight that evening: my voice and my feet stopped simultaneously—for I stood upon Quesnay ground.

Before me stretched a short broad avenue of turf, leading to the château gates. These stood open, a graveled driveway climbing thence by easy stages between kempt shrubberies to the crest of the hill, where the gray roof and red chimney-pots of the château were glimpsed among the tree-tops. The slope was terraced with strips of flower-gardens and intervals of sward; and against the green of a rising lawn I marked the figure of a woman, pausing to bend over some flowering bush. The figure was too slender to be mistaken for that of the present chatelaine of Quesnay: in Miss Elizabeth's regal amplitude there was never any hint of fragility. The lady upon the slope, then, I concluded, must be Madame d'Armand, the inspiration of Amédée's "Monsieur has much to live for!"

Once more this day I indorsed that worthy man's opinion, for, though I was too far distant to see clearly, I knew that roses trimmed Madame d'Armand's white hat, and that she had passed me, no long time since, in the forest.

I took off my cap. "I have the honor to salute you," I said aloud, "and to make my apologies for misbehaving with sandwiches and camp-stools in your presence, Madame d'Armand."

Something in my own pronunciation of her name struck me as reminiscent: save for the prefix, it had sounded like "Harman," as a Frenchman might pronounce it. (Foreign names involve the French in terrible difficulties. Hughes, an English friend of mine, has lived in France some five-and-thirty years without reconciling himself to being known as "Monsieur Ig.") "Armand" might easily be Jean Ferret's translation of "Harman." Had he and Amédée in their admiration conferred the prefix because they considered it a plausible accompaniment to the lady's gentle bearing? It was not impossible; it was, I concluded, very probable.

I had come far out of my way, so I retraced my steps to the intersection of the paths, and thence made for the inn by my accustomed route. The light failed under the roofing of foliage long before I was free of the woods, and I emerged upon the road to *Les Trois Pigeons* when twilight had turned to dusk.

Not far along the road from where I came into it, stood an old, brown, deep-thatched cottage—a branch of brushwood over the door prettily beckoning travelers to the knowledge that cider was here for the thirsty; and as I drew near I perceived that some one was availing himself of the invitation. A group stood about the open door, the lamplight from within disclosing Père Baudry, the head of the house, filling a cup for the wayfarer; while honest Mère Baudry and two generations of younger Baudrys clustered close, not to miss a word of the interchange of courtesies between Père Baudry and his chance patron.

It afforded me some surprise to observe that the latter was a most mundane and elaborate wayfarer, indeed; a small young man very lightly made, like a jockey, and point-device in khaki, puttees, pongee cap, white-and-green stock, a knapsack on his back, and a bamboo stick under his arm; altogether equipped to such a high point of pedestrianism that a cynical person might have been reminded of loud calls for wine at some hostelry in the land of opera bouffe. He was speaking fluently, though with a detestable accent, in a rough-and-ready, picked-up dialect of Parisian slang, evidently laboring under the pleasant delusion that he employed the French language, while Père Baudry contributed his share of the conversation in a slow patois. As both men spoke at the same time and neither understood two consecutive words the other said, it struck me that the dialogue might prove unproductive of any highly important results, this side of Michaelmas; therefore, discovering that the very pedestrian gentleman was making some sort of inquiry concerning *Les Trois Pigeons*, I came to a halt and proffered aid.

"Are you looking for Madame Brossard's?" I asked in English.

The traveler uttered an exclamation and faced about with a jump, birdlike for quickness. He did not reply to my question with the same promptness; however, his deliberation denoted scrutiny, not sloth. He stood peering at me sharply until I repeated it. Even then he protracted his examination of me, a favor I was unable to return with any interest, owing to the circumstance of his back being toward the light. Nevertheless, I got a clear enough impression of his alert, well-poised little figure, and of a hatchety little face, and a pair of shrewd little eyes, which (I thought) held a fine little conceit of his whole little person. It was a type of fellow-countryman not altogether unknown about certain "American Bars" of Paris, and usually connected (more or less directly) with what is known to the people of France as "Le Sport."

"Say," he responded in a voice of unpleasant nasality, finally deciding upon speech, "you're 'Nummeric'n, ain't you?"

"Yes," I returned. "I thought I heard you inquiring for——"

"Well, m' friend, you can sting me!" he interrupted with condescending jocularity. "My style French does f'r them camels up in Paris all right. *Me* at Nice, Monte Carlo, Chantilly—bow to the p'fess'r; he's *right*! But down here I don't seem to be *gud* enough f'r these sheep-dogs; anyway they bark different. I'm out lukkin' fer a hotel called *Les Trois Pigeons*."

"I am going there," I said; "I will show you the way."

"Whur is it?" he asked, not moving.

I pointed to the lights of the inn, flickering across the fields. "Yonder—beyond the second turn of the road," I said, and, as he showed no signs of accompanying me, I added, "I am rather late."

"Oh, I ain't goin' there t'night. It's too dark t' see anything now," he remarked, to my astonishment. "Dives and the choo-choo back t' little ole Trouville f'r mine! I on'y wanted to take a *luk* at this pigeon-house joint."

"Do you mind my inquiring," I said, "what you expected to see at *Les Trois Pigeons*?"

"Why!" he exclaimed, as if astounded at the question, "I'm a tourist. Makin' a pedestrun trip t' all the reg'ler sights." And, inspired to eloquence, he added, as an afterthought: "As it were."

"A tourist?" I echoed, with perfect incredulity.

"That's whut I am, m' friend," he returned firmly. "You don't have to have a red dopebook in one hand and a thoid-class choochoo ticket in the other to be a tourist, do you?"

"But if you will pardon me," I said, "where did you get the notion that *Les Trois Pigeons* is one of the regular sights?"

"Ain't it in all the books?"

"I don't think that it is mentioned in any of the guide-books."

"*No!* I didn't say it *was*, m' friend," he retorted with contemptuous pity. "I mean them history-books. It's in all o' *them!*"

"This is strange news," said I. "I should be very much interested to read them!"

"Lookahere," he said, taking a step nearer me; "in oinest now, on your woid: Didn' more'n half them Jeanne d'Arc tamales live at that hotel wunst?"

"Nobody of historical importance—or any other kind of importance, so far as I know—ever lived there," I informed him. "The older portions of the inn once belonged to an ancient farm-house, that is all."

"On the level," he demanded, "didn' that William the Conqueror nor *none* o' them ancient gilt-edges live there?"

"No."

"Stung again!" He broke into a sudden loud cackle of laughter. "Why! the feller tole me 'at this here Pigeon place was all three rings when it come t' history. Yessir! Tall, thin feller he was, in a three-button cutaway, English make, and kind of redcomplected, with a sandy *mus*-tache," pursued the pedestrian, apparently fearing his narrative might lack color. "I met him right comin' out o' the Casino at Trouville, yes'day aft'noon; c'udn' a' b'en more'n four o'clock—hol' on though, yes 'twas, 'twas nearer five, about twunty minutes t' five, say—an' this feller tells me—" He cackled with laughter as palpably disingenuous as the corroborative details he thought necessary to muster; then he became serious, as if marveling at his own wondrous verdancy. "M' friend, that feller soitn'y found me easy. But he can't say I ain't game; he passes me the limes, but I'm jest man enough to drink his health fer it in this sweet, sound olefashioned cider that ain't got a headache in a barrel of it. He played me *gud*, and here's *to* him!"

Despite the heartiness of the sentiment, my honest tourist's enthusiasm seemed largely histrionic, and his quaffing of the beaker reminiscent of drain-the-wine-cup-free in the second row of the chorus, for he absently allowed it to dangle from his hand before raising it to his lips. However, not all of its contents was spilled, and he swallowed a mouthful of the sweet, sound, old-fashioned cider—but by mistake, I was led to suppose, from the expression of displeasure which became so deeply marked upon his countenance as to be noticeable, even in the feeble lamplight.

I tarried no longer, but bidding this good youth and the generations of Baudry goodnight, hastened on to my belated dinner.

"Amédée," I said, when my cigar was lighted and the usual hour of consultation had arrived; "isn't that old lock on the chest where Madame Brossard keeps her silver getting rather rusty?"

"Monsieur, we have no thieves here. We are out of the world."

"Yes, but Trouville is not so far away."

"Truly."

"Many strange people go to Trouville: grand-dukes, millionaires, opera singers, princes, jockeys, gamblers——"

"Truly, truly!"

"And tourists," I finished.

"That is well known," assented Amédée, nodding.

"It follows," I continued with the impressiveness of all logicians, "that many strange people may come *from* Trouville. In their excursions to the surrounding points of interest——"

"Eh, monsieur, but that is true!" he interrupted, laying his right forefinger across the bridge of his nose, which was his gesture when he remembered anything suddenly. "There was a strange monsieur from Trouville here this very day."

"What kind of person was he?"

"A foreigner, but I could not tell from what country."

"What time of day was he here?" I asked, with growing interest.

"Toward the middle of the afternoon. I was alone, except for Glouglou, when he came. He wished to see the whole house and

I showed him what I could, except of course monsieur's pavilion, and the Grande Suite. Monsieur the Professor and that other monsieur had gone to the forest, but I did not feel at liberty to exhibit their rooms without Madame Brossard's permission, and she was spending the day at Dives. Besides," added the good man, languidly snapping a napkin at a moth near one of the candles, "the doors were locked."

"This person was a tourist?" I asked, after a pause during which Amédée seemed peacefully unaware of the rather concentrated gaze I had fixed upon him.

"Of a kind. In speaking he employed many peculiar expressions, more like a thief of a Parisian cabman than of the polite world."

"The devil he did!" said I. "Did he tell you why he wished to see the whole house? Did he contemplate taking rooms here?"

"No, monsieur, it appears that his interest was historical. At first I should not have taken him for a man of learning, yet he gave me a great piece of information; a thing quite new to me, though I have lived here so many years. We are distinguished in history, it seems, and at one time both William the Conqueror and that brave Jeanne d'Arc——"

I interrupted sharply, dropping my cigar and leaning across the table:

"How was this person dressed?"

"Monsieur, he was very much the pedestrian."

And so, for that evening, we had something to talk about besides "that other monsieur"; indeed, we found our subject so absorbing that I forgot to ask Amédée whether it was he or Jean Ferret who had prefixed the "de" to "Armand."

CHAPTER VII

The cat which fell from the top of the Washington monument, and scampered off unhurt, was killed by a dog at the next corner. Thus a certain painter-man, winged with canvases and easel, might have been seen to depart hurriedly from a poppy-sprinkled field, an infuriated stallion in close attendance, and to fly safely over a stone wall of good height, only to turn his ankle upon an unconsidered pebble, some ten paces farther on; the nose of the stallion projected over the wall, snorting joy thereat. The ankle was one which had turned aforetime; it was an old weakness: moreover, it was mine. I was the painter-man.

I could count on little less than a week of idleness within the confines of *Les Trois Pigeons;* and reclining among cushions in a wicker long-chair looking out from my pavilion upon the drowsy garden on a hot noontide, I did not much care. It was cooler indoors, comfortable enough; the open door framed the courtyard where pigeons were strutting on the gravel walks between flower-beds. Beyond, and thrown deeper into the perspective by the outer frame of the great archway, road and fields and forest fringes were revealed, lying tremulous in the hot sunshine. The foreground gained a human (though not lively) interest from the ample figure of our *maître d'hôtel* reposing in a rustic chair which had enjoyed the shade of an arbor about an hour earlier, when first occupied, but now stood in the broiling sun. At times Amédée's upper eyelids lifted as much as the sixteenth of an inch, and he made a hazy gesture as if to wave the sun away, or, when the tablecloth upon his left arm slid slowly earthward, he adjusted it with a petulant jerk, without material interruption to his siesta. Meanwhile, Glouglou, rolling and smoking cigarettes in the shade of a clump of lilac, watched with button eyes the noddings of his superior, and, at the cost of some convulsive writhings, constrained himself to silent laughter.

A heavy step crunched the gravel and I heard my name pronounced in a deep inquiring rumble—the voice of Professor Keredec, no less. Nor was I greatly surprised, since our meeting in the forest had led me to expect some advances on his part toward friendliness, or, at least, in the direction of a better acquaintance. However, I withheld my reply for a moment to make sure I had heard aright.

The name was repeated.

"Here I am," I called, "in the pavilion, if you wish to see me."

"Aha! I hear you become an invalid, my dear sir." With that the professor's great bulk loomed in the doorway against the glare outside. "I have come to condole with you, if you allow it."

"To smoke with me, too, I hope," I said, not a little pleased.

"That I will do," he returned, and came in slowly, walking with perceptible lameness. "The sympathy I offer is genuine: it is not only from the heart, it is from the *latissimus dorsi,*" he continued, seating himself with a cavernous groan. "I am your *confrère* in illness, my dear sir. I have choosed this fine weather for rheumatism of the back."

"I hope it is not painful?"

"Ha, it is so-so," he rumbled, removing his spectacles and wiping his eyes, dazzled by the sun. "There is more of me than of most men—more to suffer. Nature was generous to the little germs when she made this big Keredec; she offered them much room for their campaigns of war."

"You'll take a cigarette?"

"I thank you; if you do not mind, I smoke my pipe."

He took from his pocket a worn leather case, which he opened, disclosing a small, browned clay bowl of the kind workmen use; and, fitting it with a red stem, he filled it with a dark and sinister tobacco from a pouch. "Always my pipe for me," he said, and applied a match, inhaling the smoke as other men inhale the light smoke of cigarettes. "Ha, it is good! It is wicked for the insides, but it is good for the soul." And clouds wreathed his great beard like a storm on Mont Blanc as he concluded, with gusto, "It is my first pipe since yesterday."

"That is being a good smoker," I ventured sententiously; "to whet indulgence with abstinence."

"My dear sir," he protested, "I am a man without even enough virtue to be an epicure. When I am alone I am a chimney with no hebdomadary repose; I smoke forever. It is on account of my young friend I am temperate now."

"He has never smoked, your young friend?" I asked, glancing at my visitor rather curiously, I fear.

"Mr. Saffren has no vices." Professor Keredec replaced his silver-rimmed spectacles and turned them upon me with serene benevolence. "He is in good condition, all pure, like little children—and so if I smoke near him he chokes and has water at the eyes, though he does not complain. Just now I take a vacation: it is his hour for study, but I think he looks more out of the front window than at his book. He looks very much from the window"—there was a muttering of subterranean thunder somewhere, which I was able to locate in the professor's torso, and took to be his expression of a chuckle—"yes, very much, since the passing of that charming lady some days ago."

"You say your young friend's name is Saffren?"

"Oliver Saffren." The benevolent gaze continued to rest upon me, but a shadow like a faint anxiety darkened the Homeric brow, and an odd notion entered my mind (without any good reason) that Professor Keredec was wondering what I thought of the name. I uttered some commonplace syllable of no moment; and there ensued a pause during which the seeming shadow upon my visitor's forehead became a reality, deepening to a look of perplexity and trouble. Finally he said abruptly: "It is about him that I have come to talk to you."

"I shall be very glad," I murmured, but he brushed aside the callow formality of the response with a gesture of remonstrance.

"Ha, my dear sir," he cried; "but you are a man of feeling! We are both old enough to deal with more than just these little words of the mouth! It was the way you have received my poor young gentleman's excuses when he was so rude, which make me wish to talk with you on such a subject; it is why I would not have you believe Mr. Saffren and me two very suspected individuals who hide here like two bad criminals!"

"No, no," I protested hastily. "The name of Professor Keredec——"

"The name of *no* man," he thundered, interrupting, "can protect his reputation when he is caught peeping from a curtain! Ha, my dear sir! I know what you think. You think, 'He is a nice fine man, that old professor, oh, very nice—only he hides behind the curtains, sometimes! Very fine man, oh, yes; only he is a spy.' Eh? Ha, ha! That is what you have been thinking, my dear sir!"

"Not at all," I laughed; "I thought you might fear that *I* was a spy."

"Eh?" He became sharply serious upon the instant. "What made you think that?"

"I supposed you might be conducting some experiments, or perhaps writing a book which you wished to keep from the public for a time, and that possibly you might fear that I was a reporter."

"So! And *that* is all," he returned, with evident relief. "No, my dear sir, I was the spy; it is the truth; and I was spying upon you. It is outrageous. I confess my shame. I wish very much to know what you were like, what kind of a man you are. And so," he concluded with an opening of the hands, palms upward, as if to show that nothing remained for concealment, "and so I have watched you."

"Why?" I asked.

"The explanation is so simple: it was necessary."

"Because of — of Mr. Saffren?" I said slowly, and with some trepidation.

"Precisely." The professor exhaled a cloud of smoke that a small volcano might not utterly have scorned. "Because I am sensitive for him, and because in a certain way I am—how should it be said?—perhaps it is near the truth to say, I am his guardian."

"I see."

"Forgive me," he rejoined quickly, "but I am afraid you do not see. I am not his guardian by the law."

"I had not supposed that you were," I said.

"Why not?"

"Because, though he puzzled me and I do not understand his—his case, so to speak, I have not for a moment thought him insane."

"Ha, my dear sir, you are right!" exclaimed Keredec, beaming on me, much pleased. "You are a thousand times right; he is as sane as yourself or myself or as anybody in the whole wide world! Ha! he is now much *more* sane, for his mind is not yet confused and becobwebbed with the useless things you and I put into ours. It is open and clear like the little children's mind. And it is a good mind! It is only a little learning, a little experience, that he lacks. A few months more—ha, at the greatest, a year from now—and he will not be different any longer; he will be like the rest of us. Only"—the professor leaned forward and his big fist came down on the arm of his chair—"he shall be better than the rest of us! But if strange people were to see him now," he continued, leaning back and dropping his voice to a more confidential tone, "it would not do. This poor world is full of fools; there are so many who judge quickly. If they should see him now, they might think he is not just right in his brain; and then, as it could happen so easily, those same people might meet him again after a while. 'Ha,' they would say, 'there was a time when that young man was insane. I knew him!' And so he might go through his life with those clouds over him. Those clouds are black clouds, they can make more harm than our old sins, and I wish to save my friend from them. So I have brought him here to this quiet place where nobody comes, and we can keep from meeting any foolish people. But, my dear sir"—he leaned forward again, and spoke emphatically—"it would be barbarous for men of intelligence to live in the same house and go always hiding from one another! Let us dine together this evening, if you will, and not only this evening but every evening you are willing to share with us and do not wish to be alone. It will be good for us. We are three men like hermits, far out of the world, but—a thousand saints!—let us be civilized to one another!"

"With all my heart," I said.

"Ha! I wish you to know my young man," Keredec went on. "You will like him—no man of feeling could keep himself from liking him—and he is your fellow-countryman. I hope you will be his friend. He should make friends, for he needs them."

"I think he has a host of them," said I, "in Professor Keredec."

My visitor looked at me quizzically for a moment, shook his head and sighed. "That is only one small man in a big body, that Professor Keredec. And yet," he went on sadly, "it is all the friends that poor boy has in this world. You will dine with us tonight?"

Acquiescing cheerfully, I added: "You will join me at the table on my veranda, won't you? I can hobble that far, but not much farther."

Before answering he cast a quick sidelong glance at the arrangement of things outside the door. The screen of honeysuckle ran partly across the front of the little porch, about half of which it concealed from the garden and consequently from the road beyond the archway. I saw that he took note of this before he pointed to that corner of the veranda most closely screened by the vines and said:

"May the table be placed yonder?"

"Certainly; I often have it there, even when I am alone."

"Ha, that is good," he exclaimed. "It is not human for a Frenchman to eat in the house in good weather."

"It is a pity," I said, "that I should have been such a bugbear."

This remark was thoroughly disingenuous, for, although I did not doubt that everything he told me was perfectly true, nor that he had made as complete a revelation as he thought consistent with his duty toward the young man in his charge, I did not believe that his former precautions were altogether due to my presence at the inn.

And I was certain that while he might fear for his friend some chance repute of insanity, he had greater terrors than that. As to their nature I had no clue; nor was it my affair to be guessing; but whatever they were, the days of security at *Les Trois Pigeons* had somewhat eased Professor Keredec's mind in regard to them. At least, his anxiety was sufficiently assuaged to risk dining out of doors with only my screen of honeysuckle between his charge and curious eyes. So much was evident.

"The reproach is deserved," he returned, after a pause. "It is to be wished that all our bugbears might offer as pleasant a revelation, if we had the courage, or the slyness"—he laughed—"to investigate them."

I made a reply of similar gallantry and he got to his feet, rubbing his back as he rose.

"Ha, I am old! old! Rheumatism in warm weather: that is ugly. Now I must go to my boy and see what he can make of his Gibbon. The poor fellow! I think he finds the decay of Rome worse than rheumatism in summer!"

He replaced his pipe in its case, and promising heartily that it should not be the last he would smoke in my company and domain, was making slowly for the door when he paused at a sound from the road.

We heard the rapid hoof-beats of a mettled horse. He crossed our vision and the open archway: a high-stepping hackney going well, driven by a lady in a light trap which was half full of wild flowers. It was a quick picture, like a flash of the cinematograph, but the pose of the lady as a driver was seen to be of a commanding grace, and though she was not in white but in light blue, and her plain sailor hat was certainly not trimmed with roses, I had not the least difficulty in recognizing her. At the same instant there was a hurried clatter of footsteps upon the stairway leading from the gallery; the startled pigeons fluttered up from the garden-path, betaking themselves to flight, and "that other monsieur" came leaping across the courtyard, through the archway and into the road.

"Glouglou! Look quickly!" he called loudly, in French, as he came; "who is that lady?"

Glouglou would have replied, but the words were taken out of his mouth. Amédée awoke with a frantic start and launched himself at the archway, carroming from its nearest corner and hurtling onward at a speed which for once did not diminish in proportion to his progress.

"That lady, monsieur?" he gasped, checking himself at the young man's side and gazing after the trap, "that is Madame d'Armand."

"Madame d'Armand," Saffren repeated the name slowly. "Her name is Madame d'Armand."

"Yes, monsieur," said Amédée complacently; "it is an American lady who has married a French nobleman."

Mr. Tarkington's story, "*The Guest of Quesnay,*" will be continued in the January number.

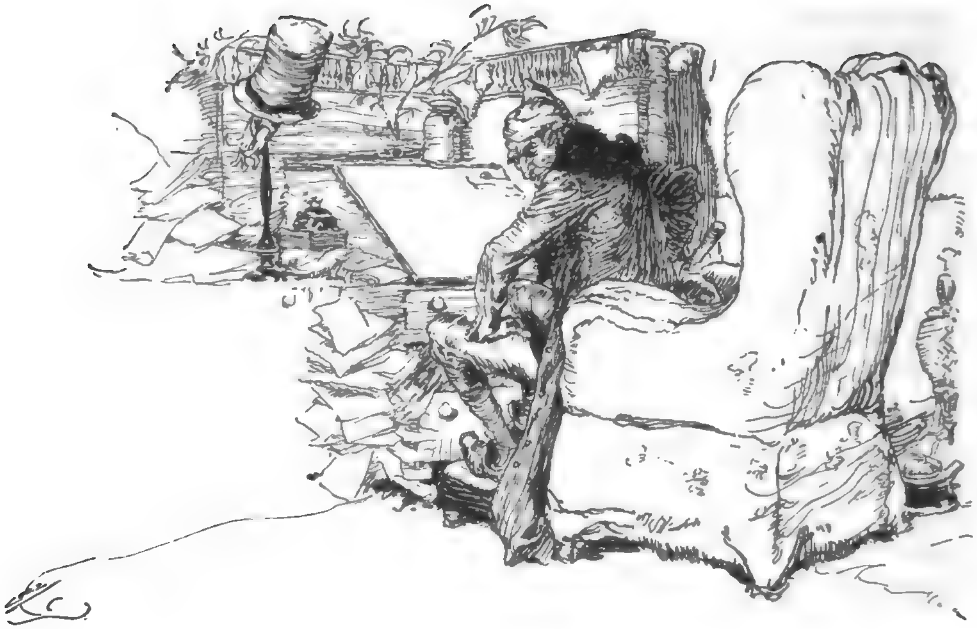
Lullaby

By S. WEIR MITCHELL

HOLY MOTHER! Holy Mother!
  In the dark I fear.
Light me with thy shining eyes,
Be thou ever near.

Holy Mother! Holy Mother!
Call thy little Son,
Bid Him bring me praying dreams
Ere the night be done.

Call the Angels, call them early,
Bid them fly to Thee,
One to call the little birds.
One to waken me.



Christmas and the Spirit of Democracy

By SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

Author of "The Pardoner's Wallet," "The Making of Religion," etc.

Drawings by Joseph Coll

"TIMES have changed," said old Scrooge, as he sat by my fireside on Christmas Eve. "The Christmas Carol" had been read, as our custom was, and the children had gone to bed, so that only Scrooge and I remained to watch the dying embers.

"Times have changed, and I am not appreciated as I was in the middle of the last century. People don't seem to be having so good a time. You remember the Christmas when I was converted? What larks! Up to that time I had been 'a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner.' Those were the very words that described me. Then the Christmas Spirit took possession of me and—presto! change! All at once I became a new creature. I began to hurry about, giving all sorts of things to all sorts of people. You remember how I scattered turkeys over the neighborhood, shouting, 'Here's the turkey! Hello! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!' And then I sat down and chuckled over my generosity till I cried. I was having the time of my life. You see I hadn't been used to that sort of thing and it went to my head.

"And how grateful everybody was! They took everything in the spirit in which it was offered, and asked no questions. Everywhere there was an outstretched hand and a fervent God-bless-you for every gift. Nobody twitted me about the past. I was all at once elevated to the position of an earthly Providence.

"Talk of fun! Was there ever such a practical joke as to scare Bob Cratchit within an inch of his life and then raise his salary before he could say Jack Robinson! You should have seen him jump! How the little Cratchits shouted for joy! And when the thing was written up, all Anglo-Saxondom was smiling through its tears and saying: 'That's just like us. God bless us, every one.'

"But it's different now. Something has got into the Christmas Spirit. Doing good doesn't seem such a jolly thing as it once was, and you can't carry it off with a whoop and hello. People are getting critical. In these days a charitable shilling doesn't go so far as it used to, and doesn't buy nearly so many God-bless-you's. You complain of the rise in the price of the necessaries of life. It isn't a circumstance to the increase in the cost of luxuries like benevolence. Almost every one looks forward to the time when he can afford to be generous. And when he is generous he likes to feel generous, and to have other people sympathize with him. It's only human nature. A man can't be thinking about himself all the time; he gets that tired feeling that your scientific people in these days call altruism. It is an inability to concentrate his mind on his own concerns. In spite of himself his thoughts wander off to other people's affairs, and he has an impulse to do them good. Now in my day it was the easiest thing in the world to do good. The only thing necessary was to feel good-natured, and there you were! Nowadays, the way of the benefactor is hard. It's so difficult that I understand you actually have Schools of Philanthropy."

Scrooge shrugged his shoulders and seemed to shrivel at the thought of these horrible institutions.

"Just fancy," he continued, "how I should have felt on that blessed Christmas night if instead of starting off as an amateur angel, feeling my wings growing every moment, I had been compelled to prepare for an entrance examination. I suppose I should have been put with the backward pupils whose early education had been neglected, and should have had to learn the A B C's of charity. School of Philanthropy! Ugh! And in the holidays too!

"I have been visiting some elderly gentlemen who have had something of my experience with the Spirit of Christmas. Like me, they were converted somewhat late in life. They never were in as bad a way as I was, for I did business, you may remember, in a narrow street with quite sordid surroundings, while they were financiers in a large way. Yet I suppose that they, too, were 'squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinners,' though nobody had the courage to tell them so. Then they got tired of clutching, and their hearts warmed and their hands relaxed and they began to give. Never was such giving known before. It was a perfect deluge of beneficence. A mere catalogue of the gifts would make a Christmas carol of itself.

"But would you believe it, they never have got the fun out of it that I got when I filled the cab full of turkeys and set out for Camden town. The old Christmas feeling seems to have been chilled. The public has grown critical. Instead of dancing for joy it looks suspiciously at the gifts and asks: 'Where did they get them?' It has been so impressed by the germ theory of disease that it foolishly fears that even money might be tainted. It's a preposterous situation. Generosity is a drug on the market, and gratitude can't be had at any reasonable price."

"Yes," I said, "you are quite right, public sentiment has changed. Gratitude is not so easily won as it was in your day, and it takes longer to transform a clutching, covetous old sinner into a serviceable philanthropist. But I do not think, Scrooge, that the Christmas Spirit has really vanished. He is only a little chastened and subdued by the Spirit of Democracy."

"I don't see what Democracy has to do with it," said Scrooge. "I'm sure that nobody ever accused me of being an aristocrat. What I am troubled about is the decay of gratitude. If I give a poor fellow a shilling, I ought to be allowed the satisfaction of having him remove his hat and say 'Thank'ee sir,' and he ought to say it as if he meant it. The heartiness of his thanksgiving is half the fun. It makes one feel good all over."

"But," I answered, "if the fellow happens to have a good memory he may recall the fact that yesterday you took two shillings from him, and he may think that the proper response to your sudden act of generosity is, 'Where's that other shilling?' That's what the Spirit of Democracy puts him up to. It's not so polite, but you must admit that it goes right to the point."

"I don't like it," said Scrooge.

"I thought you wouldn't. There are a great many people who don't like it. It's a twitting on facts that takes away a good deal of the pleasure of being generous."

"I should say it did," grumbled Scrooge. "It makes you feel mean just when you are most sensitive. Just think how I should have felt if, when I gave Bob Cratchit a dig in the waistcoat and told him that I had raised his salary, he had taken the opportunity to ask for back pay. It would have been most inopportune."

"You owed it to him, didn't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I did, if you choose to put it that way. But Bob wouldn't have put it that way; he wouldn't take such liberties. He took what I gave him; and when I gave him more than he expected, he was all the happier, and so was I. That's what made it all seem so nice and Christmasy. We were not thinking about rights and duties; it was all free grace."

"Now, Scrooge, you are getting at the point. There is no concealing the fact that the Spirit of Democracy makes himself unpleasant sometimes. He breaks up the old pleasant relations existing not only between the Lords and the Commons, but between you and Bob Cratchit. Man is naturally a superstitious creature, and is prone to worship the first thing that comes in his way. When a poor fellow sees a person who is better off than himself, he jumps to the conclusion that he is a better man and bows down before him, as before a wonder-working Providence. When this Providence smiles upon him, he is glad and receives the bounty with devout thankfulness. It is what the old theologians used to call 'an uncovenanted mercy.'

"All this is very pleasant to one who can sign himself by the grace of God king, or president of a coal company, or some such thing as that. The gratification extends to all the minor grades of greatness as well. The great man is ordained to give as it pleases him and the little men to receive with due meekness. The great man is always the man who has something. I suppose, Scrooge, that in your busy life, first scraping money together and then dispensing it in your joyous Christmasy way, you have not had much time for general reading or even for listening to sermons?"

"I have always attended Divine Service since my conversion," answered Scrooge piously; "as for listening——"

"What I was going to say was that if you had attended to such matters, you must have noticed how much of the literature of good-will is devoted to the praise of the Blessed Inequalities. How the changes are rung on the Strong and the Weak, the Wise and the Ignorant, the Rich and the Poor; especially the Poor, who form the hub of the philanthropic universe. Nobody seems to meet another on the level. Everybody is either looking up or looking down, and they are taught how to do it. I remember attending the annual meeting of the Society for the Relief of Indigent Children. The indigent children were first fed and then insulted by a plethoric gentleman who addressed to them a long discourse on indigence and the various duties that it entailed. And no one of the children was allowed to throw things at the speaker. They had all been taught to look grateful.

"Now these inequalities do exist, and so long as they exist all sorts of helpful offices have place. The trouble is that good people are all the time doing their best to make the inequalities permanent. You have heard how divines have interpreted the text, 'The poor ye have always with you.' The good old doctrine has been that the relation between those who have not and those who have should be that of one-sided dependence. The Ignorant must depend upon the Wise, the Weak upon the Strong, the Poor upon the Rich. As for the black, yellow, and various particolored races, they must depend upon the White Man, who gaily walks off with their burdens without so much as saying 'By your leave.'

"Now it is against this whole theory, however beautifully or piously expressed, that the protest has come. The Spirit of Democracy is a bold iconoclast, and goes about smashing our idols. He laughs at the pretensions of the Strong and the Wise and the Rich to have created the things they possess. They are not the masters of the feast. They are only those of us who have got at the head of the line, sometimes by unmannerly pushing, and have secured a place at the first table. We are not here by their leave, and we may go directly to the source of supplies. They are not benefactors, but beneficiaries. The Spirit of Democracy insists that they shall know their place. He rebukes even the Captains of Industry, and when they answer insolently, he suggests that they be reduced to the ranks. Even toward bishops and other clergy his manner lacks that perfect reverence that belonged to an earlier time; yet he listens to them respectfully when they talk sense.

"It is this spirit that plays the mischief with many of the merry old ways of doing good. To scatter turkeys or colleges among a multitude of gratefully dependent folks is the very poetry of philanthropy. But to satisfy the curiosity of an independent citizen as to your title to these things is a different matter. The more independent people are, the harder it is to do good to them. They are apt to have their own ideas of what they want."

"It's a pity then to have them so independent," said Scrooge; "it spoils people to get above their proper station in life."

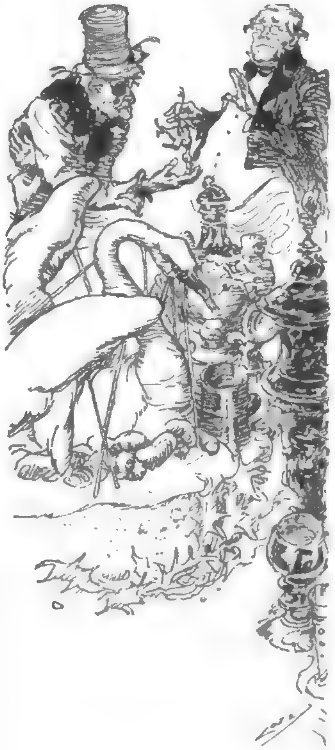
"Ah! there you are," I answered; "I feared it would come to that. With all your exuberant good will you haven't altogether got beyond the theory that has come down from the time when the first cave-dweller bestowed on his neighbor the bone he himself didn't need, and established the pleasant relation of benefactor and beneficiary. It gave him such a warm feeling in his heart that he naturally wanted to make the relation permanent. First Cave-dweller felt a little disappointed next day when Second Cave-dweller, instead of coming to him for another bone, preferred to take his pointed stick and go hunting on his own account. It seemed a little ungrateful in him, and First Cave-dweller felt that it would be no more than right to arrange legislation in the cave so that this should not happen again.

"Christian Charity is a very beautiful thing, but sometimes it gets mixed up with these ideas of the cave-dwellers. Sometimes it perpetuates the very evils that it laments. Perhaps you won't mind my reading a bit from a homily of St. Augustine on this very subject. St. Augustine was a man who was a good many centuries ahead of his time. He begins his argument by saying: 'All love, dear brethren, consists in wishing well to those who are loved.' This seems like a harmless proposition. It is the sort of thing you might hear in a sermon and think no more about. But St. Augustine goes to the root of the matter and asks what it means to wish well to the person you are trying to help. He comes to the conclusion that if you really wish him well, you must wish him to be at least as well off and as well able to take care of himself as you are. The first thing you know, you are wishing to have him reach a point where he will not look up to you at all. 'There is a certain friendliness by which we desire at one time or another to do good to those we love. But how if there be no good that we can do? We ought not to wish men to be wretched that we may be enabled to practise works of mercy. Thou givest bread to the hungry, but better were it that none hungered and thou hadst none to give to. Thou clothest the naked; oh, that all men were clothed and that this need existed not! Take away the wretched, and the works of mercy will be at an end, but shall the ardor of charity be quenched? With a truer touch of love thou lovest the happy man to whom there is no good office that thou canst do; purer will that love be and more unalloyed. For if thou hast done a kindness to the wretched perhaps thou wishest him to be subject to thee. He was in need, thou didst bestow; thou seemest to thyself greater because thou didst bestow than he upon whom it was bestowed. Wish him to be thine equal.'

"There, Scrooge, is the text for the little Christmas sermon that I should like to preach to you and to your elderly wealthy friends who feel that they are not so warmly appreciated as they once were. 'Wish him to be thine equal'—that is the test of charity. It is all right to give a poor devil a turkey. But are you anxious that he shall have as good a chance as you have to buy a turkey for himself? Are you really enthusiastic about so equalizing opportunities that by and by you shall be surrounded by happy, self-reliant people who have no need of your benefactions?

"Do you know, Scrooge, I sometimes think that it is time for some one to write a new 'Christmas Carol,' a carol that will make the world know how people are feeling and some of the best things they are doing in these days. It should be founded on Justice and not on Mercy. We should feed up Bob Cratchit and put some courage into him, and he should come to you and ask a living wage not as a favor, but as a right. And you, Scrooge, would not be offended at him, but you would sit down like a sensible man and figure it out with him. And when the talk was over, you wouldn't feel particularly generous, and he wouldn't feel particularly grateful; it would be simple business. But you would like each other better, and the business would seem more worth while.

"And then, when you went out with the Spirit of Christmas, you would ask the Spirit of Democracy to go with you and show you the new things that are most worth seeing. He wouldn't wait for the night, for the cheeriest things would be those that go on during business hours. He would show you some sights to make your heart glad. He would show you vast numbers of persons who have got tired of the worship of the Blessed Inequalities, and who are going in for the Equalities. They have a suspicion that there is not so much difference between the Great and the Small as has been supposed, and that what difference there is does not prevent a frank comradeship and a perfect understanding. They think it is better to work with people than to work for them. They think that one of the inalienable rights of man is the right to make his own mistakes and to learn the lesson from them without too much prompting. So they are a little shy of many of the more intrusive forms of philanthropy. But you should see what they are up to.



"The Spirit of Democracy will take you to visit a school that is not at all like the school you used to go to, Scrooge. The teacher has forgotten his rod and his rules and his airs of superiority. He is not teaching at all, so far as you can see. He is the center of a group of eager learners, who are using their own wits and not depending on his. They are so busy observing, comparing, reasoning, and finding out things for themselves that he can hardly get in a word edgewise. And he seems to like it, though it is clear that if they keep on at this rate they will soon get ahead of their teacher.

"And the Spirit of Democracy will take you to a children's court where the judge does not seem like a judge at all, but like a big brother who shows the boys what they ought to do and sees that they do it. He will take you to a little republic where boys and girls who have defied laws that they did not understand are making laws of their own and enforcing them in a way that makes the ordinary citizen feel ashamed of himself. They do it all so naturally that you wonder that nobody had thought of the plan before. He will take you to pleasant houses in unpleasant parts of the city, and there you will meet pleasant young people who are having a very good time with their neighbors and who are getting to be rather proud of their neighborhood. After you have had a cup of tea, they may talk over with you the neighborhood problems. If you have any sensible suggestion to make, these young people will listen to you; but if you begin to talk about the Poor, they will change the subject. They are not philanthropists—they are only neighbors.

"I hope he may take you, Scrooge—this Spirit of Democracy—to some of the charity organizations I know about. I realize that you are prejudiced against that sort of thing, it seems so cold and calculating compared with your impulsive way of doing good. And you will probably quote the lines about

"Organized charity scrimped and iced
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ."

"Never mind about the statistics; they only mean that these people are doing business on a larger scale than did the good people who could carry all the details in their heads. What I want you to notice is the way in which the scientific interest does away with that patronizing pity that was the hardest thing to bear in the old-time charities. These modern experts go about mending broken fortunes in very much the same way in which surgeons mend broken bones. The patient doesn't feel under any oppressive weight of obligation, he has given them such a good opportunity to show their skill. And the doctors have caught the spirit too. Instead of looking wise and waiting for people to come to them in the last extremity, they have enlisted in Social Service. You should see them going about opening windows, and forcing people to poke their heads out into the night air, and making landlords miserable by their calculations about cubic feet, and investigating sweat-shops and analyzing foodstuffs. It's their way of bringing in a Merry Christmas.

"And the Spirit of Democracy will take you to workshops where you may see the new kind of Captain of Industry in friendly consultation with the new kind of Labor Leader. For the new Captain is not a chief of banditti, interested only in the booty he can get for himself, and the new Leader is not a conspirator waiting for a chance to plunge his knife into the more successful bandit's back. These two are responsible members of a great industrial army and they realize their responsibility. They have not met to exchange compliments. They are not sentimentalists, but shrewd men of affairs who have met to plan a campaign for the common welfare. They don't take any credit for it, for they do not expect to give to any man any more than his due; yet there are a good many Christmas dinners involved in the cool, business-like consultation.

"Afterward, the Spirit of Democracy will take you to a church where the minister is preaching from the text, 'Ye are all kings and priests,' as if he believed it; and you will believe it too, and go on your way wondering at the many sacred offices in the world.

"You will hurry on from the church to shake hands with the new kind of politician. He is not the dignified 'statesman' you have read about and admired afar off, who has every qualification for high office except the ability to get himself elected. This man knows the game of politics. He is not fastidious and likes nothing better than to be in the thick of a scrimmage. He has not the scholar's scorn of 'the aggregate mind.' He thinks that it is a very good kind of mind if it is only rightly interpreted. He has the idea that what all of us want is better than what some few of us want, and that when all of us make up our minds to work together we can get what we want without asking anybody's leave. He thinks that what all of us want is fair play, and so he goes straight for that without much regard for special interests. It is a simple program, but it's wonderful what a difference it makes.

"There never was a time, Scrooge, when the message of good will was so widely interpreted in action, or when it took hold of so many kinds of men. Perhaps you wouldn't mind my reading another little bit from St. Augustine: 'Two are those to whom thou doest alms; two hunger, one for bread, the other for righteousness. Between these two famishing persons thou the doer of the good work art set. The one craves what he may eat, the other craves what he may imitate. Thou feedest the one, give thyself as a pattern to the other, so hast thou given to both. The one thou hast caused to thank thee for satisfying his hunger, the other thou hast made to imitate thee by setting him a worthy example.'

"It is this hunger for simple justice that is the great thing. And there are people who are giving their whole lives to satisfy it. What we need is to realize what it all means, and to get that joyous thrill over it that came to you when you found for the first time that life consisted not in getting, but in giving. It's a wonderful giving, this giving of one's self, and people do appreciate it. When you have ministered to a person's self-respect, when you have contributed to his self-reliance, when you have inspired him to self-help, you have given him something. And you are conscious of it and so is he, though you both find it hard to express in the old terms. All the old Christmas cheer is in these reciprocities of friendship that have lost every touch of condescension. We need some genial imagination to picture to us all the happiness that is being diffused by people who have come to look upon themselves not as God's almoners, but as sharers with others in a Common Good. I wish we had a new Dickens to write them up."

"If you are waiting for that, you will wait a long time," said Scrooge.

"Perhaps so, but the people are here all the same, and they are getting in their work."

The Travesty of Christ in Russia

By LEROY SCOTT

Author of "The Walking Delegate," "To Him that Hath," etc.

EVERYWHERE in Russia is the presence of the Holy Church.

In the heart of every thatched village of clay or rough logs stands a white, domed edifice, magnificent in its setting of supreme poverty. In every city block, it seems, rises a stuccoed church, its azure domes outrivaling the sky, its gilded domes outgleaming the sun; and always the reminding jangle of bells beats over the city. And these churches, at service hours, are packed with people—giving ear to the glorious chant—watching the elaborate ceremonials of the long-haired, gorgeous priest misted about by heavy, sweet incense from swinging censers—on their knees, bowing till their foreheads press the chill stone floor—passing the gold-margined icons at the foot of the altar, to kiss the hand of the mighty St. Nicholas, or the pierced feet of Christ crucified. And everywhere in the streets walls are hung with icons, and in front of them the passers-by uncover and cross their breasts; and before icons famed for their potency as miracle-workers, street crowds prostrate themselves, even though snow or rain be falling, or the earth be coated with slush.

Yes, everywhere is the Church, and everywhere are the signs of worship. Truly, the Government's claim that all Russians are devotees of the Orthodox faith seems witnessed by the facts. And yet. . . ! Well, after I had seen a few drunken priests, after I had heard a thief, kneeling at an altar, beg God's blessing on his enterprise, after I had listened to a church dignitary proving to the people by the Scriptures that for them education and advancement are fruits of the devil, I began to be stirred by wonderings. Beneath its surface show of gold and ceremony, what was the real character of the Russian Greek Church? Beneath their formal worship, what was the religious character of the people? And what was the attitude of the Church toward the aspiration for freedom that has been convulsing Russia these last few years?

Searching out the answers to my questions, I found that the gorgeous, omnipresent Church, so imposing to my eyes, was but a gorgeous, omnipresent lie. The Church does not, before all else, represent Christ and His teachings; before all else it represents the Government and its desires. The Holy Synod, the ruling body of the Church, might as well be called the Ministry of Religion, for it is as much a department of the State as is the Ministry of War. The members of the Holy Synod are directly or indirectly chosen by the Czar, and are ultimately responsible to him alone. It chooses the higher dignitaries of the Church, and these appoint the officials of a lower grade; and so on down to the village priest, who gets his parish through the approval of his bishop. The Holy Synod is a religious autocrat—rather, a subautocrat to the holy Czar. Thus the Church is made to harmonize with the State; nay, more—is made its servant.

Since the dignitaries of the Church are also essentially officials of the State, it is not surprising to discover in them a likeness to the regular Government officials, who have set a model of corruption and harshness for all the world. Many are the ecclesiastics who find worth to be on the side of the highest bidder, and even in the very courts of the Church decisions are determined, not by merit and justice, but by the Church's interest, or often by frank bribery; and so general is this corruption that it is considered an established condition and excites but little comment. And as for harshness, the fiercely repressive Plehve, who was hated beyond all other masters of modern Russia, and whose death by a bomb raised his slayer to the rank of a demigod, had his ecclesiastical counterpart in the late Pobedonostsev. As head of the Holy Synod for more than a quarter of a century, Pobedonostsev opposed with his powerful personal influence every measure that made for freedom or enlightenment, and hesitated not even to interpret God as approving this bitter oppression. To be sure, many officials strive to be kind and just; but the dominant type is approximately the same in Church and State.

Between these higher clergy and the village priests stretches a gulf deep and wide. The former have opportunities for education and have open to them all the higher positions in the Church; the latter are barred from entering the higher clergy and from attaining the higher positions, and as a class are very poor and very ignorant. And even worse. On all sides I heard stories of bribe-taking, of drunkenness, of cheating, of lying, of lowest immorality, even of plain stealing.

Now what is the influence of such a religion, and such a priesthood, upon the masses and upon the intellectuals? When I first began my inquiries among the intelligent class, I went about St. Petersburg for two weeks seeking an educated layman who had intimate knowledge of the Church. I sought him in vain. All I questioned had but one answer—"I know nothing." And all were surprised that the Church should interest me. The intellectual class simply ignores the Church, or thinks of it only as one of the prime evils of the country. The dead formalism of Orthodoxy, the embargo against any other faith, have borne their logical fruit. Educated Russia is without religion.

Photograph by C. O. Bulla, St. Petersburg.

FATHER ALEXEI POYARKOFF,

A liberal priest who was a member of the First Duma.

The hold of the Church is almost entirely on the peasantry, who compose four fifths of Russia's population. And if crossing the breast, if burning of candles, if mouthing set prayers, if kneeling before and kissing icons—if the frequent performance of these physical acts constitutes religion, then the ignorant masses are devoutness itself. But I soon learned that though the forms are necessities to the peasant's superstitious soul, yet to him they are nothing but forms. Of the whole spiritual significance of religion he has no idea. The reason for this is obvious. The Church has taught the people form alone.

Even concerning the meaning of the commonest forms, the commonest insignia, of his religion, the average Russian peasant is blindly ignorant. In St. Petersburg I asked a gray and bearded guard at the Church of Alexander II.—erected in memory of that monarch on the spot where he was killed by a bomb in 1881—why the lower bar of the three-armed cross on the cupolas was set aslant. (According to Eastern legend, Christ, that He might suffer the utmost of human ills, was born a cripple, so the lower bar on the cross is set at an angle to accommodate His unequal legs.) The old ex-soldier, who had been on guard at the church for twenty-three years, smiled his open peasant's smile and shook his shaggy head. "The good God knows! We don't know anything. We are all poor, dark [ignorant] people."

The following incident, though it deals specifically with the lowest element of the population, is significant of the general religious ignorance of the masses. It is a custom when a massacre of the Jews is impending for the faithful who live in the endangered quarters of a city to nail a crucifix upon their door, or to display in their windows a picture of St. Nicholas or of the Virgin Mother—and of course the murderous mob passes by houses thus marked. Now at the time when a massacre broke out in one city, Cléo de Merode, the notorious French dancer, whom freakish fortune has gifted with a face that to crude eyes looks that of a saint, was performing at a local theatre, and lithographs of her were everywhere in shop-windows, even in the Jewish quarter. When the mob, raging through this section, saw in a window a picture of the famous dancer, they crossed themselves and went not into that house to rob and wreck and slaughter. They supposed that Cléo de Merode was the Virgin Mother.

Though the peasant considers the forms of the Church a necessity, he has, speaking generally, little respect for the priest who administers those forms. Not only have the village priests as a class neither the moral nor the mental qualities to inspire esteem, but regard for them is reduced yet lower by their economic relations with the peasantry. They are paid beggarly salaries, often as low as $20 a year; the rest of their maintenance they must get in the form of fees and gifts from their parishes—and since the peasants are as poor as scraped bones, only the sharpest attention to business by the priests will gain them a decent livelihood. And, prompted no otherwise by the Church, such sharp attention have they given that in general the peasants regard them as greedy, grasping merchants, having a monopoly of certain necessities of this life and of eternity, and striving always to extort the highest possible prices for their wares. Consequently, before a child is christened, or a couple married, there is fierce bargaining between peasant and priest as to the fee. Often the wrangling pair will at length be separated by but half a penny or a pound of flour—and still continue haggling. Babies have gone unchristened, the dead have been buried without religious service, couples have left the church unmarried, because the priest's demanded price was regarded as extortion.

A PROCESSION FROM THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION, THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW, AFTER THE CEREMONY OF BLESSING THE APPLE.

It can readily be perceived that this religion of forms, administered by such a priesthood, has little relation to right living. There stands out sharply in my mind a working man's living-room, hung with exactly thirteen icons, beneath which on the floor was sprawled the working man in a drunken heap. The naive peasants are as ready to ask God's blessing on an evil deed as on a good one. The form alone to them is religion—it is everything. The result is that when they perceive how empty and lifeless is form, everything is gone. At the present time, when the intelligence of the people is being roused as never before, just this process of losing religion is going on rapidly among the masses—especially among the working people of the large cities, who are most accessible to intellectual stimulus. Often this loss of religion springs from a cause almost incredibly childish. I met a factory worker who years before while living in a village had conceived of God as a white-haired, white-bearded old man who ruled in the nearest large city—a common peasant conception, by the way. On coming to the city and finding no such man, he had concluded that there was no God and that religion was a humbug.

But let it not be deduced that the Russian

TYPICAL PRIESTS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

peasant has no capacity for true religious feeling. He is gentle and generous, is rich in spiritual qualities; but that which is really good in him proceeds not from the influence of the Church but from his own natural endowments. And let not the ultimate blame for the peasant's lack of true religion be placed wholly on the priests, ignorant, greedy, and immoral though they often are. "We dare not teach our people true religion," bitterly complained to me a village priest of the better type, a fine, broad-minded man. "Church spies have their eyes always on us. If we do more than merely go through the prescribed forms, the spies report on us, and our reputations are blackened with the authorities, or worse befalls us. The good we try to do—it is that that ruins us!"

Such, briefly, is the Russian Church, and such the relation between it and the people. Among the elements of this relation two ancient policies of the Church stand out at this period of Russia's travail with dominant distinctness: The opposition of the Church to freedom of conscience, and its rabid hostility to any degree of political freedom. With a rigor that recalls the Spanish Inquisition does the Church punish any open searching after the higher truth, any unsanctioned attempt to apply practically the teachings of Christ, especially on the part of those within its own fold. The history of the monastic prisons, which exist for the discipline of heretics, is black with the stories of men who have been cast into cells because of their beliefs, there to rot out the best years of their manhood, or by harsh treatment to be driven insane; and of some nothing has ever been heard again without the heavy walls. The records of the Solovetzkaya Monastery contain an account of a man who was cast into its prison at the age of twenty-five, and held there, because he refused to recant, till he was ninety. He was then (about 1880) offered his freedom, but as relatives and friends were gone, and life meant nothing to him, he begged and was granted the favor of remaining in the prison till his death.

The case of Father Tzvetkoff is an example of the fate likely to befall a man who sincerely, devoutly, begins to question the teachings of the Church. A simple and loved priest, who tried to fill his life with good deeds, Father Tzvetkoff had long been troubled by doubts over certain of the Church's dogmas. For the easement of his perplexity he went on a pilgrimage in the early part of 1901 to several chief cities, where he asked the opinion of high officials of the Church upon his doubts. He was merely a seeker for the truth. At no time did he express his questionings publicly, nor try to disturb the faith of others.

Photograph by C. O. Bulla, St. Petersburg.

FATHER GREGORY PETROFF,

A liberal priest who was imprisoned by the Church to prevent him from serving as a member of the Second Duma.

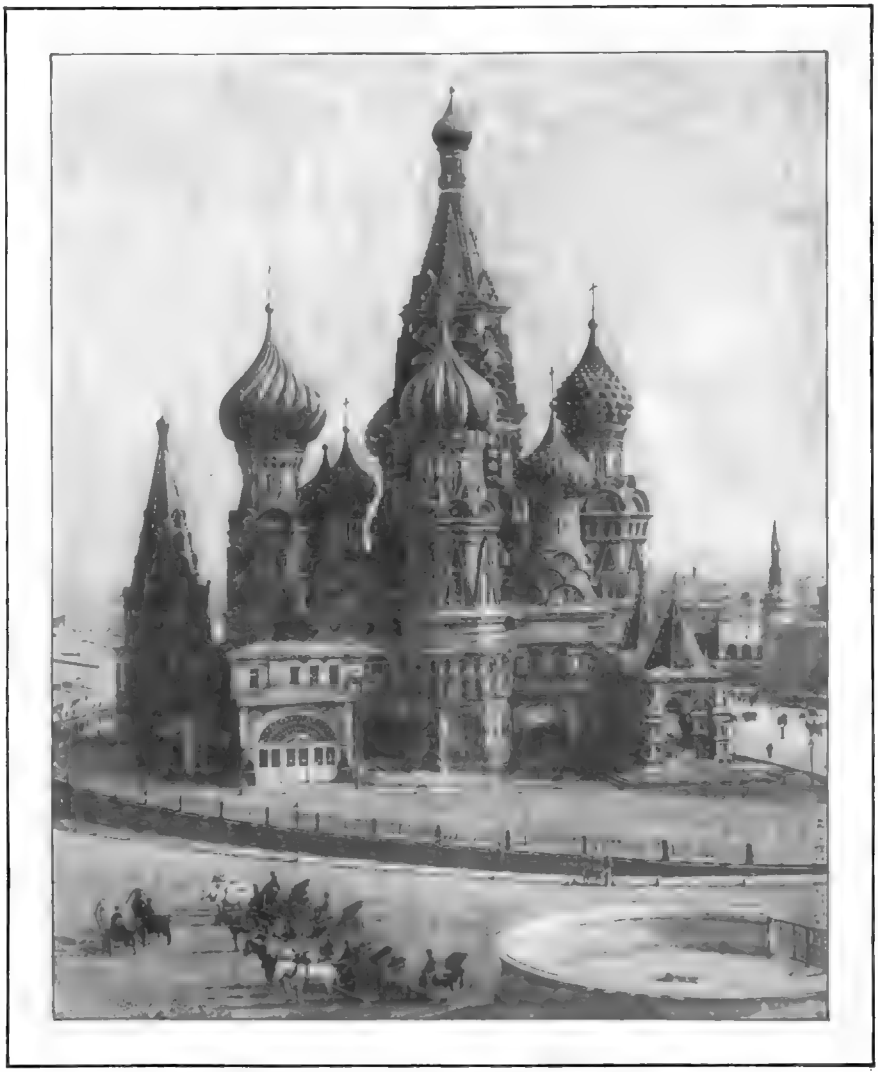
When he returned to his village he was seized and carried to a monastic prison. His offense was his doubt. He besought the authorities for a trial, but no response came to him, waiting in his damp, closely guarded cell. He had only two meals a day, composed of a watery cabbage soup and black bread of the worst quality; during winter he nearly froze of nights, though he slept in all his clothing. In a cell near him was a priest who had been there twenty-five years for speaking irreverently, in a light moment, of Alexander II., then dead for a score of years. On his either side was a priest whom the prison hardships had driven insane, and who both raved incessantly.

For two years and a half Father Tzvetkoff endured this terrible entombment, hoping for a trial. Then he sent the following petition to the Holy Synod: "I beg you to bring me before a court, and if I am a heretic, if I hold untrue and harmful views, then punish me; but if I am not a heretic, let me go back to my family and to the service of my people. Only do not leave me rotting here untried." He waited. Again no answer.

Since this prison life was no longer endurable and hope was gone, Father Tzvetkoff decided that death was best. Toward the end of 1903 he began to refuse food. This had some effect, for his weak body was carried from the prison into the monastery proper, where conditions were better. However, he had barely begun to recover when he was suddenly moved back into his cell in the prison. To him this was like being locked up in his grave. Again he refused food. For twenty-one days he did not eat; then, scarcely alive, he was again carried into the monastery. As strength returned to him here, his spirit of meek doubt was succeeded by a spirit of defiance. He watched his chance, and at length managed to elude his guards and make his escape. The case against him was so slender that in the roused state of Russia then existing, the Church hesitated to pursue him, and the last I heard of Father Tzvetkoff he was still at liberty.

The story of Vassily Rachoff, one who tried to follow the dictates of his conscience, illustrates the opposition of the Church to any practical application of religion, and the character of some offenses that it considers to merit punishment. While a very young man, Rachoff, the son of wealthy parents, was seized with the desire to give his life to the service of others. The dire condition of the peasants first captured his sympathy, and he gave up his business and settled in a remote village. Here he tried to teach the peasants to read; he read aloud to them from the Bible; he went among them giving advice, talking simple morality. For one winter he did this, the people responding more and more to his efforts. Then the local priest accused him to the police, and he was expelled from the village.

For two years he moved about the south of Russia, engaged in similar endeavors among the peasants in the villages and among the poor in the cities. Then he was arrested, marched back a thousand miles to his native city of Archangel, and held in prison there for months. But nothing was found against him and he was set free. Again he went off on his mission—to be sent home on foot again a year later—and again freed at his trial. Thereafter he centered his efforts in Archangel. He began to go from house to house among the poor, carrying food, fuel, and medicine to those in need, always ready with kindly advice and always teaching his simple ethics. Aided by donations, he established lodging-houses for the homeless, soup-kitchens for the hungry, an asylum for children, and workshops for people out of work; and each of these institutions he used for the spread of higher ideals. His influence among

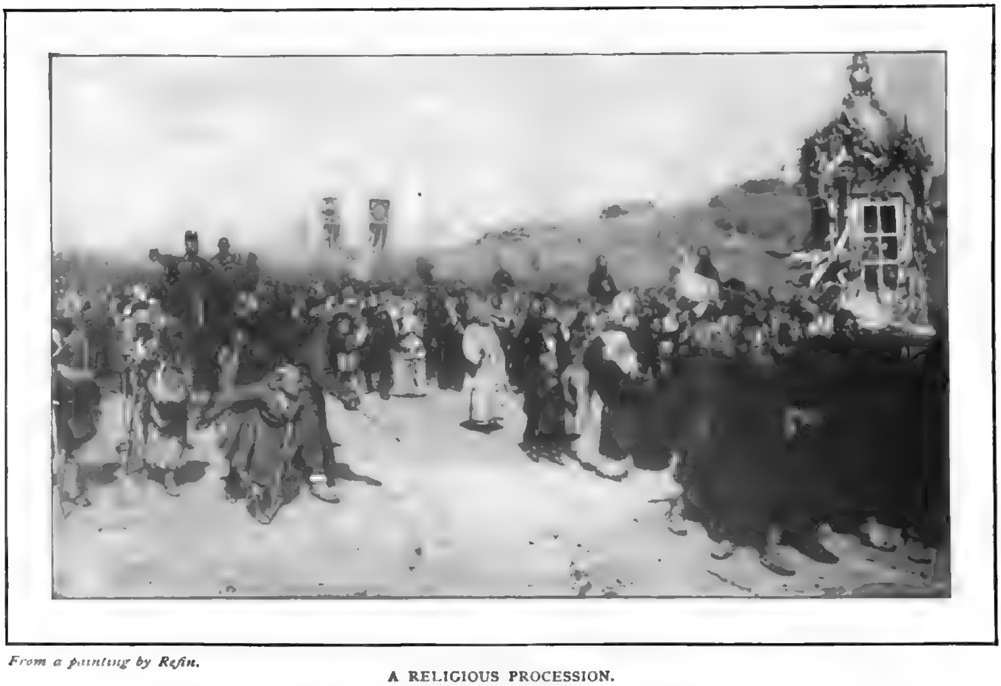


CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL IN MOSCOW.

Built by Ivan the Terrible, who, to prevent its duplication, had the architect's eyes put out.

THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW,

The Holy of Holies of Russia. The cathedrals were erected during the fifteenth century. At the left is the royal palace, maintained for the occupancy of the Czar when he visits the city.



From a painting by Refin.

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.

The crowds of poor are kept back by Cossacks armed with whips. In the foreground a gendarme may be seen in the act of lashing a peasant the poor grew stronger and stronger, to the great betterment of their morality and habits of work. And by them he was regarded almost as one sent from God.

But again came interference. The Church took alarm at the spiritual power he was gaining. His various establishments were searched for evidence against him, but nothing incriminating was discovered. Nevertheless, the clergy accused him before the civil authorities, by whom he was tried and exonerated. But the clergy, not to be balked, petitioned that he be delivered into their hands. The petition was granted, and in 1894, without being allowed even to bid his parents good-by, Rachoff was despatched to the prison in the monastery at Sudal. His mother soon died of grief at his fate, and his father shortly followed. For eight years he was held in the prison, and when he finally came out, though still young, he was broken and exhausted — harmless to the Church, useless to man.

And just as rigorously does the Church fight those who spend their efforts for political freedom. Tolstoi is in a way the arch-illustration of the Church's hostility. More definitely, with a sincerer idealism than any other man in Russia, he has stood for political freedom and freedom of religion; with the result that he has been excommunicated, fiercely denounced again and again by the Church, and years ago was in imminent danger of monastic imprisonment to quiet his fearless words and terminate his influence. From this fate he was saved only by his great reputation and by the intercession of an aunt, a court favorite, with the Czar.

The Church begins its opposition to political freedom by its religious instruction to the people. It teaches that for Russians the Czar is God's representative on earth; that the Czar's word is God's word, the Czar's laws are God's laws; that to disobey the Czar is to disobey God; that when misfortune falls through act of the Czar, such misfortune must be regarded as merited punishment; that the people deserve nothing, and if the Czar gives anything, his gift is a mercy; that God made some to be masters and some to be servants, some to be rich and some to be poor; and since God so planned, to try to change these conditions is a heinous and unforgivable sin against God.

A VILLAGE PRIEST OF THE BETTER TYPE.

Now these teachings, the fundamentals of which have been dinned into the people's ignorant minds for long generations, exert a profound influence—though, to be sure, this influence is rapidly waning. Out in the vast famine district, I saw an age-scarred, hunger-gnawed old woman, whose misery and that of her weazened grandchildren (one of whom lay dying in a corner of her hut) was due to the grinding taxation and the utter neglect of the Czar, and who was receiving her portion of the rotten and clay-adulterated flour that the grafting officials were sending to the famine victims as "relief." And this old woman crossed herself and said with grateful tears: "We'd be dead had our good Czar not remembered us. May he reign forever!"

The Church is the most subtly difficult enemy that the champions of liberty encounter when they go among the masses. They hesitate to attack the Church and its repressive teachings for fear of alienating their audiences. I myself came into peculiar contact with this difficulty. The priests have

TYPE OF RUSSIAN VILLAGE CHURCH.

spread the report that the revolutionary movement is instigated and financed by the English, Russia's hereditary enemies, for the purpose of disrupting the fatherland and then easily taking possession of it. A cautious agitator hesitated long one night before taking me to a secret meeting of ignorant workmen, lest my English speech might somehow rouse this priest-begotten suspicion and be the ruin of his effort. The difficulty was finally met by my going in the rôle of a dumb Russian author, and remaining soundless for three interminable hours.

How completely the Church is the servant of the State, how completely it approves even the unholiest deeds of the State, is well illustrated by its attitude toward the Jewish massacres of recent years—many of which, as has been indubitably proven, were conceived and initiated by the Government, and, where not actually participated in by the police and troops, were at least not hindered by Government forces. Against this wholesale murder of unarmed men, women, and children, the Church has not lifted its voice; it has not dared to protest, even if horror were felt by its dignitaries, because the massacres were approved by the State, and their leaders were honored and promoted. And individual dignitaries and priests went the length of openly justifying the massacres. For hoodlums to rush from a Jew-pursuing mob at sight of a priest, to bow, Jew-bloody, before the clergyman and cry, "Father, your blessing!" and then, after the benediction, to run back to the business of murder—this was no rare incident of those stupendous tragedies. After the great massacre at Kishineff a subscription was taken for the benefit of "Christian victims of the massacre"—that is, those who had received injury while murdering the Jews; and it is significant of the Church's attitude that the bishop of the diocese gave $250 to this fund.

Here is another little bit of history to the same point. A common way of inciting the massacres was for the police themselves, in obedience to orders from higher powers, to rouse the ignorant masses against the Jews. In a village in the province of Tchernigoff, in 1905 (when in a period of two months there were hundreds of separate massacres), this method was attempted by the local police. But in this village there was but one Jew and no anti-Semitic feeling; and so the people, perplexed, came to the village priest, who was generally loved, and asked if they should attack the Jew and destroy his home. "No, indeed," said Father Velegodsky. "He is a worthy man; he works hard, yet is barely able to keep his family alive." And the peasants, instead of burning and murdering, were moved by pity at the Jew's poverty, and carried to him bread and potatoes. The consequence of Father Velegodsky's advice was prompt: he was seized and thrown into prison. He was soon released, but by order of the bishop of the diocese was excommunicated and unfrocked. A body of his fellow-priests made an investigation of his case and completely exonerated him; but the bishop's order stood unchanged—an order that meant for Father Velegodsky not only expulsion from the Church, but the loss of civil rights—practically his reduction to vagabondage.

The Church considers sympathy with the people on the part of priests as an illegal interference with the Government, and priests who so offend are disciplined as a salutary example to others. I met several liberal priests who opened their secret bitterness to me. "Here is an instance of how we are punished," exclaimed to me the pastor of a snowy village on the border of Siberia. "Three months ago the priest in the next village, who had served that village for a generation, saw from his window a gendarme, in a state of intoxication, fall upon a man and begin to beat him. The priest rushed out and remonstrated with the officer. And what happened? A few days later he was thrown into a monastic prison. The charge was that he had acted in a manner to lessen the public's respect for the police. And he is still in his cell and in his stead is a priest of no such dangerous sympathies.

"In another town, where some score of men had been condemned to death for slight political offenses, several priests went in a body to the governor, humbly petitioning a lighter punishment for the prisoners. And what happened here? The condemned men were executed, and the priests, save two or three who groveled and apologized, were seized and thrown into prison for their treasonable impudence.

"And see this paper. It is an order from the Holy Synod. It says that any priest who uses his influence in behalf of a liberal candidate for the Duma, or votes for such a candidate, will be cast out of the Church. And if we disobey, the Church will know. Nothing escapes its spies! Fairness, justice, mercy, the spirit of Christ—ah, these things our Church knows not!"

In higher ranks the attitude of the Church is the same. The five liberal priests who were members of the Second Duma were unfrocked by the Holy Synod for not supporting the oppressive policy of the Government. And the case of Father Petroff, at present the most popular Churchman in Russia, is another pertinent illustration. Father Petroff in his young manhood had favor in the highest court and official circles. But their indifference to the misery of the country, together with his natural democratic instinct, impelled him to abandon his lofty patrons for the masses. He began to preach to the people—to preach the Christianity of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. Also he published a paper called *God's Truth*, filled with simple teachings inspired by the Bible. The paper had a wide circulation, and Petroff soon became immensely popular and immensely influential. Then came to pass what might have been expected. The Holy Synod deprived him of his pulpit and had *God's Truth* suppressed.

But Petroff was not done for. He began to write popular sermons, which were printed in practically all the liberal newspapers of Russia, and his influence continued unabated. He became a candidate for the Second Duma, and easily led in the voting. But neither the Church nor the State wanted the powerful, liberal Petroff in the Duma, so the Holy Synod removed the danger by throwing him, upon a pretext, into the Cherementski Monastery. As part of his punishment there, he had, standing up, to chant psalms and repeat prayers for seven hours each day, with the eyes of spies constantly upon him. He was kept prisoner till shortly before the dissolution of the Duma, then released. There has been a determined effort in the Holy Synod to unfrock him, but his wide popularity and his influence in high circles have saved him thus far from being made a religious outcast.

Yes, everywhere is the Church. And its omnipresent might seems to exist solely to stifle the intellectual awakening of the people, their soul-development, their agonizing aspiration for political liberty—to throttle the Christ struggling within them. . . . And yet, despite all its malign endeavor, true religion in Russia is not dead; it is not dead even in the Church itself. There is within the Church a younger generation of priests, of whom Father Petroff is the most distinguished example, whose ideal is the reorganization of the Church upon a basis of true Christianity. Many such priests I met—broad-minded, earnest men, serving Christ up to the very boundaries of the Church's restrictions. But these are a helpless minority, and their dream will remain a hopeless dream till that vague time when the impatient political vision of the people shall have been fulfilled. For so long as Autocracy stands, so long will the Church continue to rank with the army as a mere prop of Czarism—so long will it remain a religion of hollow forms, a religion that is true religion's worst enemy.

"THEY MET FACE TO FACE IN FRONT OF THE OLD ROSSMORE."

The Kings of Hate

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Silver Poppy," "The Wire-Tappers," etc.

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

THE fog hung over the city like a blanket, unbroken, engulfing, stippled by the white and yellow of the street-lamps. Beside me, well back in the doorway, lounged "Lefty" Lynch, the Central Office stool-pigeon. We stood and smoked there, placidly, and with singularly disengaged minds. And while we smoked we gazed out at the mist-draped solitude of Seventh Avenue and casually watched a lonely and funereal four-wheeler as it crept along the wet asphalt.

Yet somewhere just beyond Broadway a fire was raging. Already above the house-tops we could see the "sky-flare," red and sullen through the muffling fog. We could hear the clang and rumble of engines thundering down the deserted cañon of Broadway and shrieking and scolding at the cross-streets. A second and a third alarm had gone in. The precinct patrolmen had been called for and would be off their beats until the "reserves" were posted. So we knew that very much as rats swarm up through a deserted warehouse, the furtive shadows of the Underworld would come swarming up over the unguarded city.

So we smoked and waited, gazing idly at the funereal four-wheeler as it drew up at the curb, scarcely five paces from where we stood. The driver, in his wet rain-coat, sat on the box, impassive, motionless, like a figure carved out of ebony. The wheels grated and locked against the curb; the lines drooped; the horses steamed in the moist air.

Out of the black cavern of the carriage hood, suddenly, we saw the spurt of a lighted match. As the flame caught and the circle of light widened, I could see a head within, bent low over a slip of white paper. Then the match burned away, and the cab was once more a cave of darkness. But I had made out the face of the man distinctly. Blocked out in that momentary aura of light I had seen the wide, ape-like shoulders, the deep-set eyes, the grim and down-drawn mouth that slashed across the bony face, almost mummy-like with its cadaverous yellowness of skin. A sharp-spoken word or two cut the silence. The cab crept on along the gutter-edge and once more came to a stop, half-way down the block. It stood there, motionless, silent, mysterious.

Lefty caught me by the arm. Then he emitted a subdued little whistle. "What is it?" I asked. I watched him edge out to where he could command a clearer view of that waiting carriage.

"What is it?" I repeated.

His answer came in two words: "Butch Adams!"

It took me a minute or two to place the name. It brought back to my mind the Albany Post-Office affair and the Biff McCabe case and the Fenton shooting in the Rossmore. I began to understand why Lefty had whistled.

"But I thought he was in Matteawan for life?"

"And *I* thought the same, my friend! And so did most of us! But the man sitting in that cab is Butch Adams—Adams, alias Yeamans, alias Buggsey Ballard, the trickiest con-man, the crookedest fighter, who ever bucked against Byrnes and McCluskey!"

"Will you gather him in?" I casually inquired.

Lefty, the stool-pigeon, stood smoking for a moment or two, his eye on the black shadow of the waiting cab. Then he laughed a little, quietly, meditatively, before he answered.

"Not for *me*, thank you!" he murmured. "I've had enough shake-downs butting in on Fenton's business!"

"But what has Fenton to do with it?"

"He's got just enough to do with it to have the private tip go out to every one from the captain down, that there is to be no cake-walking across any o' his personal trails!

And the man in that cab is Big Bob Fenton's old running-mate. And since I came into this office I've learned to side-step everything with 'politics' chalked on its suit-case!"

"But those two men haven't been together for years! They've been fighting like Kilkenny cats!"

"Maybe they have," responded Lefty, "and maybe I know more about that fighting than you do. But it's none of *my* business!"

"Look here; what *is* that fight, anyway?" I asked. Lefty squatted resignedly down against the heavy window-ledge.

"That'd take me all night to tell," he answered, still watching the cab at the curb. "And, besides, it began before my time."

"But what do you *know* of it?"

He puffed in silence, for a minute or two, before answering.

"All I know of it is that Adams, yonder, and Big Bob Fenton, or Gus Roach, or Tennessee Rogers, whichever you want to call him, came out of Oakland Sammy's keister-snuffer gang together. A sweet pair they were in those days, with records enough to make a nightman's hair raise! Fenton had been a bridge-jumper and high-diver, and did strong-man stunts at the fair-circuits, while his pal Adams kept busy lifting leathers and selling home-made diamonds to the hoosiers. But they were too brainy and tricky for small work like that. So they came East and worked New York for three or four years. Adams was the come-on, always a white-liner and a spender, but as soft and smooth as oil when it came to business. Fenton was the schemer and layer-down, slow and steady and always a saver. So when they got a rumble, in New York, they tried a winter at card-riffling on the Atlantic steamers. Then Doc Owens dished their game and had them posted in all the smoking-rooms. So they had a whack at working the Continental hotels on the general confidence ticket. When that route got too hot for them, they took up with the Russian underground work along the Rumanian frontier. Then they dropped back to the raised-check play and got to Cherbourg, and jumped for home again."

"But weren't they being spotted at all?"

"Of course they were. When they came up the bay the Bureau men wouldn't let 'em land. So they sloped back, and were working for a band of Petersburg Reds when the trouble began."

"Over what?"

"What's it *always* over?—a woman, of course!"

"What kind of woman?"

"A big-eyed Pole girl, who'd worked for the Warsaw Terrorists, and had a history that left Joan of Arc a four-flusher. But she kind of hypnotized Adams, and then she got Fenton foolish. As far as I know, Fenton ran first. At least he married the girl, in Budapest, and started West. Then Adams, when the three came together in Brussels, handed out a bunch of sour-grape talk about the lady's past career. And this was followed by some good quick gun-work, and some good quick jumping across the frontier into France. Fenton made tracks for home then, and was long-headed enough to square things with the Centre Street folks here. So when Adams came on, six months later, Schmittenberg let him in only on one condition—that he keep on traveling."

"At Fenton's suggestion, I suppose?"

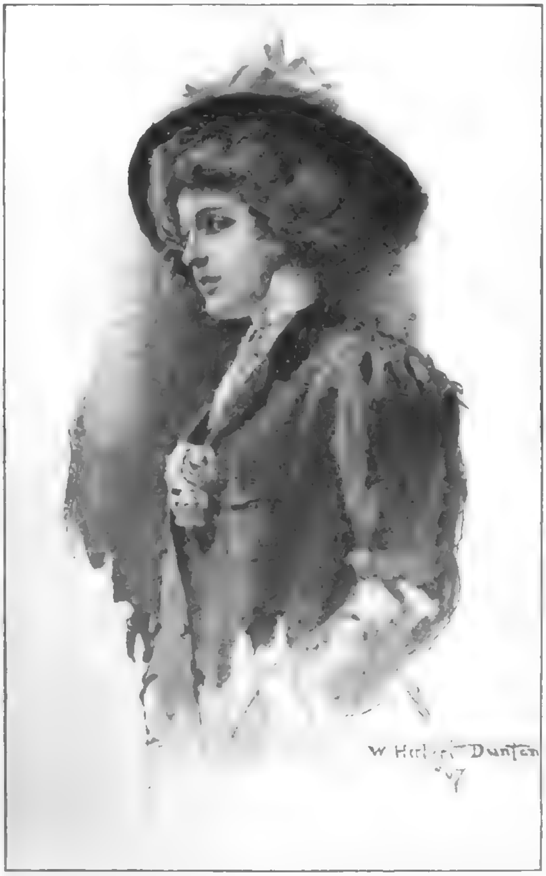
"Adams swore it was, at any rate. But he had to move on, whoever was responsible, after branding Big Bob as a squealer and putting up a cart-load of oaths about getting even. As far as we know, he worked the East Coast in tourist time, and then swung round to the Southern racing-circuits as a wire-tapper and all-round confidence man. But all this while Fenton, mind you, was digging away in New York. He'd saved his money, and bought a Raines Law hotel on the lower East Side. But I guess he kept fretting about Adams, and kind of wanted to square up and be decent. So he went down to New Orleans, where Butch was raking in Mardi Gras money, with some dream about putting out the glad hand. For, you see, those two men had been in things so deep and crooked they couldn't *afford* to split. But Adams wasn't hiving any reform bees, about that time. He was set on having his fight out. When Fenton's wife happened along she found the two men fusillading each other in front of the Grunwald. Adams had gone down with a 38-long in his shoulder, and the Polish beauty was just in time to keep him from drawing a cold bead, as he lay there, on the other man. She got her husband away safe enough. But Fenton knew there was trouble ahead."

"You mean Fenton was beginning to funk?" I asked, sitting down beside Lefty, and peering out through the fog at the black hood of the waiting cab.

"Funk? Fenton funk? I guess *not*! There were reasons why he couldn't carry on his scrapping-match. So he sloped north, to let Adams cool down. But Adams was after him, hot as a hornet, following him to Denver, and keeping up with him on a second jump to San Francisco. From there Fenton skirted up the coast to Seattle, and turned up next in Minneapolis, where they knew his record and headed him off toward Milwaukee. From there he took a night-boat for Chicago, where he was rounded up by a Pinkerton man, and put aboard a St. Louis express, with Adams one train behind him. At the Planters', they say, he went down on one elevator as Adams went up on the other. But he got to Washington, and then to Baltimore, and there he sent his wife through to New York by boat, thinking the strain was too much for her. Then he dodged back to Philadelphia, and caught an express from Germantown to Jersey City. And an hour after he'd crossed the Hudson, he had a promise from the man higher up, backed by instructions to Schmittenberg, that New York City should be kept too hot for Butch Adams!"

"But they did come together?" I broke in, for the Tenderloin still talked of that flight and chase across a continent.

"Sure they came together! Adams got in over Harlem Bridge, and they met face to face in front of the old Rossmore. Fenton got his shot between the eyebrows, on the bridge of the nose and the frontal bone. Adams, as you'll recall, got a bullet through the neck, and another in the shin-bone. Being gamblers, neither man'd give any information, or lay a charge. So nothing was done, though Schmittenberg and the District Attorney had a powwow with Fenton. It was *that*, I guess, made Adams think the other man was a 'snitch.' For the reward was posted a week later for Fenton's old partner. It was based on the Gideon Syndicate case and the Albany Post-Office job. Adams had to migrate, and keep low. But he got even in his own way. Fenton was plunging in Coney Island real estate those days. Adams worked back, got the lay of Fenton's place, blew the door off his safe, and carried away $1,800. He also left the word 'Squealer' chalked nice and plain across the cash drawer."



"A GIRL WHO HAD A HISTORY THAT LEFT JOAN OF ARC A FOUR-FLUSHER."

I recalled the robbery. That, too, had been romanced about and enlarged upon, up and down the Rialto, for years. It took my gaze back to the waiting carriage, where the principal of the long and tangled drama sat hidden even as we talked.

"My, my, but Big Bob took the loss of that money hard," went on Lefty, close beside me. "But once he got his head he began working the ropes again, slow and careful, fixing the right people and oiling the right interests—doing everything to make himself safe. Two weeks later a wire went out for the arrest of Adams on sight. Butch saved his scalp by getting across the border to Montreal. He killed time there for a couple of years smuggling Chinamen over into Vermont. So Big Bob was left alone with his family, and went on making money and getting deeper into East Side 'politics,' and took over a tenement or two and a half-interest in an automobile factory, and bought a theatre, and prospered and grew respectable, and even laid plans for an aldermanic nomination. And did you ever hear what the man in the cab yonder remarked when he read about Fenton's first clam-chowders down the Sound and his naming his second boy after the Mayor? He just handed the paper back to his hoosier room-chum and said: '*I'll sweeten his pie for him!*'"

We sat for a moment, side by side, in silence, looking at the cab. Lefty relit his cigar before he spoke.

"But you remember what happened. Big Bob's eyesight began to fail him, from that old wound along the frontal bone. When Adams heard of that he descended on the island so full of glee that he had to load up in a Third Avenue joint, and was rounded in with half a gallon of nitro under his arm by a Fenton lookout. So Big Bob started working the wires again, still more slow and thorough this time. Inside of a month, some way or other, Adams there was sent up to Matteawan. A month later Fenton went stone blind, still fretting and worrying about Adams. And he kept on fretting, until he bought that old Penfield club-house and got it barred and walled off into a kind of fortress, and had a walking-track and a swimming-pool built up on its roof, where he's kept himself for two years, and that's where he is *going* to keep himself—and I guess that's about where my story ends!"

"But you said the man in the cab there was *Adams!*" I broke out.

"Did I?" he said indifferently. He began buttoning up his overcoat.

"And if that's Adams, what's he doing here in New York?"

"D'you suppose I'm paid for knowing things like that?" answered the stool-pigeon.

"But you must have a suspicion, haven't you, that he's here for trouble?—that he might want to settle that old score with Fenton?"

Lefty did not answer my question at the moment. Instead, he pulled me deeper into the shadow of the doorway, for the figure of a man had edged out across the sidewalk, had remained talking for a minute or two at the cab-door, and had as mysteriously edged his way back and disappeared. There was something very knowing in Lefty's smile, as he stood there peering through the fog.

"I guess they're enough wise guys on the force to keep a finger out of *that* pie!" he ruminated aloud. I demanded to know what he meant.

"You'll have to do a little investigating of your own, if you want to know what I mean," was his answer.

I looked out at the fog-bound city, at the still waiting cab. I remembered the grim and vindictive face I had seen behind its curtains. I recalled the strange and gruesome story, the years of hate and intrigue, the embittered hearts and blighted lives, the whole dark and still unended drama.

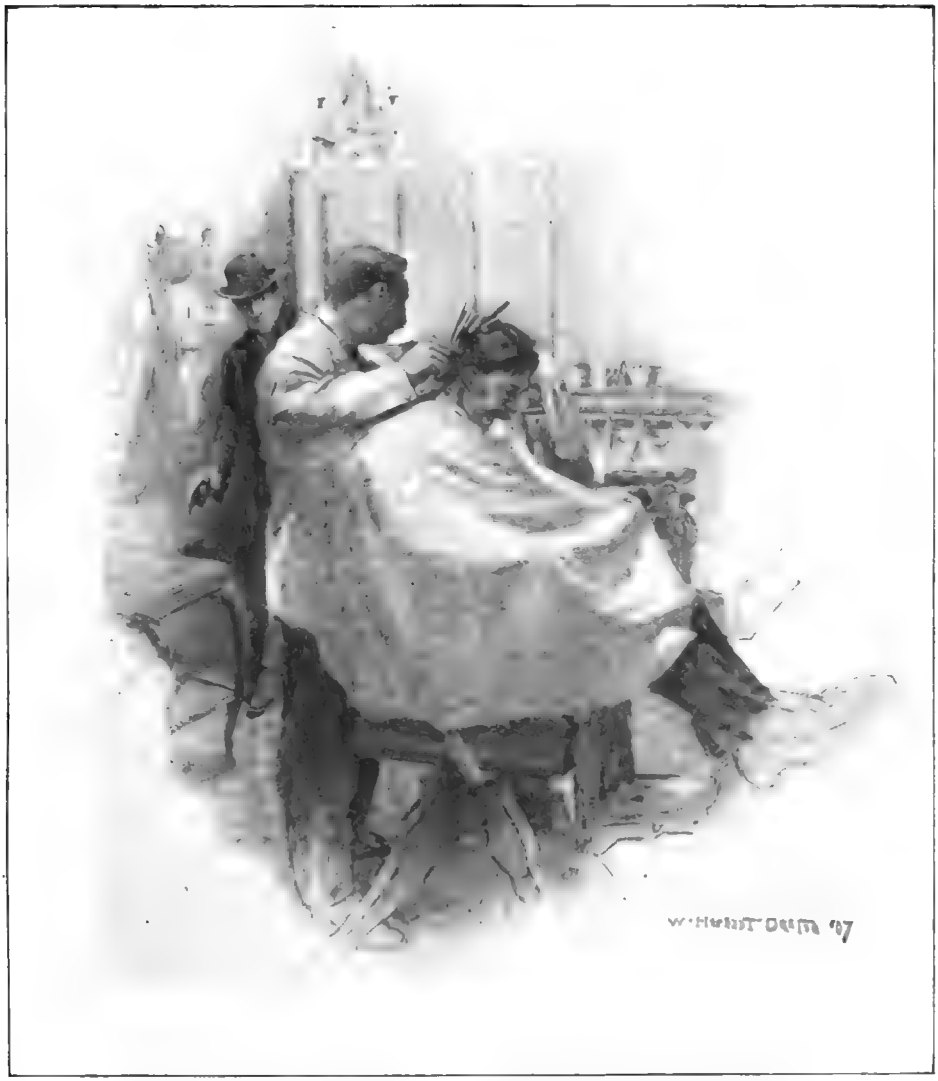
"I *am* going to follow this thing out for myself!" I said, with a sudden determination.

The Central Office man laughed easily. "All right," he said, flinging away his cigar-end and stretching himself. "But be careful of just one thing when you're investigating that game: Don't get shoved into the ring and stepped on!"

I looked at him, bewildered. He laughed a little, and turned up his coat-collar. "Well, I've got my ward to look after," he murmured, and with that he drifted southward through the fog, and was lost to sight.

I no longer hesitated, once I had decided on my plan of action. A little shop, with drawn blinds, seemed the only port into which that furtive figure of five minutes before might have beaten a retreat. And where that stranger who had spoken through the cab door went, I intended to follow. So I rolled out through the fog, with the gait of a midnight drunkard. When I saw lights behind the drawn blinds I veered about to the shop door and calmly opened it. The next moment I had as calmly and casually stepped inside.

A companionable smell of mingled warm air and cigar smoke, of bay rum and soap and Florida water, greeted my nose. Tilted back in a row stood three barber's chairs of worn and faded plush. Each chair, so wide-armed and inviting, was empty. A kettle steamed and sang from a little coal-stove behind them. Near a white boarded partition that cut off the back of the room lounged a small-bodied Calabrian, thrumming a guitar. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his face was pitted with smallpox. From a tin cage above him sang and trilled a yellow canary. Two other men, sallow and neutral-tinted, bent over a table beside the stove, silently playing a game of cards. One was low-browed and short-nosed, fat-handed and placid and sleek. The other was nervous and lean; his face reminded



THE STREET-DOOR OPENED WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF A PISTOL-SHOT.

me of a hawk's. On the partition, between two pink-tinted and pornographic wine-advertisements, was a telephone.

The men, after one quick glance up, played on in drowsy silence. There was something warm and quiet and homelike about the little shop, something soothing in the steaming kettle and the slowly curling smoke, something conciliating in the low throb and drone of the guitar and the comfortable music of the bird.

I began to see that I was mistaken. But I peeled off my coat and staggered over into one of the faded plush chairs. For through the crack of the drawn blind I could still see the faint lamps of the waiting cab outside. And I could at least wait until I had made sure of my ground.

Slowly the sleek and fat-handed man rose to his feet. Quite as slowly he lolled over to where I sat, with sleepy and indifferent eyes. It was after hours, he told me; the shop was closed.

No sign of life came into his face until I flashed my "put-back" roll, and flung a five-dollar bill on his mirror-shelf. Then, in the arbitrary tones of intoxication, I told him I wanted everything from a Belgian hair-cut to an egg shampoo. I explained to him thickly that I was tired and that I'd pay for my time if I fell asleep.

He began to show more interest. I saw the quick exchange of a glance with the hawk-faced man behind me as he drew on a much-soiled drill coat and began stropping his razor. The guitar hummed on; the kettle steamed; the canary trilled; every now and then the lean-faced man rustled his paper.

Then the street-door opened, with the suddenness of a pistol-shot. *It was Adams!* That surmise flashed through my brain even as the door slammed to and I knew a man had entered the shop.

I waited with my eyes half closed, but no one spoke. The guitar tinkled on. The slow *snip-snip* of the barber's scissors kept up close behind my ears. It wasn't until the newcomer stood back of my chair, with a stare of disapproval, that I caught sight of his face in the mirror. Then he swung about, snagged his coat on a hook, planted his hat on top of it, and hurried through the door in the partition at the back of the room. The man was not Adams.

For I had seen a man with a face like a weasel's, a small, pointed face, with the little deep-set eyes crowding close to the long nose, a hard, thin-lipped mouth, and a quick movement of the skinny body that reminded me of an animal. As he went, he mumbled a word or two to the pitted Calabrian. Then I heard the door lock, and the quick puff of a lighted gas jet. But that was all.

I pretended to doze off again, sinking deeper and deeper into the padded chair. The steaming kettle seemed to sound thin and far away. The canary grew still. The guitar-chords died down to a droning murmur. The little smoke-wreathed shop was a sanctuary of midnight peace.

Then I sat up suddenly, this time with a start that threw me forward in my chair. The barber, breathing heavily over my shoulder, drew back a step or two, in surprise. "Nip you that time?" he murmured, studying my face. I assured him thickly that he must have done so.

For sounding out of the room behind the little wooden partition I had distinctly heard the clicking of a telegraph-key.

I was wary enough to sink back in my chair again, with a gesture of drowsiness. Then I forced my eyes shut. But never in all my life have I been more wide awake. For even as I sat there listening, without a movement of face or body, that mysterious instrument of sounding brass once more started clattering and pounding, with a note that seemed as disquieting, as challenging, as the clang of an alarm-gong.

The barber stopped in his work. I could feel, in some way, that he was still furtively studying my face. Then he yawned and went on with his clipping.

"Guess you heard Joe practisin' on that dummy o' his?" he inquired soothingly. "Kind o' wakened you up that time, eh?"

"What dummy?" I demanded, with a stifled yawn.

"Joe's givin' up barberin'," he explained, with a nod of the head toward the back of the shop. "He's goin' into the Postal-Union as a key operator, he says. So he's studyin' telegraphin' up-town in a night-school. Then he comes down and pounds the brass on a dummy key in there, until we kick him out!"

He joined in my sleepy laugh for a moment, though he had misjudged the source of that merriment. I laughed because I saw he was a liar, even as he spoke; because I had realized, from the quick trill of those metallic pulsations and the crisp and flexible transmission of each flying dot and dash, that the man operating that key behind the wooden partition was a finished and expert telegrapher. I heard the Calabrian cough—it seemed to me warningly.

"Can't you give me a face-massage with that Sicilian Cream now?" I peevishly demanded. Then I yawned again, as though the man Joe and his key were nothing to me. For above all things I intended to remain a little longer in that chair. In front of the door the yellow cab-lights still glimmered through the blind-cracks. At the back of the shop that telltale key was still pounding and racing on. I sighed deeply and closed my eyes. I felt satisfied with the situation.

"It's like doin' writing-stunts in a exercise-book," explained the man at my shoulder. "Joe does them same dots and dashes, over and over, until we near go dippy!"

"Send him away!" I murmured drowsily, lapsing into apparent unconsciousness. But even as I lay back there the messages that were going and coming over that wire, within ten yards of me, sent a thrill of excitement up and down my outstretched legs and made me wonder what manner of mysterious den I had drifted into.

The line itself must have been a private circuit, a wire once used, perhaps, for poolroom purposes, but now out of active racing service. Where it led to I could not even surmise. But its obvious immunity from interruption left me with the impression that it was a strictly limited circuit ending in some well-screened companion dive beyond the ward. Of one thing there could be no mistake: this weasel-faced man behind the partition was nursing no fears as to his own safety, for the trend of the talk between the operators at each end of the wire, as clear to me as though I had been reading it line for line from a printed page before my eyes, had already branded him as the "middleman" of a band of forgers. The shop itself was an innocent-fronted "dump," I next discovered, for the meeting of "scratchers" and "go-betweens" and "layers-down". And I soon understood, as I listened to the quick exchange of question and answer, how essential that wire was for their operations.

But the matter of the patiently waiting cab was still a mystery. And a mystery it remained; until I knew, by the change in the "send," that a new man was at the far end of the wire. I realized by the quick ease with which he slung off the hog-Morse, that I was listening to still another operator who was both adept and experienced.

"Is this Shorty?" asked the key behind the partition, after its bridging and introductory double "*I's*," like the call to attention of a telephone bell.

"Yes," answered the sounder. "Who's sending?"

The answer I could not make out: it was given in cipher. But the rest of the message was plain. "I drop out of the Buck Creegan move to-night."

"You *can't* drop out!" complained the sounder, for to the experienced ear "telegraphese" can be made as mobile and expressive as the tones of the human voice.

"Is everything clear to talk over this wire?" was the next sentence.

"Everything safe as a cellar—go on," answered the key behind the partition.

"Pinkertons nipped Creegan's layer at noon to-day on a one-hundred raised note—he bought a drink to pass the bill and the booze spilled on his brush-work and made the color run—let Sullivan know and see what can be done."

"You see what comes of boozing," answered the mirthless key. "But I can't touch Creegan or Sullivan—this is my busy night."

"What?" demanded the wire.

"Count me out—I have big things doing—*Adams is out of Matteawan!*" Then came a second or two of silence.

"What Adams?"

"Adams—Butch Adams—Buggsey Ballard."

"I guess I understand—but what is he doing out of dump?"

"Centre Street people tipped them off up there, maybe, to make it easy for him—they want to get him loose and see if it won't be a case of dog eat dog."

"You don't mean get at Fenton?"

"Sure I mean Fenton—those two men have had it hot and heavy for seven years—to-night they're going to fight it out to a finish."

"But is Fenton wise?" asked the wire.

"Not if we know it."

"Then you mean Adams and Fenton will get together, after all! How about bulls?" Bulls, I knew, was yeggman *argot* for police officers.

"They daren't touch the case," was the answer. "The Old Man dropped the hint, and they're all wise—so it's just dog eat dog until something is chewed up, and no interference."

The little dot-and-dash instrument clicked out a mirthless "Ha-ha!" There seemed something almost Satanic in that metallic Morse symbol for laughter, something cruel and calm and dispassionate.

"But what's this gamblers' row to you?" asked the wire.

"I get five hundred for getting Adams into Fenton's." I sat up a little, involuntarily, at the words. Then I listened to the key again. "And another fifty from outside when the business is finished up proper."

"Is deal square?" asked the wire.

"Square enough for two lunatics, I guess," answered the sounder behind the partition. "They're dead ones now in everything but that old scrap of theirs—I guess they'll die happy as bulldogs if they get their teeth set in each other."

Then came another brief silence. I noticed for the first time that the barber no longer stood beside me. He was placidly reading a pink-tinted evening paper behind the stove.

"The Chief wants to know what you're doing now?" asked the wire again.

"Waiting here with Adams until Fenton's men get away and Everhardt is off the beat. He's uncertain."

"Well, enjoy yourself," answered the mirthless wire, followed by a crisply sent "30," the "telegraphese" for "Good night."

"Thirty," answered the key, and a moment later I heard the sound of steps on the floor inside. I was snoring audibly as the door opened. Although I could not see the weasel-faced man as he stepped out and stood there, I knew he was peering over at me. I also knew he had made some peremptory sign to the man reading the newspaper, for a moment later I heard the rustle of the fallen pages and the sound of his steps coming toward me.

He shook me roughly. I was hard to waken, and gaped up at him mumblingly, and then wrathfully. I settled back, and he shook me again. But in the meantime I had seen two things. One was the glimmer of the lamps of the still waiting cab, through the blind-cracks, and the other was the weasel-faced individual standing impatiently in front of the telephone on the partition.

I pulled myself together, yawning and stretching. Much as I wanted to stay and hear just what message would go over that telephone, I saw my presence there longer was impossible. I lounged over toward my hat and coat, sleepily adjusted my collar and tie, and even essayed to feed a cuttlefish bone to the drowsy canary. But I saw by the face of the fat-handed man holding the door for me that patience was exhausted. And I had no desire to cross any one of the worthies in that placid little shop.

So I stumbled out into the foggy street, turning aimlessly southward past the waiting cab. I had just time to round the first corner when the man with the weasel face darted out across the sidewalk and sprang through the cab-door, which had opened for him as he came. Then I heard the horse's hoofs pound the asphalt, and the rattle of wheels.

I swung about, and sprinted toward Sixth Avenue, in the wake of the hurrying carriage. Under the shadow of an "L" station stood three "night-hawks." The man on the last cab, a claret-skinned buccaneer in an oilskin coat, caught sight of me as I ran toward him through the fog. Being a Tenderloin cabman, he snatched up his whip and reins without questioning, before my foot touched the steps. The other carriage was out of sight.

"The old Penfield club-house, quick!" I called out, as the hoofs clattered, the door slammed, and we jolted over the car tracks.

Even the Under Groove has secrets of its own. But bit by bit and fragment by fragment, as I sat back on those foul and moldy-smelling cushions, I pieced together what I had heard and what I had already known, bridging each fissure with inference and deduction. And as the strange and mottled story of those two lives that had been given up to hate bickered through my brain, with the flashing speed of a kinetoscope film, it filled me with a certain awe at the primordial and epic-like ferocities, the dogged and barbaric malignity, of its two grim protagonists. The weasel-faced man at the wire had been right; they were "dead ones." The slow and corroding poison of that long hatred, of that sullen and sinister virulence of soul, had already done its work. They were mere derelicts on the sea-lanes of actual life. One was a man without sight; the other had already paced the cells of a criminals' asylum. They were already dead; they were nothing now but madly contentious shadows, unwholesome phantoms crowned with the swamp-glow of decaying hatreds. Yet as I recalled certain rumors and whispers that had traveled up and down the Under Groove, certain stories of how the blind Fenton guarded and nursed his strength and daily and most patiently practised with his revolvers, shooting at targets from which bells sounded, training his ear to detect the minutest change of distance by sound variation, I began to foresee that this lonely Samson in his city fortress might still make his stand against the circuitous assault of Adams. Whatever form that assault might take, it was clear that there would be no outside interference. One of the laws of the lawless is to let every man finish his own fight. And Fenton, the politician, had become a menace to his opponents. With the police, apparently, it was to be fire fighting fire.

I decided, during that wild drive, that it would be better for me to drop out within a square or two of Fenton's place. My approach would have to be indirect and unnoticed. Yet I felt convinced that some secret and unforeseen avenue of attack had been left open for Adams. It was plain that he did not intend to strike openly. His entrance to that stronghold of the enemy would have to be an unsuspected and illicit one. My first task was to discover that way of entrance.

Once away from my cab, I made a careful circuit of the block. The fog had lifted by this time, and now a cold rain, slashing across the city from the east, left the undulating pavements full of puddles. Seeing nothing, I crossed the street to the shadowy and drier corners of the shop-fronts. From there I looked up, studying the blurred sky-line before me. While I stood there, well back in the gloom of a cloak factory's delivery door, buttressed by empty packing-cases, a little man with a weasel face went by.

I watched him guardedly, shadowing every move he made. I saw him cross to the other side of the street, and beat back again in the direction from which he had first appeared. Three doors west of the Fenton building I saw him come to a sudden stop. I had time, as he looked cautiously up and down the street, to dip back behind a flight of door-steps. Then I saw the gaunt figure stoop and quickly test with one hand the iron grating that opened to the sidewalk on which he stood. Then he peered up and down the rain-swept street again, and went scurrying around the nearest corner, northward.

I directed my attention to this building before which he had stopped. It was one of those shabbily staid Knickerbocker residences so common in the lower parts of New York, belatedly surrendered to commercial pursuits. The lower half of it, I could see by the sign-board, had been converted into a cigar factory. The two upper stories had been made into fur lofts.

Thirty seconds after that furtive figure had passed the street-corner, I was testing the same iron grating with my own fingers. For I had reason to suspect that the coming intruder, when once inside, would see to it that this particular grating was locked after him.

It was still unlocked, and swung outward without resistance. So, drawing it back, I dropped down into the cellar-like opening, closing the little iron-rodded door after me. Then I listened for a second or two, and, hearing nothing, struck a match and made my way cautiously forward into the cellar.

I blanketed the flame with my hands so that the merest pencil of light went out before me. It fell on rows of moldy-smelling tobacco-leaf bales, with here and there a barrel and a pine box or two. From the innermost corner ascended a broken and dirt-littered stairway. I should have preferred getting up that stairway, and on up to the roof even, at once. But I was uncertain as to what might confront me above-stairs. So I waited well back behind the rank-odored tobacco bales, knowing it would not be long.

A little tingle of shock ran up and down my backbone as I heard the squeak of the grating-hinge, and the momentary rattle of the chain-lock, and then the heavy breathing of the intruder, as he groped his way in through the darkness. And that man, I knew, as he felt about for the stairway, was Adams himself. There was no mistaking the ape-like shoulders, even in dim silhouette. He was alone, and he had locked the grating behind him. I waited there without moving. I found it hard to relish the thought that the man before me was Butch Adams.

Then I heard him ascend, step by step, and open a door at the head of the stairway. I knew, from the sound of those quick and unhesitating footsteps, that he was afraid of neither discovery nor interference. He must have known, I surmised, that the building was empty.

Something in the fate-like tread of those unhesitating feet, as I crept up after him, stairway by stairway, seemed as blind and implacable as the homing instinct of animals, as the spawning-passion of salmon climbing wild and bruised to their almost inaccessible head waters. Even as I stood on the iron ladder under the carefully replaced hatch through which he had disappeared, and heard the rain beating and pounding on the flat tinned roof, I did not hesitate to follow close at his heels. For I felt that he would never stop until he had reached his goal.

The thought came to me, as I cautiously emerged from the narrow hatch and peered about, through the sting of the rain, at that broken and lonely sky-line of roofs so high above the city, that this arena of coming struggle was to be as isolated as though it lay on some rock-plateau of a desert. It seemed another world—that city of sleepers, of light and life and warmth, only five short stories below me. Yet there on the crest of that lonely sky-line, three roofs to the westward, blocked out against the midnight gloom, stood the Fenton building. And as I crouched and peered toward it I could see a dim figure creeping cat-like along the rising tiers of intervening roofs.

I advanced as he advanced, only I went on my hands and knees through pools of water, and under the dripping rods of a broken iron roof fence, scrambling slowly up four feet of wet brick wall, squirming through still other rusty iron bars, and always seeking the shelter of the house-chimneys where they offered shelter.

Before me stood what I knew to be the

roof-top gymnasium, the walking-track and swimming-pool, of the blind gambler. It was little more than a clumsily improvised superstructure, imposed on a portion of the original Penfield building, and now guarded by a sort of *chevaux-de-frise* of pointed wrought-iron rods. It was little more than a rectangle of bald brick wall surmounted by two huge skylights. And from no part of it did a glimmer of light come.

I wormed my way slowly across to the wrought-iron rods. The ninth rod that I tugged at was loose. It had been sawn through at the base with a burglar's steel saw. As I stooped there, waiting, I heard a faint but unmistakable noise. It was the sound a pocket jimmy might make in forcing a window sash. The man before me had in some way mounted the bald brick wall and pried open one of the skylights.

Minute by minute crept by, but no further sound came down to me. A quarter of an hour lengthened to a half-hour, and still I crouched there in the driving rain, waiting.

Then above each skylight suddenly flowered and hung a thin glow of light. The electrics in the gymnasium below had been turned on. I could distinctly hear the slow and steady tramp of feet. It was Fenton.

It was the blind man, pacing the lonely ramparts of his fortress. I pushed up the loose rod and squeezed in between the wet irons, circling the brick wall cautiously, step by step. On the remoter side of it my groping hands came in contact with a little segment of iron roof-fencing, standing on end against the wall. It had been used as a ladder, to gain the gymnasium roof.

My moment of hesitation, as I stood with one foot on the first rung of that improvised ladder, was broken by a muffled scrape and a soft thud. It sounded through the beating rain, little more than a cat-leap on a bare floor. It was followed by a second unmistakable sound, an involuntary, irrepressible wolf-like snarl of hate. But even before I heard the blind man's sharp answering challenge, his animal-like cry of alarm, I knew that the intruder had let himself down through the opened skylight, that the two were together.

Adams was in the stronghold of the man he hated. Those two old and unrelenting enemies at last were together, face to face. Those two spirits of crime and adventure, who had lived fast and loose, who had held life cheap and reveled in its risks and dangers, at last were confronting each other, were to essay once more that fight which had embittered and stunted their minds and warped and wrecked their lives. They were alone there, at last, face to face, on that lonely housetop, shut off from the rest of the world, destined to fight out their fight without earthly interference, without possible help. There seemed something legendary and Neolithic in it all to me, as I crept up the iron ladder and dropped down beside the open skylight. There was something so ferine and untamed and ruthless in it all, something so aboriginal and adamitic, that it seemed almost absurd to me that each man should hold in his hand a revolver, a delicate instrument, a glimmering firearm, a complicated and highly developed tool of an age that calls itself civilized. Below me lay the garishly lighted gymnasium, as bare and bald as a barn. From end to end stretched the limpid surface of the swimming-pool, circled by its narrow wooden track. Behind this again stood the plain walls of whitewashed brick. At the far end was a door. On one side of the pool stood the great giant-like figure of Fenton. He waited there, alert and challenging, poised and listening, and as I peered down at him I could scarcely believe that the man I saw was blind. He stood there so unflinching, so ominous, holding in his hand a long-barreled Colt "repeater."

Then, as I watched, I understood for the first time the cat-like intruder's bewilderment. Not only did the Colt point directly at the crouching figure of Adams, but *as Adams stepped to one side, the gun-barrel followed him, foot by foot, at the sound of each move.* As he stepped to the other side, the ever-menacing barrel still followed him.

I once more remembered the talk about Fenton and his revolver-practise: how, after sight had left him, he had made a laborious study of sound-direction, month after month volleying at targets from behind which signals had sounded, day by day sensitizing his ear to detect the minutest refraction and direction of sound.

Adams stood there, hesitating, in wonder, realizing that the other man's barrel covered him, fearing, I took it, that this barrel might bark out at even the telltale click of a trigger-spring. But he was more than crafty. I saw him take out his knife, and quietly cut his shoe laces, from top to bottom, and even down into the leather of the uppers. Then he stepped silently out of the shoes, and went padding and crouching noiselessly along the wooden track, toward the door at the end of the pool. Once opposite it, he dropped to his hands and knees, darted out a hand, and turned the key in the lock. Quick as a flash he flung the key into the pool—for he wanted no interruptions.

The result of those two actions more than startled me. For each movement was followed by a shot from Fenton's repeating Colt. The first tore through the door panel, a foot above where Adams crouched. The second spit and cut into the water of the swimming-pool, within two feet of where the key had splashed.

Adams crouched there, transfixed. Equally motionless stood the other man, waiting for the least sound. There was nothing, for a moment or two, to break the dead silence.

It was a tableau that might be seen only once in a lifetime—the two waiting and challenging and menacing figures, facing each other across that unruffled pool of water.

How long that tableau might have lasted it is hard to say. But it was ended from a quarter least expected. It was broken by the frenzied call of a woman's voice, a cry of fear that filled the place with a sudden tumult and riot of noise, followed by a quick and terrified pounding on the locked door.

It was then, as Fenton half turned toward the door, that Adams fired! He fired madly, insanely, clutching one of the stanchions and leaning far out over the pool, emptying every chamber of his revolver in one wide volley.

Fenton returned his fire, not wildly, but calmly, methodically, filling the place with a pulsating roar of sound that was almost deafening. But I saw, as those bullets flattened against the whitewashed bricks, that *he was quickly yet deliberately raking the length of the pool, from east to west, foot by foot.*

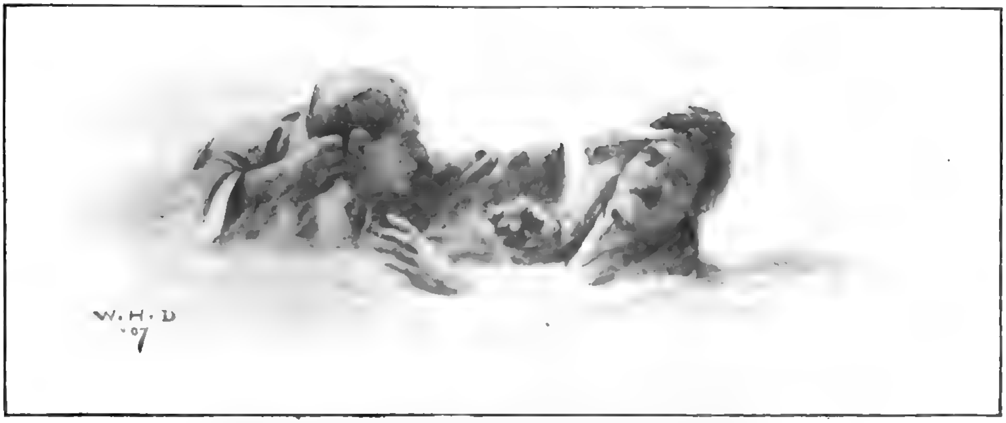
Adams poised there motionless, knowing the slightest sound might still betray him, and watching that relentless volley come nearer and nearer, puzzled, bewildered, knowing he must act and act quickly.

Why he did what he did in his unreasoning passion for escape only he and his Maker will ever know. But suddenly he dived head foremost into the pool.

Fenton waited and listened only one second. It was, perhaps, merely to make sure of his bearings. An exultant little cry of satisfaction, of triumph, escaped him. Then the sound of his great body as it cut the water rose even above the calling and the frantic pounding on the door.

The two enemies at last had met, body to body, barehanded; they were fighting it out with the tooth and nail and sheer muscular strength of primitive man. The water thrashed and churned, where they met and locked together. The battling bodies rose and went under, and rose again, and still once more went under. Then the churning water quieted; nothing but an air-bubble or two came to the limpid surface.

I drew back, for the door had been broken in. I turned away, and climbing down the section of roof-fencing, staggered away across the wet housetops, down some unknown fire-escape, and out into the muffling and sheltering blackness of the night.



THE BATTLING BODIES ROSE AND WENT UNDER, AND ROSE AGAIN

The Players

GLORIFIED theft seems to appeal to theatrical audiences. "Raffles" and "Leah Kleschna" are still enjoying enormous prosperity on the road, although they are now only memories in New York, where the foundation of their success was laid. But these memories are sharply revived by a new play, frankly called "The Thief," which has made an impression that approaches a sensation.

It is an extraordinary drama, one of those that command interest at the very start and hold it to the end, while at the same time tempting people of an analytical turn of mind into long discussion—effects that do not always go together. The heroine is just what the title calls her—a thief. Heretofore it has been held that a play with such a central figure could not succeed on the American stage. We are supposed to demand that heroes and heroines be possessed of virtue—pure, twenty-four carat virtue—on the stage. "The Thief" smashes this cherished tradition, for it is not only the most talked about but the most successful, financially, of the new plays. Let us see why.

The author, Henri Bernstein, a native of Paris, shows a marvelous mastery of the art of making plays. One is sure that, in the beginning, his object was to give an actress opportunity for what is known as emotional work, an ambition that has inspired some thousands of plays, I suppose. To this end he invented an absorbing melodramatic story; and he develops the situations with an ingenuity all the more remarkable because logic is not sacrificed. M. Bernstein has, besides, the scholarly touch, the capacity for clear and exact thinking, for forceful expression. In fact, so brilliant is the handling of "The Thief" that one is tempted to describe it as an intellectual drama, though it is far from being anything of the kind.

Those who know most about the difficult art of playwriting are loudest in their praises of the technical perfection of this drama, and it is this perfection, more than anything else, that explains its success. It may surprise you to know that it is infinitely easier to write a play with many characters than one with only a few; that the four-act form is much easier than the three-act form; and that the introduction of a sub-plot is, in some sort, a confession that the author cannot sustain interest in his main theme throughout the play. There are very few modern plays in which are not introduced scenes whose real object, more or less skilfully disguised, is to kill time, for a play must run approximately for about 120 acting minutes—130, if it is a three-act play.

Now "The Thief" has but seven characters all told, one of whom is a servant. It has not the suggestion of a sub-plot, and no comedy. It is in three acts, and there is not a scene that is irrelevant; indeed, not one that doesn't seem to be absolutely necessary. The action takes place within twelve hours. There is no delving into history to make it plain; everything happens before the audience. And there is action all the time, with continual surprises, even in the long second act where only two people are on the stage. The author's powers of invention seem to be without limit, and yet, when it is all over, one feels that the drama has developed logically and naturally, that it could have followed no other course.

In my opinion, the success of this play

proves that, after all, an absorbing story, clearly, strongly told, is the main essential; and further, that it is really in spite of the character of the heroine that "The Thief" succeeds in this country. It is true, however, that the playwright has, with his almost uncanny skill, created and maintained sympathy for his thieving heroine. The character of *Marie-Louise* is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of sentimentality, nauseous counterfeit of real sentiment which has a painfully wide appeal. For you must know that *Marie-Louise* steals thousands of dollars from her best friends, whose guest she is, in order to make herself beautiful in the eyes of her husband, who is much older than herself, and whom she adores.

One can understand how this situation might appeal to the French mind, which would regard such devotion as an excuse for almost any crime. But the plain, commonsense American cannot believe that the most sublime wifely affection justifies plain, ordinary thieving. All the author's skill in arousing one's sympathetic interest in *Marie-Louise,* in her morbidly powerful love for her husband, in her suffering, and in her final repentance, cannot disguise the fact that when one sifts it down, she is rather a nasty little thief.

In the whole range of the drama there are few rôles that make such demands upon an actress as does this. It requires a Duse to do *Marie-Louise* justice. Margaret Illington does far better than one could expect of a player with her rather limited experience and training. She looks very charming, and in the quiet, simpler scenes she is delightful. But in the big scenes she harps too much on one minor note and so becomes monotonous. The delicate shades of expression, the revelation of the soul of the woman she is impersonating, in short, the subtleties of the plot, are beyond her powers. Yet there are moments when she is really fine, especially when she resents her husband's unjust accusation of unfaithfulness.

Kyrle Bellew plays the husband, *Voysin*—a part scarcely less difficult than that of the wife—with the finish, the force, the naturalness that come of ripe intelligence, wide experience, and a delicate appreciation of possibilities. Especially in the long, exacting second act is the greatness of his resources evident. Most notable in its subtle emphasis is the *Zamboult* of Sidney Herbert, who makes the French detective a real character—one that lingers in the memory.

It is cheerful to record that Alla Nazimova, the Russian actress who, in five or six months, learned enough English to appear successfully on Broadway, has convinced the most skeptical that she is not merely a fad, but one of the greatest living actresses, and this in one of the most intellectual of the somber Ibsen plays, "The Master Builder." William Archer, whom the English-speaking world regards as its highest authority on the Norwegian playwright, says of it:

"It would be a paradox to call 'The Master Builder' the greatest of Ibsen's plays, but one of his three or four greatest it assuredly is. Of all his writings it is the most original, the most individual, the most unlike any other drama by any other writer. . . . It is Ibsen and nothing but Ibsen."

This is enough to make the large number who detest Ibsen seek the very tallest timbers and hide in the darkest recesses when the play is on the boards. Whereas the Ibsen followers, who, you know, are regarded as third-degree Highbrows, and who feel themselves signally favored individuals, rejoice exceedingly that this drama especially should be seen on the stage. But the proud possessors of lofty intellects cannot be depended upon to support an Ibsen play. They seem to feel that their devotion should entitle them to free admission. Should not Art be free? So it is the General-Public-That-Pays, as distinguished from the Exclusive-Highbrows-That-Admire, that must be depended upon to make Ibsen productions financially profitable. The G. P. doesn't like Ibsen, which is natural enough, but the wonderful acting of Nazimova has been noised about, and those who are attracted to the theatre become her captives. The G. P. is willing to accept the drama for the sake of the actress.

If one is interested in trying to find out how others think, in tracing out intellectual processes, then this "soul study," as Mr. Archer calls it, of a man with a sickly conscience that is continually getting in its deadly work, is really absorbing. But if one has small interest in psychology, preferring to feel rather than to think, then the Ibsen play is the most depressing horror the stage has known.

I am sure it is not Ibsen but the genius of Nazimova that crowds the theatre nightly. The marked improvement in her English makes it possible for her to reveal more convincingly her great power as an actress, to give the most delicate shadings, and to make the spoken word as eloquent as are her facial expression and her gestures. She is so natural, so real, so thoroughly alive, that she never seems to be acting at all. Indeed, one of the secrets of her success with Ibsen's heroines is that she makes them human flesh and blood people, and not mere psychological abstractions, vague symbols of shadowy truths. And along with her consummate art, her great versatility, she has the wonderful quality of personal attraction that is called magnetism. At twenty-eight Alla Nazimova must be ranked with the half-dozen greatest actresses of the past quarter of a century. In every character she plays she seems a wholly different woman.

Valiantly and not unsuccessfully does Walter Hampton struggle with the difficult part of *Solness*, the master builder. He looks the part, especially in its splendid virility, and he reads with much intelligence, but he has not the magic gift of portraying illusion; one cannot forget that he is acting. On the other hand, H. Reeves-Smith, so thoroughly disguised by make-up that his best friend would not recgonize him, is very real as *Dr. Herdal*. On the whole, "The Master Builder" is very much better acted than any other Ibsen play that I have seen.

"The Struggle Everlasting" is not nearly so great a novelty as the exploitation of the idea led one to believe it would be. Edwin Milton Royle, an honor man in his university, who studied for the bar, turned actor, and then developed into a playwright, attempted a daring thing—to write a "modern morality play." Like his earlier play, "The Squaw Man," it was originally in one act and was presented at a gambol of the Lambs' Club, the most powerful of the actors' social organizations in New York. It was afterwards elaborated into a prologue and three acts.

The result is curious and interesting. The program prepares one for symbolical drama, inasmuch as the chief characters are called *Mind*, *Body*, *Soul*, *Worldly Wise*, *A Banker*, and so on. The prologue, in a very elaborate and beautiful forest setting, is supposed to strike the key. In this, *Body* is a mysteriously fascinating woodland sprite and *Mind* is a young student. But in the first act Mr. Royle plunges boldly into modern drama. If one did not see the prologue, it would not be missed at all; and without the program to guide, one would never suspect that "The Struggle Everlasting" was meant to be a symbolical play. It is merely a modern drama with an unpleasant theme which develops powerful situations, none too closely knit together. In brief, the story is that of a young student who has been carrying on an affair with a servant girl whom he takes to the city upon his graduation. There the girl develops into a very thorough, prosperous courtesan, who wrecks the life of a dozen people: a prizefighter, a musician, a banker, and an actor; the student who is *Mind* alone escaping destruction. In the end she falls in love with a young preacher, who is *Soul*. He converts her to the extent of making her realize the error of her ways, and she commits suicide to save the clergyman's career.

Now the old morality plays deal with broad

Photograph by White, New York.

HELEN HALE AND RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN "THE YANKEE TOURIST."

abstractions, are more or less independent of time and place, and have an austere dignity, often a lofty grandeur. "The Struggle Everlasting" is concrete; it does not have general significance, not because its problem is personal, but because its characters are individuals, rather than types, despite the abstractions suggested by the names on the program. *Mind* might be *John March*, and *Body* might be *Flossie Montmorency*. For the most part, the dialogue is written in the colloquial speech of the college and of the Great White Way in New York, and some of it is brilliant. One might well believe—although I do not think it is true—that Mr. Royle had employed the morality play idea to give him greater license, to enable him to say things that might offend without the disarming morality play hall-mark.

"The Struggle Everlasting" is exceedingly well acted. Florence Roberts is the star, and she again shows herself one of the best trained of modern actresses, displaying about as high a degree of mechanical perfection as a player can hope to attain. She seems to know every trick of the stage: the exact value of the movement of a finger, of every inflection. But there is no inspiration in her acting, none of the magic something that gets hold of one. She lacks the art of concealing her art—to use a hackneyed phrase—so that one is reminded of General Horace Porter's definition of a mugwump as a person "educated beyond his capacity."

Arthur Byron doesn't look like *Mind*; neither does his acting suggest the domination of intellectual force. But he is highly intelli-

RENA VIVIENNE AND CORA MALVERN IN "MADAM BUTTERFLY."

Photograph by Franck C. Bangs, New York.

ALLA NAZIMOVA.

Photograph by White, New York.

ETHEL JACKSON AND THE "SHOW GIRLS" IN "THE MERRY WIDOW."

gent and forceful, even if he is rather fleshly. DeWitt Jennings, the preacher, who is called *Soul* in the program, is remarkably effective; as the stage preacher who stands for the old-fashioned pietistic religion always is. The manly preacher is one of the most dependable of the playwright's characters, and he is a stupid dramatist who cannot put in his mouth effective scriptural quotations. Mr. Jennings is a strong actor and he plays with real earnestness and sincerity. Robert Peyton Carter as *Worldly Wise*, Edwin Holt as *A Banker*, Joseph Adelman as *An Actor*, and Franklin Roberts as *A Pugilist* stand out in a cast wherein the smallest part is as carefully presented as the most important.

Henry Arthur Jones also depends upon a preacher to carry his latest play, which he calls "The Evangelist." Really, it is another edition of "The Hypocrites." Stripped to the essentials, both are rather commonplace melodrama. Both have fine characterization, brilliant lines, and scintillating satire. In both there are two women guilty of the unpardonable sin, of which, it appears, only women can be guilty. Mr. Jones has sent more women to the bad for the sake of redeeming them than has any other living dramatist; and he handles them to the great delight of minds of a certain conventional order—especially in England, where his popularity is enormous.

In this latest play he lampoons the clergy mercilessly, that is, the regular clergy, from a bishop of the established church down to the narrow, belligerent pastor of Ebenezer

Photograph by White, New York.

FLORA JULIET BOWLEY AND ROBERT EDESON IN "CLASSMATES."

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

MARIE DORO.

in "The Struggle Everlasting." Howard Kyle plays the part in the Jones drama, and he plays it exceedingly well, those limitations that have marred former portrayals standing him in excellent stead in his work as the preacher.

Except for Dorothy Thomas, who plays the erring wife, but who fails to reach the possibilities of the rôle, "The Evangelist" is admirably played—from little Edith Taliaferro who is only eleven or twelve, and is the sister of Mabel Taliaferro, to W. H. Compton as the old baronet, and Charles Fulton as the worldly-wise father of the bad wife. Mr. Jones has said that Edith Taliaferro is the best child actress on the stage, and one may well believe it. The late Joseph Jefferson discovered her a few years before his death, when she gave an imitation of him at a children's entertainment.

The idea of modern characters carried far back into the past is used both in "When Knights Were Bold" and in "The Road to Yesterday." This seems to be an excellent notion,

Baptist Chapel. Much of this satire, which would appeal to middle-class English folk, is lost in this country because we are not familiar with the conditions existing in a British manufacturing town. And anyway, I don't think we care much about having clergymen assailed on the stage.

Mr. Jones protects himself from criticism and secures a forceful contrast by making his hero an evangelistic clergyman who is very, very good—too good to be palatable. Also he has dramatized rather cleverly the theatric effects employed by the evangelist. It is interesting to note that the character of *Sylvanus Rebbins* is exactly the same as *Soul*

for both plays have made a big success. But in the former it is handled as a farce and in the latter it is worked out sentimentally. I am not sure but that I prefer the poetic treatment, far-fetched though it is. "When Knights Were Bold," however, is howlingly funny for two acts; the third act dribbles off into nothingness. It serves as a real vehicle for Francis Wilson, the first honestly successful one he has had since he gave up musical comedy. He plays it with all the license he used to take when he was making his reputation, when he was willing to commit any extravagance for the sake of a laugh. Apparently remembering every bit of horse-play, every inflection, every twist and turn that produced an effect, he cuts up monkey shines to his heart's content. And people like it. He has very excellent material provided him by the author, Charles Marlow, especially in the second act, where *Sir Guy DeVere*, waking up to find he has gone back 700 years, nevertheless tries to run his castle according to modern ideas. Mr. Wilson has a gorgeous time clowning it, and there is nothing he does so well.

The George Cohan school of musical comedy has many imitators, which is not to be marveled at, considering the success attained by the young Irishman. Mr. Cohan introduces in his musical mixtures what is supposed to be "pathetic heart interest," but what is nothing but commonplace melodrama of a rather cheap sort. His imitators have not discovered the important fact that a Cohan show succeeds despite this incongruous element and not because of it. He has a real gift for producing catchy songs, creating mirth-provoking situations, and arranging them so that his show goes with a rush.

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

LOTTA FAUST.

"Lola from Berlin," which John J. McNally wrote for Lulu Glaser, suggests the Cohan success, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." There is a valiant attempt at a plot, but it is in many details absurd without being amusing.

Miss Glaser deserves a far better comedy and one hopes that some day she will secure a vehicle as fine as her German dialect, for there has been no broken speech so delicious since the days of "Fritz" Emmett.

"The Hurdy Gurdy Girl" is, in a way, an imitation of another Cohan show, "Little Johnny Jones." It goes in strongly for melodrama and "heart interest," neither of which carries. It is not altogether lacking in fun: there are some lively songs and a great deal of chorus-girl activity. Richard Carle is chiefly responsible for it, and his rather limited type of humor seems to have missed fire. John W. Ransome did his best in a familiar German dialect part, but the applause was mostly for Annie Yeamans, who is soon to retire after something like half a century of stage life.

MY SISTER'S JANE

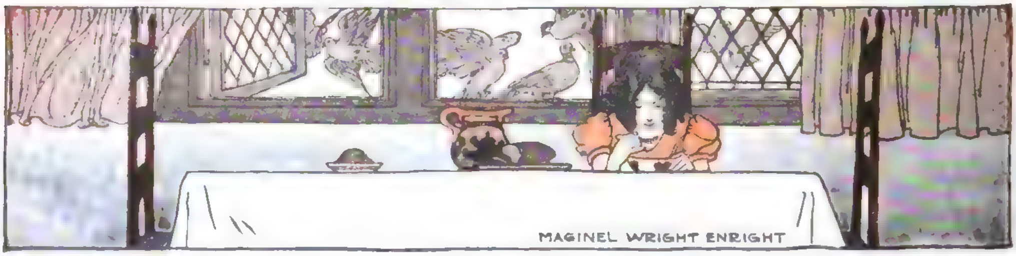
BY SARAH N CLEGHORN

DEARE little Jane is Tall for Seven;
  Her Legs are Long, her Arms are Thin;
She runns about from morn to even,
  Runns & plays, out Doors & in.

Her hair is Black, her eyes are Gray,
  High is her Forehead, short her Chin.
No Blowzy Red Cheeks take away
  The Lady Whiteness of her skin.

In Church how still, how like a Mouse!
  In School how quick, yett Modest too—
How nimbly sewing in the house!
  How faire Abroad in Bonnet blue!

One only Fault in her wee find
  (& that must Chease & Butter cure),
She runns & plays soe like the Wind,
  It keeps her Spindling, Thin & Poore.



WHAT CAUSED THE PANIC

A CONSULTATION BY

LYMAN J. GAGE
PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER
STUYVESANT FISH
JAMES J. HILL
BYRON W. HOLT
THOMAS W. LAWSON

The United States is an immensely prosperous nation. In material resources ours is the richest country in the world. Though not so great as last year's, our crops of wheat, corn, and cotton for 1907 are immense. Our gold-mines are producing a million dollars a day. Yet our securities have fallen billions of dollars in value. Banks have closed their doors. Clearing-houses have issued certificates. Thousands of laborers have been discharged. We have had a panic. Why? What causes operated to provoke this cataclysm? We decided that it was our business to inform our readers. This Christmas issue was on the presses at the height of the crisis. We stopped the run and by telephone and telegraph secured the opinions of the men who speak with authority—the greatest financiers and political economists in the country. To carry their responses we inserted sixteen extra pages. The experts differ, but whoever reads their diagnoses will better understand the recent panic and its cause.

Weak Currency System

By **LYMAN J. GAGE**

Ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury.

NO financial crisis was ever more generally anticipated than the one of 1907. Thoughtful men realized that conditions were rapidly approaching a point where, unless a change were effected, a panic must result. During the last few years hundreds of millions of dollars have been destroyed by wars and natural disasters. A modest estimate of the destruction wrought by the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, and the war between Russia and Japan is $3,000,000,000, and to this should be added at least $500,000,000 of property swallowed up in the San Francisco and the Chilean earthquakes of last year. All this vast sum, if not destroyed, would have been available for useful works of value to man. During the past few years, also, there has been an unprecedented activity in the creation of works ministering to human needs. The construction of railways, electric-lighting plants, cotton-mills, steamships, etc., in the past six years has used up no less than $5,000,000,000. Capital thus transferred and fixed in permanent form has been gradually furnished by those who possessed it, and in place of it the possessors have been supplied with securities, such as stocks and bonds, from which they might expect to draw an income over an indefinite future.

It is a matter of the most common observation that the creation of these vast works has been justified by the needs of a progressive civilization, but that does not nullify the fact that capital once transferred to the creation of railroads and similar enterprises no longer exists in available form for other purposes. It is just as much absorbed, though not wasted, as if it had been shot away in gunpowder or fed to soldiers during a bloody campaign.

It has been further evident to thinking persons that the pressure for the use of capital has outmeasured the supply of capital. It is much easier and quicker to plan schemes, pass resolutions in directors' meetings, print and offer bonds and stocks for sale, than it is to gather the capital to exchange for them, no matter how meritorious an enterprise may be. That we lately reached a period when the deadlock between capital and the demand for it was manifest is shown by the higher terms of interest offered by conservative enterprises. In fact, long-time bonds could find no buyers during the past year. Syndicates privately formed, which had taken blocks of securities in the expectation of selling them to the investing public, found that there was no public that would or could buy. In the exigency thus revealed, the great borrowing enterprises, finding it impossible to negotiate long-time bonds, resorted to the device of issuing short-time notes running for one, two, and three years, at the most tempting rates of interest. Under these unusual inducements, the controllers of capital represented by money and credits in bank, who would have considered it imprudent to invest funds in long-time bonds, felt justified in taking over hundreds of millions of dollars of short-time securities, and thus the delicacy of the situation was greatly aggravated.

This was about the situation in the early fall, when the annual harvest put in its inexorable demand for the temporary use of capital, or its representative money, to pay the incidental expenses of its gathering. It is a known fact that the thousands of banks standing next in proximity to the agriculturist, and relied upon by him to supply his needs, keep a large portion of their funds on deposit in reserve cities. Upon these reserve centers, then, the country banks from Louisiana to Minnesota made their usual autumnal requisitions. The situation thus created found the banks in reserve cities, for the general reasons above considered, especially weak in their money reserves. With a proper system of currency in the United States, this strain from the country would have been met by bank credits issued in the form of circulating notes, fully qualified and entirely adequate to meet the temporary requirements of the crop period. But in the absence of any such system, these requisitions from the interior upon New York banks had to be met out of the already scant supply of their legal money reserves. The withdrawal of these reserves operated upon the great superstructure of bank credit like the removal of foundation-stones from under some great building. To restore equilibrium, the banks in reserve centers were obliged to turn upon their borrowers and force payment from their debtors with little regard to the inconvenience or the loss incidental to liquidation by the debtor class. All the phenomena of shock—a horrible fall in the price of securities—fright and panic, were the final result of the movement sketched. This was a natural and inevitable consequence from the lack of a proper system of currency. Its destructive force has been immensely aggravated, by the wholesale, undiscriminating denunciation of sensational writers and the wild words of some whose duty it was to conserve instead of to destroy.

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Indiscreet Denunciation and Laws

By W. G. SUMNER

Professor of Political and Social Science at Yale University.

Is it true that a period of prosperity tends to a crisis, which must therefore be accepted as fairly to be expected? The answer to this question is, No. There is no reason to expect calamity in the train of consequences of prosperity. In a country situated industrially as the United States is, prosperity means expansion, and that means constant new demands for capital. Demands for capital soon cause operations of credit, and these may run to a crisis. If there are mistakes or abuses of credit, the crisis is more certain and it comes quicker. Has there been any abuse of credit in our recent industrial history? It is possible that evidence of such abuse may appear later, but we have no such evidence yet. The failures have been very few, and very rarely have they been great. The "speculators" have been chiefly wanting. Only two or three have attracted attention. We have had eight or ten years of very great expansion of industry, and it might reasonably be expected that an important number of persons would have made mistakes, and must fail when the money market became stringent. We should then know that an important amount of capital has been lost, and a crisis would be produced in which there would be no mystery. It would be an old and familiar phenomenon. This is not what has happened. Something of that kind has been presented, but it has been limited in amount, as far as the public yet knows, and does not account for the trouble.

There has been one great and important interference with industrial activity and prosperity. It may best be called ethical. Some people of influence have become convinced that great capitalists and captains of industry are in the habit of making operations which are wrong in morals and harmful to private investors and to other individuals whose interests are modest and not easily defended. It is true that there have been cases of such operations. They have caused fright and have given rise to a popular belief that great operators control the affairs of great corporations in such a way that small investors incur risks if they become stockholders in the same corporations. Legislators have also tried to intervene in the struggle of interests on behalf of one party and against the other. The rates of freight and passage on railroads have been fixed by legislation, as the freighters and passengers would like to have them, without knowledge of the cost of the service to the carrier, or apparent care about that. Other laws have defined other duties of carriers in such a way as to make them heavier and more costly. These acts have alarmed the stockholders in the railroads. The President of the United States has made himself the foremost in denouncing capitalists and masters of industry as corrupt and dishonorable managers of the interests under their control. He has declared that he means to use all his legal powers to the utmost to punish the wrongdoers. As a consequence of the laws mentioned and the executive will which has been expressed, it has been a fact that for two years past new attempts to raise capital by any of the most approved and usual methods have met with difficulty and unwilling response, due to timidity.

The ethical and political interferences would not have been very important if the situation had not been critical. There is an increased production of gold, and an advance in prices, the effects of which cannot be ignored. Wages have advanced very seriously, and the demands of laborers have been increased. These changes affect the profits of industry and the outlook of new enterprises. They increase the timidity of petty investors and they present problems which are real.

Now, while the misconduct of powerful masters of industry is not to be excused or made light of, they have not appeared to deserve the attention which has been given to them. The laws which aim to put a stop to such misconduct in obedience to some ethical ideas will only produce far worse evils by throwing the entire financial system into confusion. The fears of the petty investors will cause new acts of folly on the part of the crowd, with wide-reaching results. Respect for law will be overthrown by the weight put upon it. What we have seen is but the beginning of what is to be expected—confusion and wrangling, with stagnation of industry, suppression of enterprise, and a loss of the great and joyous energy which has hitherto characterized our people.

Distrust of Wall Street Methods

By STUYVESANT FISH

Ex-President of the Illinois Central Railway.

THE strain which the financial institutions and the great corporations of this country are undergoing at this writing is not the result of suddenly formed or suddenly precipitated conditions. It is the breaking of a storm which has been visibly rising for many, many months. I do not think I can better comply with EVERYBODY'S request for an analysis of the causes of the money stringency of this fall and winter, than by sending to you a copy of a letter written by me to the editor of a financial journal almost a year ago, for publication in his annual symposium of opinions as to the outlook. It was written at a time of great buoyancy of the market; Wall Street was highly optimistic; since then we have had three "panics": the market collapse of March, the "silent panic" of August, and the present period of wreck and depression involving banks and other fiduciary institutions. This letter seems to me ample proof that the present crisis was easily discernible to myself and others at least ten months before it came; and I have no change to make now in my apportionment of the causes responsible for it:

DECEMBER 27, 1906.

Dear Sir: Replying to your question, "Are we approaching a Great Industrial and Political Crisis?" I beg to say:

In point of time a great industrial crisis is due, and there are many indications of its being imminent. Despite the unprecedented output of gold, money is dear the world over, and dear because of high prices and activity in trade. Nor are other causes for dear money wanting. Great Britain has not fully made up its losses in the Boer War; Japan and Russia, particularly the latter, have scarcely begun to recover from the effects of their recent war.

Indeed it would look as if Russia had not fully financed the cost thereof, and may be on the verge of civil war. Within the past year there have been tremendous losses of capital in the destruction of San Francisco, and in the less awful calamity at Valparaiso, and at its close we have famine in China. Looked at the world over, the volume of the crops of 1906 was not above an average, despite the phenomenal yield in the United States. Prices of commodities are above the normal and rising. Labor all over the world is dearer than ever before; and the tendency is toward higher wages and shorter hours; conditions which are economically wasteful as regards product, whatever their effect may be on the laboring class.

Turning now to our own country, New York, especially that part of it known as "Wall Street," has absorbed, and is absorbing, more than its share of the loanable fund. While our Western and Southern banks—indeed all banks which are "out of town" to New York—are lending more freely than usual at this season, that which they lend is instantly and persistently absorbed by Wall Street.

The New York Stock Exchange has ceased to be a free market, where buyers and sellers fix prices through the ebb and flow of demand and supply, and has become the plaything of a few managers of cliques and pools to such an extent that for months past every announcement of increased dividends, of stock distributions, and of rights, has been met by a fall in prices. The investing public is and remains out of the market, not because of ventures in industrials, in electric railways, or in suburban real estate—the speculation in each of which was checked months ago—

nor yet because of the more recently pricked bubble in mining shares, but simply because of the distrust which even those possessed of ample means have of the methods of corporate finance now in vogue in New York. That Europe shares this distrust of those methods is shown by its outcry against the misuse of American finance bills.

The situation in London, the only available free-gold market in Europe, is by no means certain, even if it may not be called critical. A six-per-cent. bank rate has never before prevailed for so long a time, and it continues to prevail chiefly, if not solely, through fear in London of what America may do. While it may contribute to our national vanity as a "World Power" and as a financial center, to feel that London fears us, that does not increase confidence in our own future. We are still a debtor nation. Europe holds vastly more of our securities than we hold of all foreign securities. . . .

Indeed it seems to me that we are already embarked on a long-needed Moral Financial Reformation, which, like the Religious Reformation of the Middle Ages, will through much cruelty work out good in the end. To the need of such a reformation the public is fully awake.

The election of Mr. Hughes, a Republican, as Governor of New York, accompanied as it was by the election of all the Democratic candidates for other offices, shows the temper of the people even in this State, and it is vastly stronger elsewhere. The selection by Mr. Hughes of Mr. Keep as Superintendent of Banks proves that the Governor-elect recognizes the public demand for moral financial reform. That he is determined to reform other bureaus of the State Government having jurisdiction over other corporations, through the appointment of men equally honest, capable, and fearless, is known of all men. President Roosevelt and his cabinet are like minded with the Governor in this respect. We as yet see but the beginning. Time will work out the end.

There Is Plenty of Money

By JAMES J. HILL

President of the Great Northern Railway System.

THERE is nothing in the actual business conditions of the country to cause or to account for the financial stress everywhere so severely felt. The crops are good, and until money began to disappear, prices were higher than for many years. Buying and selling are not interrupted, trade is active, business as a whole is sound at the core.

Neither is there an insufficient volume of money in the country. A year ago there was enough for all current needs. The notion that Wall Street has in some mysterious way absorbed it, has no foundation. As a matter of fact, the stock transactions are only about half what they were then, with prices greatly reduced. Probably this requires only from one-third to one-fourth of the money that was needed last year.

The trouble clearly comes from the hoarding of money; not by the few, but by the many. Investors, both large and small, feel uncertain about the future of business enterprises, sound and unsound alike.

From whatever source it may have come, the impairment of public confidence is a real fact. It has already done much damage. It will do more, unless speedily corrected. This popular distrust, so far as it leads to the hoarding of cash, is as foolish as it is hurtful. The people should put an end to it by releasing the money whose withdrawal from active circulation means business starvation.

The heavy financial interests of the country are doing their part. The people must put away misgivings and do theirs, and the present crisis will end. Alarmist publications have done much to spread and intensify this distrust.

The consequences bear hardest on the farmer. The fruits of a year's labor are now just gathering, ready for the market. He has the food supply ready, and the world needs and is able to purchase it. But the movement from producer to consumer requires the use of both money and credit. Without such use, the farmer, who is the foundation of all prosperity and whose loss or gain affects the state of other industries, loses a large percentage of the value of every bushel of his wheat and oats and barley, of every pound of butter and of live stock that he has to sell. It is this which makes the present situation such a hardship and an injury to the whole community. For if the cultivators of the soil suffer, no business will escape.

The best and quickest remedy is for every man who is hoarding money to return it to its usual employment. It is he who is doing the mischief. As has been seen, the money is in this country, but it must be made available. It is as much the duty of every citizen to deposit all his surplus cash in the banks, which are entirely sound and solvent, as it would be to subscribe to a war loan.

In this way will money be put into circulation, and the financial institutions of the country will be enabled to make the advances without which business cannot be done.

The Declining Value of Money

By BYRON W. HOLT

Editor of "Moody's Magazine."

THE present financial crisis is world-wide. It is more acute in this country and in Japan because in these countries the prices of commodities, real estate, and securities have risen most rapidly, credit has been most extended, and speculation, largely on margin, has been wildest. It is almost equally acute in Egypt and is pronounced in Germany, England, Canada, and other civilized countries. Uncivilized countries and countries that do not do business largely on a credit and margin or equity basis, do not have financial panics.

The causes of this, as of all other similar crises, are economic and fundamental; they are not at all psychological and hysterical, unless the almost common desire to speculate when prices are rising may be termed psychological.

Economic conditions were ripe for a panic in 1907. Numerous professors and other financial students forecast, even before last March, "The Irrepressible Crisis," as Secretary W. H. Lough, Jr., of the New York University School of Commerce, wrote of it in a financial magazine. Some of our greatest financiers began in 1906 to curtail credits, to stop unnecessary improvements, and, in other ways, to trim sail and prepare for the coming storm. They saw, all over the world, credit expanded to the danger point; they saw a tremendous expansion of loans and discounts, not only actually but as regards deposits; they saw demand deposits increasing rapidly and cash reserves becoming inadequate; they saw liquid capital being changed to fixed capital, at an unprecedented rate.

A rapid and long-continued rise in prices, such as we have had since 1897, always results in speculation and inflation. The cause of the present great rise in prices is the rapidly increasing output and supply of gold. This has caused its exchange value to depreciate. This depreciation is also largely responsible for the very high interest rates of to-day, which, in turn, are responsible for the present world-wide decline in the prices of bonds and other securities.

Present financial and industrial conditions, as to gold, prices, interest rates, business and credit, closely parallel those of 1857. If our banking conditions were not very much better than were those of 1857, we might now expect to see duplicated the avalanche of failures of banks and commercial houses which then laid business prostrate. The greater soundness and stability of our present banking institutions, together with better management and concert of action, have probably averted for us a panic which would have been as much greater than previous panics as our business expansion is greater than that of any previous period.

As happened in 1857, we may expect to see a sudden and sharp business depression follow in the wake of our financial crisis. We may be well through this depression in six months. It can hardly last more than a year, with gold depreciating in value and with prices tending strongly upward. Liquidation in commodities, real estate, and labor is not likely to go nearly so far as it has gone in bonds and stocks. Not only will a shortage in the world's food supply prevent a heavy decline in the prices of foodstuffs, but the flood of gold from our mines—amounting to more than $1,000,000 a day—tends to check any fall that may occur in the prices of real property.

But few persons realize the very great significance of this outpour of gold. In 1887 the world's annual output of gold was $105,774,900. In 1897 it was $236,075,700. In 1907 it will be about $430,000,000. The output is increasing rapidly because the cost of producing gold is declining more rapidly than is the cost of producing most other commodities. The cost of producing a thing fixes, or tends to fix, its exchange value with other things. As gold is the universal standard of value, and the prices of all other commodities are quoted in gold, we have no way of judging the changing values of gold except by the quoted prices of other commodities; that is, by the change in the level of average prices. As the price level has been rising rapidly for ten years, we know that the value of gold is depreciating equally rapidly.

The effects of the declining value of gold are far-reaching. They are revolutionary in the financial, industrial, economic, political, and social worlds. Not only are they seen in the rising prices of all tangible property, in high interest rates, in higher nominal but lower actual wages, and in lower prices of all securities bearing fixed rates of income, but they are upsetting all calculations in savings and insurance, based upon averages. Because of these effects debts are shrinking, to the benefit of debtors and the injury of creditors, and many new problems are presented to investors, employers of labor, politicians, and legislators.

Average prices will probably not decline more than ten or twelve per cent. A decline of more than fifteen per cent. is necessary to cause a widespread failure of banks, mercantile houses, manufacturers, and real-estate interests. Inside of two years the cost of living, measured by gold, will almost certainly be higher than now and will be rising rapidly.

In view of all the facts, it is absurd to credit the present panic to President Roosevelt, to anti-corporation legislature, to "muck-raking," or to socialistic agitation. It would, perhaps, be more reasonable to suppose that, together with the exposures in insurance and other industries, these factors, by causing distrust, in 1906, checked speculation and inflation and thus prevented an even greater collapse and panic than would otherwise have occurred. The sooner corruption is uncovered and crime exposed, the safer are our institutions and the less danger there is of panic and disaster. Even "muck-raking," by preventing present bad management from becoming worse, may do more good than harm.

Two contributing causes of the present crisis are found in our inelastic currency system and our uncivilized tariff laws.

Nearly two years ago Mr. Jacob H. Schiff declared that if we did not reform our "hodgepodge, clumsy currency system" we should have one of the worst panics we had ever seen. Such a currency famine as we are now having is impossible in Canada, Scotland, or any other country with an asset currency. We can save ourselves now only by devising clearing-house certificates and other forms of asset currency which we will use, some illegally, until confidence is restored.

Our excessive tariff duties on imports are probably largely responsible for the fact that average prices have risen about fifty-five per cent. in this country, since 1897, against a rise in England of about thirty-five per cent. This greater rise has induced greater speculation, has put a greater strain on our capital, and has caused interest rates to go higher here than in any other country. A sound and elastic currency and a reasonable tariff system would most certainly have mitigated, if they would not have prevented, our present financial crisis.

This highly enlightened country should be as well prepared to weather a financial storm as is Canada or England or Germany.

Fictitious Wealth

By THOMAS W LAWSON

Author of "Frenzied Finance."

WHAT I showed to Joseph Pulitzer in London in 1894, what I began showing the people in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE ten years later, in 1904, has at last materialized. The System, having worked its trick machinery to its limit, has brought the entire business structure of the people to the edge of the abyss.

What can be done? There can be but one permanent cure for present diseased conditions—amputation of the gangrened parts. The System's wise men say: "No, we will treat the crisis as we have treated like crises in the past, by salving and painting the surface sores until they no longer show, until the people, seeing them no longer, believe the patient well."

Let us diagnose the situation from its elements.

There is to-day in America, roughly speaking, $120,000,000,000 of "wealth."

For clearness' sake, I will divide this "wealth" into thirty-nine sections of $3,000,000,000 each: Land, raw material, machinery, finished material, railroads, steamships, business buildings, homes, farms, etc., etc.; and one section of $3,000,000,000 of money.

This money section is the vital element by which all "trading" in the other sections is done. It is the blood, and therefore the basis of the necessary structure of credit, by which all the people, owning the $120,000,000,000 of "wealth," can carry on their "business."

This money section is a fixed and understood factor. It is also the measure by which the value of all the other sections is arrived at. It is the token of value which all the people recognize and which passes current among them.

This is because it is created by all the people, and cannot be created by any individual or section of the people. The values of all the other sections are created by individuals.

Well and good. Now suppose that at a time, say thirty years ago, a given amount of wealth was held by the American people, say $60,000,000,000, and that it consisted of thirty-nine sections of $1,500,000,000 each, which could be passed from man to man only through some form of paper title, and one section of $1,500,000,000, money, which could be passed among all the people at face value. That with this money a system of credit was established which enabled every one to transact all necessary "trading"; that A, owning $1,000 of land, and B, owning $1,000 of railroad stock, wished to make exchange. That A sold his land to C, the broker, and C, to pay for it, borrowed from E, the bank, the $1,000. That A then paid the $1,000 to B for his railroad stock, and B paid the $1,000 over to C, the broker, for the land, and C, the broker, returned the $1,000 to the bank. When the transaction was completed, all the rules and safeguards of the people had been complied with.

Theorists who are prescribing for the immediate breakdown would have you believe that the money which entered into these transactions was the foundation factor therein. This is not so. The confidence of all parties to the transactions in the legitimate value of not only the money, but the land, the stock, and the bank is the foundation factor.

If confidence in any one of the sections fails, then that section is blacklisted, provided it can be identified and the damage remedied by treating it separately from the other sections. But if the rotten section cannot be segregated from the other sections, all holders of "wealth" tokens, other than the money form, doubt the legitimacy of the value of all their paper titles and rush to exchange them for the one thing of whose value they are sure—money. The whole structure tumbles, because there is not, and cannot be, money enough in existence to enable all the people to get money for the form of "wealth" in which they have lost confidence.

Right here I would call to the attention of President Roosevelt and those eminent bankers and financial experts who are urging him to pass new money laws, this basic fact, that in no such measures can a real remedy for the present evil be found.

The total of the money of the American people may be doubled, and in a given time, if present underlying conditions continue to exist, it will have to be doubled again and again without end.

To hark back. Suppose that, thirty years ago, the value of each of the forty sections of American "wealth" was legitimate—that is, that the value of each section had come into existence through compliance with the rules and regulations for the control of the people's money, and that each section had continued to grow legitimately, until to-day they were doubled. Then if the people, becoming panic-stricken, insisted on calling for real money, the measures of relief fathered by Mr. Morgan and his associates might represent permanent relief, because they might restore confidence in the real value of each of the thirty-nine sections. But, during the past thirty years, a few men, the "System," have invented and worked a trick, by which there have been manufactured billions of paper tokens of "wealth," which in fact is not "wealth," and these paper tokens have been passing in and out among the people as the exact equivalent of real money. Because of this manufacture there exist billions of this fictitious "wealth" which so counterfeits real "wealth" as to make it impossible for people to distinguish it from the "wealth" represented in the other sections. This being so, there is but one possible way to restore the confidence of the people in the combined wealth represented by their paper titles, and that way is, first to expose and then to eliminate the fraud-made "wealth," the "wealth" which is really not "wealth."

I assert, and without fear of successful contradiction:

First. That the trouble of to-day was generated by a few men, arbitrarily creating and putting into circulation billions of fictitious "wealth."

Second. That when this "wealth" was put into circulation it was made to appear the equivalent of the money of the people.

Third. That because it was so made to appear, its makers were able to place it in banks and trust companies in place of billions of the people's money deposits, which the men who created this fraud "wealth" took over to themselves.

Fourth. That the climax—the crash line—was reached because the people, having been shown how this could be done and had been done, demanded, and are demanding, and will continue to demand, real money for the real money deposited by them.

Fifth. That it is not possible to cure the present evil until there has been thrown out of banks and trust companies this fraud "wealth," and until the loss which has already been made is exposed and assumed by whomever it legally falls upon.

Sixth. That any attempted government relief along the lines of additional money will only make the loss greater, and when final exposure comes, as come it must, the destruction will be more terrible.

Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?

By **CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL**

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In Wall Street they call the recent crash of their card structure the "Roosevelt panic." All the rich malefactors, their newspaper allies, and some others, are saying that the President has unsettled the confidence of the people in the nation's banks and trust companies; that he is responsible for the tremendous fall in the values of securities and the rush of depositors for their money. What has the President done? He has enforced anti-trust and anti-rebate laws, and attempted to curb corporate abuses by publicity. He has dared interfere with "The System." "The System" retaliates by accusing him of injuring the country. But what about the Metropolitan Traction scandal, the Alton deal, the life-insurance exposures? Every intelligent man knows that the trouble is world-wide, and that so far as the United States is concerned, the greatest contributing cause is the monstrous overcapitalization of our industries. There could be no more glaring example of the abuses that the President has pointed out than the American Tobacco Company, the story of which follows.

CHAPTER X

ABILITY, energy, foresight! Upon this blessed trinity we believe to rest the beautiful palaces, the spacious pleasures, the vast and swelling fortunes of the 10,000; from this origin comes the golden tide on which so gloriously they sail. Ability, energy, foresight! Precious qualities, for the lack whereof the 1,500,000 flat-dwellers and the 2,000,000 below them must be condemned forever and irretrievably to their respective stations.

So we are accustomed to think. Perhaps we shall understand more clearly the difference between flat-dweller and palace-builder if we consider impartially the history of a very successful and in some ways a typical instance of the centralizing of capital, the American Tobacco Trust.

THE HAT IN HIGH FINANCE

This institution dates back to 1890, and really owes its existence to the growth of the cigarette habit that infected this country after the Centennial Exposition of 1876, when the cigarette was obligingly exhibited to us by some of our admired foreign visitors. By 1885 many houses were engaged in supplying the rapidly growing demand. These houses competed—and, in the end, extravagantly, so that none of them could make money. Five of the leading cigarette-making firms, to wit: W. Duke, Sons & Co., of Durham, N. C.; Allen & Ginter, of Richmond; Goodwin & Co., and the Kinney Tobacco Company, of New York; W. S. Kimball & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., and Oxford, N. C., met in New York in January, 1890, to consider ways of limiting competition. With no intention to speak unfairly or disparagingly, I suppose it was as commonplace a lot of men as ever got together. Some of them had been in business a very long time and had nothing to show but mortgages and harassing debts, and at least one of them was hard upon the shoal of practical bankruptcy.

But they met and stumbled upon a plan of organization, modeled baldly upon a hundred other such combinations then and now in existence. This American Tobacco Company was launched (congenially) in New Jersey, where it put to sea January 31, 1890. Capital, $25,000,000; assets, chiefly speculative and paper; investment, nothing, —literally nothing, for the men that formed the company did not contribute one cent of money to it. They put in their respective and unprofitable businesses, but these, while important to the total cigarette product of the country, were trifling compared with the total tobacco manufacture. Of the capital stock, $2,000,000 was set aside for what were called the "live assets" of the five combining firms. Nobody ever knew what "live assets" meant; for the total real estate, free and mortgaged, of all the firms (if you will believe me) amounted to less than $400,000, and none of them being financially prosperous, there was, strictly speaking, little to base solid securities upon. The remaining $23,000,000 of stock was distributed among the firms. As an illustration of the ability, energy, and foresight that characterized these proceedings, I may mention that the apportionment of stock was effected by the gentlemen present writing figures on slips of paper that were deposited in a hat, shaken, and drawn out; and, lest it be doubted that such a performance be possible in high finance, I add that it has been solemnly sworn to by men that took part in it.

Upon the slips being drawn from the hat, the Duke firm and Allen & Ginter received the largest allotments, the Kinney Company less, and the remaining concerns secured only $2,499,000 each.

The firms then put part of their holdings on the market—which they could easily do without impairing their control of the enterprise. They found that the public could be induced to buy the stock at 117. In a day, therefore, without effort, without investment, without expenditure or risk, they had been presented with millions and had still their business exactly as before, only better, because now competition among them was eliminated.

From the first the new Trust was blessed with a singular and certain instrument of prosperity that lay in a fixed habit of the American cigarette smoker. No cigarette consumer ever went into a shop and asked merely for a package of cigarettes, but invariably he demanded a certain brand. As a rule he would not be content with anything but this brand; hence every dealer was compelled to maintain stocks of all the brands most called for.

A TREASURE-MAKING HABIT

This one little fact made treasures for the American Tobacco Trust and would have made them if the managers of the Trust had been wholly incompetent. The Trust controlled the supplies of many of the most popular brands, "Sweet Caporal," "Old Judge," "Richmond Straight Cut," and the like. Dealers must have these or cease from business. Here was a power incalculable. The Trust was engaged in suppressing its competitors. Any dealer that would not help its cause it could practically ruin by refusing to sell him the goods he must have.

Another powerful factor making for its prosperity lay in its opportunities to affect its securities in the stock market, of which it may be well to cite here one illustration from the records. In December, 1895, after a meeting of the directors of the American Tobacco Company, it was announced to the public that, owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the business, the usual semiannual dividend must needs be passed. Instantly, down crashed the stock, the price declining in a few days from 117 to 63, assisted in its downward course by the gloomy statements of the men on the inside of the company's affairs.

When the stock would decline no more, the men on the inside loaded up with all of the stock they could get—at bottom prices.

Soon after, the directors met and declared a cash dividend of twenty per cent. and a scrip (watered stock) dividend of another twenty per cent.

At this astounding news, the stock rose with a bound. Up and up it went among the stars, flying higher day by day. When it hovered at 180 or thereabouts, the men on the inside unloaded the stock they had bought at 63 and reaped large profits.

AN ENFORCED GIFT OF MILLIONS

The scrip they had issued as a dividend bore six per cent. interest guaranteed. Its only purpose was that the men in charge of the property should make to themselves a present of millions out of the enforced contributions of tobacco consumers and retailers.

Repeated financiering of this kind gave to the stock a bad name among conservative brokers and bankers, who looked upon it with uneasiness and rejected it as collateral except upon great margins. But the operation drew additional strength for the American Tobacco Company as one competitor after another was allured by these fabulous profits.

There were still left many strong competitors that would not surrender to either force or allurement, and most prominent among them was the great Liggett & Myers firm of St. Louis. Against these opponents the Trust waged a long, bitter, and costly war. The scope of its operations had been greatly enlarged by the firms that had joined it; smoking and chewing tobacco had been added, and later it absorbed the snuff and cigar industries. But the hot center of its fight with Liggett & Myers continued to be over plug tobacco.

"BATTLE AXE" VS. "STAR"

Liggett & Myers had a brand of plug tobacco called "Star," which was very popular. To oppose this the Trust put forth a brand called "Battle Axe," and to push "Battle Axe" into favor and oust the "Star" the Trust lost $1,000,000 a year.

The president of the American Tobacco Company and the originator of the brilliant "Battle Axe" idea was J. B. Duke. The treasurer was George Arents, of the brokerage firm of Arents & Young, Wall Street. Early in 1898 James R. Keene gathered certain facts in regard to the company's business and politics, and concluded that the losses had been great and unnecessary, and that if the $1,000,000 a year "Battle Axe" drain were eliminated and the enterprise put upon a straight business basis the company could water its stock to the extent of doubling its capitalization and could still make ten per cent. dividends.

As to Liggett & Myers, Keene learned that the warfare was wholly needless, because Liggett & Myers would consent to a union of plug manufacturers providing the officers of the American Tobacco Company had nothing to do with it. Keene determined to secure a majority of the $17,900,000 of the common stock of the American Tobacco Company, with enough of the preferred to give control of the property, then to depose Duke and Arents, organize a new concern to be called the Continental Tobacco Company, so as to take in Liggett & Myers, P. J. Sorg, the Drummond Tobacco Company, and other producers of plug, and thus gain peacefully and inexpensively the ends that the blundering Trust was trying to secure with war and money.

"STANDARD OIL" SLIPS IN

Mr. Keene brought in to help him Oliver H. Payne, of the Standard Oil crowd, who was William C. Whitney's brother-in-law; Herbert C. Terrell, afterward confidential attorney for the president of the Sugar Trust; and Moore & Schley. It was just before the Spanish-American War, and the whole market was depressed. Mr. Keene and his associates went quietly at their work, and so adroitly gathered in the stock that the men on the inside of the company's affairs never suspected what was happening. When the books closed and the happy gentlemen suddenly awoke to find themselves defeated and menaced with the imminent loss of their ship, the price of common stock roamed as high as $800 for 100 shares overnight—that is, for the leasing of stock for election purposes.

CAPTAIN DUKE QUELLS A MUTINY

The Keene associates got the bulk of their stock at about 90. Their purpose was to put it up to 200 and then issue the water. It rose rapidly to well above par, and all looked favorable for plan and planners. Keene's first determination, upon which he was wholly fixed, was to remove Duke and Arents. He was in daily conference at Moore & Schley's office with members of that firm, with Colonel Payne, and with Mr. Terrell. When they were ready, one day they called in Captain Duke and told him that he was deposed.

Mr. Duke is a person of some temper, and, in violation of the accepted rules of the game, he let his feelings get the better of him, which was probably well for him on this occasion. He made one leap into the center of the group and denounced the whole scheme. They had him in their grip so far as the captaincy was concerned; he knew that. But he could make a lot of trouble for that ship and probably scuttle her, and he vehemently swore he would do it. He said that he would not only throw overboard all the American Tobacco stock that he held (which would be exceedingly bad for those trying to put the price up to 200), but he would get a new ship of his own and compete in the cigarette business.

Perhaps his violence frightened somebody; perhaps there were more plottings involved than those of Keene. Anyway, Moore & Schley and Terrell and Payne cast in their lot with Captain Duke. At this unexpected turn of affairs, Keene surrendered the part of his scheme that contemplated the marooning of Duke and Arents, and a new bargain was struck that dealt only with the manipulating of the stock.

To this work Keene now turned his attention, intending to put the stock up to 200, and telling his friends that this was the opportunity of a lifetime, which it certainly seemed to be. But somehow the stock didn't go up. Mr. Keene chafed and fumed daily to Moore & Schley, and daily he was regaled with reasons. When his patience had been exhausted, he announced that he would put the stock up on his own account without anybody's assistance. Whereupon $3,100,000 of the common stock that was in the treasury of the American Tobacco Company was issued to Moore & Schley at 108¾, which was then the market price, and immediately and rapidly the stock was advanced until it reached 150!

But here another row broke out among the new associates. Keene declared that some one in the Moore & Schley end of the compact was secretly selling his stock at 150 instead of holding it until it should reach 200, which was the agreement. Of course so long as insiders let their stock go at 150, it was useless to talk of putting the thing above that figure. Keene accused Moore & Schley and was in turn charged with treachery. In the end Keene threw over the whole venture. Within two days he sold all his tobacco stock for what he could get, from 147⅜ down to 132½, clearing about $1,250,000, but missing the monstrous harvests that he had expected from the stock-watering. He was out, but Payne and the Standard Oil crowd were in and stayed in, and that is where Standard Oil influence in the Tobacco Trust began. Payne had snapped up most of Keene's stock.

AMERICAN TOBACCO FLOODED

But now the new crowd that surrounded Captain Duke turned back joyously to the original scheme of watering the stock. The capitalization of American Tobacco was doubled. Pretty soon it was still further increased. The Continental Tobacco Company was organized and took in all the plug-tobacco manufacturers except Liggett & Myers, who absolutely refused to ship under Captain Duke. Various devices were adopted to swell still further the enormous capitalization without seeming to increase it, devices like the subsidiary company and the holding company. The American Snuff Company was formed to establish a monopoly in the snuff business, and the American Cigar Company to monopolize cigar-making. Every time the capital was increased, a heavier tribute was imposed upon retailer and consumer. After some years it occurred to the gentlemen in actual charge of the Trust that one source of profit had been overlooked, and thereafter the tobacco producer began to feel a steady contraction of his market and a decline of the prices that he obtained.

CHAPTER XI

THE SYNDICATE COMES IN

MEANTIME, Mr. Ryan and his friends had noted well the progress of the Tobacco Trust, and at the beginning of 1899 they seem to have thought that the time had come for them to participate in this good thing. Accordingly, they organized the Union Tobacco Company of New Jersey. Old friends of ours appear in the list of incorporators—Thomas F. Ryan, P. A. B. Widener, W. L. Elkins, Thomas Dolan, and R. A. C. Smith, and with gratification we may observe that the new enterprise had the sage advice and directing counsel of Elihu Root, now Secretary of State of this nation, then confidential adviser of Thomas F. Ryan.

The capital stock of the Union Tobacco Company was $10,000,000, of which, kindly note, only $1,350,000 was ever paid for. The news of its forming occasioned many painful moments on board Captain Duke's ship. The navigators there easily foresaw trouble. Mr. Ryan and his friends quickly found the talent necessary to embark on a large scale in the cigarette and tobacco business. Among the experienced men that they secured was William H. Butler, who had been vice-president of the American Tobacco Company and the originator of the "Sweet Caporal" cigarette. It was evident, therefore, that the Union Tobacco Company was equipped for formidable rivalry. Besides, the making and selling of tobacco was only a part of the business of the American Tobacco Company. Manufacturing was a good cover to the issuing and manipulating of securities from which the bulk of the great profits were derived, and the men in the Duke party knew very well that in the issuing and manipulating of securities the Ryan-Widener-Elkins-Root syndicate had no equals in this world; also that to such experts $10,000,000 of capital was as good a foundation as $100,000,000. A still greater danger lay in the proved and unequaled power of the Ryan party to influence legislation and manipulate government—a matter of the first importance to the Trust's welfare.

The first moves by the Union Tobacco Company were very disconcerting. It began by operating on a bold and big scale the institution known as the subsidiary company, and showed the Duke party how much had been overlooked concerning that device.

The exact method by which the subsidiary company device is worked I can show best by relating a particular instance. One of the firms that had remained outside of the Trust and continued to fight it was W. T. Blackwell & Co., of Durham, N. C., makers of smoking-tobacco. The Ryan-Widener-Root syndicate bought out W. T. Blackwell & Co. for $2,300,000. They then formed the Blackwell Tobacco Company as a subsidiary concern of the Union Tobacco Company and capitalized it at $9,000,000. They then sold to the public at par $6,800,000 of this stock, retaining the rest for their own purposes. The net result of this transaction was that they had secured a profit of $4,500,000 in cash and yet had $2,200,000 in stock.

Why should any man be poor?

THE TRUST STRIKES COLORS

These operations caused additional misery to Captain Duke and his friends. In making of something out of nothing they had been enormously successful, and yet, it must be admitted, in a crude and blundering way. Opposed to them were men that had been all their lives engaged in making something from nothing and had shown in the process both finesse and industry. From the Duke ship the outlook seemed stormy indeed. Meanwhile the Ryan-Root syndicate proclaimed that it purposed to press resolutely ahead and to compete vigorously in every department of the tobacco trade. With hand upon heart, so to speak, it declared to the public that its one dear object was to combat monopoly. Before the agonized gaze of the retail trader, groaning and sweating under the screws of the Trust, the coming of the new company was a joy unspeakable. To the persecuted consumer, who for some years had been noticing a decline in the quality of his tobacco, there showed at last a promise of relief and fair treatment. To break the monopoly—that was the thing. Mr. Ryan, Mr. Widener, and Mr. Root (whose sympathies against monopoly in all its forms can be readily understood) bent themselves assiduously to this congenial task. And this is how they did it. For six months or less the gentlemen on Captain Duke's quarter-deck looked into the muzzle of the pistol held by the syndicate. Then they offered to surrender. What did the syndicate want? Well, it wanted to be bought. For how much? For $10,000,000 and the control of the Trust ship. That was all.

The terms were hard, but there was no other way out of the situation. A battle with the syndicate would have sunk the ship and all on board. There were too many and too big guns involved. So the Duke party agreed to the terms. They issued $35,000,000 of additional American Tobacco stock, paid $10,000,000 for the paper-fed Union Tobacco Company, bought the subsidiary companies that the Union gentlemen had organized, and while Captain Duke still stood at the wheel and issued orders, the new crowd studied the charts below and laid the course, and that new crowd was composed of Mr. Ryan and his friends.

Probably their most remarkable achievement was their performance with Liggett & Myers. The attempted Keene mutiny had revealed the fact that Liggett & Myers would join a combination, or sell to one, opposed to the American. The Ryan-Root-Widener syndicate, acting on this hint, made up a pool of $200,000 and with it secured an option for sixty days to purchase the Liggett & Myers business at $11,000,000. Before the sixty days expired the American had capitulated to the Union. Thereupon the syndicate compelled the American to purchase of it the Liggett & Myers business at $18,000,000, thereby netting a profit of $6,800,000 on an expenditure of $200,000.

$19,000,000 IN SIX MONTHS

The profits of the syndicate in its Union Tobacco deal were stupendous. It put into the venture $1,350,000. Besides securing control of one of the greatest profit-makers in the world, the syndicate cleared:

On the Blackwell deal	$4,500,000
On the Liggett & Myers deal	6,800,000
On the sale of Union Tobacco Co.	8,650,000
Total	$19,950,000

This in less than six months, without making anything, selling anything, or developing anything; and also without effort, risk, or expenditure, except for options and the issuing of fictitious stock.

Of the $35,000,000 of additional American stock, $21,000,000 went as another scrip dividend to the holders of American Tobacco, who were thus again presented with riches that represented nothing but the enforced contributions of the public.

No sooner was this pleasant affair concluded than the new directors of the ship began some dizzy evolutions on a broader sea.

THE SYNDICATE'S FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON

You may recall that the subsidiary company organized to control the plug trade and fight Liggett & Myers had been called the Continental Tobacco concern. It was floated in New Jersey, December 9, 1898, with $75,000,000 capital stock, half common and half preferred, of which there was issued $31,145,000 of preferred and $31,146,500 of common. Its business was unsatisfactory because of the cost of fighting the firms still outside the Trust and because it was monstrously overcapitalized to start with, so that its net earnings for 1899 were only $2,032,756, and it paid only three per cent. on the preferred and nothing on the common.

It was with this branch of the business that the new control elected to work. The war with Spain had brought about greatly increased revenue duties on tobacco. After the war closed, the tobacco interests desired to have these duties reduced to a peace basis, but on the plea that the Government needed the money Congress had refused to make any reduction.

The new interests in the American Tobacco Company had very good friends in Washington, for one of the remarkable features of the Ryan syndicate is the close relations it has always managed to maintain with government—city, state, and national. Of its many friends in Washington the best seem to have been in and about the Finance Committee of the Senate, where all these matters of the revenue duties would be determined. Afterward it was learned that Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, held $1,000,000 of tobacco stock. Very likely, therefore, he was not among the deadly or implacable enemies of the Trust. Senator Aldrich was chairman of the Finance Committee. Two other members of the Senate were also holders of tobacco stock. Very likely, too, these gentlemen were not wholly inimical to the Trust.

In secret sessions the Finance Committee of the Senate determined to reduce the tobacco tax to the peace basis. It also determined to make in the revenue laws certain changes that would be greatly to the benefit of the Trust and to the disadvantage of the Trust's competitors. These were changes (difficult to make clear in this limited space) in the restrictions governing the sizes of packages, changes that had the effect of enabling the Trust to undersell makers of brands then on the market by offering larger packages for the same price.

Knowledge of these impending changes was kept a profound secret—except from the men that controlled the Trust.

Immediately these men went into the market and bought all the Continental stock they could find. When they began to buy it was quoted at 12 and was inert. Unluckily, the time was short and they had no chance to work the device by which a man buys while he pretends to sell and thus keeps the price from rising. The gentlemen were compelled, for once, to buy outright, and after a time the stock began to feel the effects. The price rose to 17, 18, 20, 22,—but not before, at bottom prices, the gentlemen had secured vast loads of it.

A GREAT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

They then prepared a new issue of Continental Tobacco Company bonds bearing five per cent. interest. These bonds, they arranged, should be exchangeable for Continental stock.

When all this was ready, out came the news from Washington that the revenue duties were to be reduced, and up bounded the prices of all tobacco stocks.

But the gentlemen that managed the Trust had secured theirs beforehand, and they now proceeded to exchange the stock they had secured at 12 and thereabouts for bonds at 70, an operation in which they cleared about $15,000,000.

Meantime, the capital stock of the American Tobacco Company, which had been $25,000,000 in 1890, was nominally $68,500,000 in 1900 and with the subsidiary and other companies amounted to $200,000,000 and more.

With every desire to be temperate and fair, I am obliged to say that, so far as I can discover, the creating of this colossal something from nothing had involved no risk, no effort, little or no investment, no development of any industry, no economic equivalent, and no higher type of mentality than controls the simplest operation of the smallest country store.

Nor have we, by any means, seen the last of this easy fortune-making. In June, 1901, the gentlemen in control, under the pretense of extending to foreign and less favored lands the blessings of the trust principle, formed a new concern, the Consolidated Tobacco Company, and of course out came a new flood of water. The capital stock of the Consolidated Tobacco Company was $40,000,000, and it issued $157,378,200 of four per cent. bonds, making its total capitalization nearly $200,000,000. With these fresh tokens of something from nothing it took over the American and the Continental, giving $100 in four per cent. bonds for every $50 of American and $100 in four per cent. bonds for every $100 of Continental. The public tolerance being not yet exhausted, the same old game was worked again on these issues, and again the insiders, having knowledge of what was toward, picked up Continental stock in advance and added further millions to their vast hoards.

How the Trust now sailed for British waters, how Captain Duke made a sad mess of his voyage, how the ship was rescued from an attacking party of Englishmen that threatened to sink her, and how she now sails unmolested and taking toll on those busy seas are things not unfamiliar and not part of my story. What I desire to point out is that the Consolidated Tobacco Company is by no means the last illustration of high finance that these records afford. If I may be believed by the uninitiated, the device that had been worked so often to the injury of the public and the ruin of the retailer was employed again. On September 9, 1904, there appeared a new American Tobacco Company, which, with another flood of water, took over the Consolidated, the Continental, the old American, and all the rest of the outfit, and again multiplied the capitalization on which the country must furnish the profits.

WHO PAYS THE INTEREST?

For instance, the new company retired the $157,378,000 of the Consolidated Company's four per cent. bonds by giving one-half six per cent. preferred stock in the new company and one-half four per cent. bonds. Six per cent. bonds were given for old American Tobacco preferred stock at the rate of 133⅓ a share, and for Continental preferred at 116⅔. Besides all these securities the new company had $100,000,000 of common stock of its own, and in the year of grace 1906, on this stock thus made of nothing, it paid 22½ per cent. in dividends.

At the present time, the total capitalization of the whole enterprise, including the dummy, subsidiary, fraudulent, decoy, alias, stool-pigeon, and other companies is about $500,000,000, all created from $25,000,000 of speculative and paper assets put together by Captain Duke and his friends in 1890.

As an indication of how the thing has grown, I quote figures from the American Tobacco Company alone, showing nine years expansion:

Balance-Sheet Liabilities

	Dec. 31, 1897.	*Dec.* 31, 1906.
Preferred stock	$11,935,000	$78,689,100
Common stock	17,900,000	40,242,400
Scrip	3,762,340	....
Six per cent. bonds	....	55,208,350
Four per cent. bonds	....	61,052,100
Profit and loss surplus	7,447,849	30,353,888
All balance-sheet liabilities	42,289,236	278,628,564

Balance-Sheet Assets

Real estate, etc.	$4,009,143	....
Patents and good-will	24,867,263	$123,331,600
Leaf tobacco and manufacturing goods	8,591,777	31,187,814
Stock of foreign companies	1,264,655	21,495,085
Stock of other companies	....	70,451,549
Cash	1,538,751	5,163,965
Bills receivable	2,017,645	26,998,551

So stands this colossal and astounding structure erected upon the good-natured tolerance of the American people. The like successful exploitation has never been known in any land at any time. One of the men that have drawn golden fortunes from it, a man that in 1890 was penniless and harassed with debts, now counts more than $40,000,000, made without labor, without effort, without investment, without risk, without the vestige of any return to society.

On the increasing mass of stocks and bonds, the issuing of which has occasioned this man's fortune, there have been paid, and are now being paid, colossal sums in dividends and interest charges.

Where do these dividends and interest charges come from and who pays them?

And now we reach the heart of the whole matter.

CHAPTER XII

THE TRUE DIMENSIONS OF A GREAT MONEY-MAKING MACHINE

I OFFER here for consideration two isolated facts:

1. At one o'clock on the morning of December 1, 1906, three hundred armed men rode into Princeton, Ky., seized the night-watch, locked up the town's fire apparatus, and proceeded to burn two tobacco warehouses owned by the Tobacco Trust. While the fires were under way the armed men were drawn up in lines of defense about them and prevented any attempt to extinguish the flames. As soon as the warehouses were destroyed, the men released the watch and the fire apparatus and rode away. Three hundred thousand pounds of tobacco had been burned.

The men engaged in this outbreak of violence were not bandits nor ruffians; they were peaceful farmers. They did not desire wantonly to destroy property; they had been goaded by extortions and fraud, against which they had no protection, to revenge themselves in the only way in their power upon the men that had oppressed them.

2. In April, 1907, Hermann Beck, a well-known retail tobacconist of Portland, Ore., having lost his once flourishing business, committed suicide. He had lost his business because he had been driven out of it by the Tobacco Trust.

The first of these incidents illustrates what the Trust has done for the producer; the second, what it has done for the retailer. The two being multiplied and extended indicate where the money has come from that paid the dividends and interest on the watered American Tobacco securities.

The United Cigar Stores Company, a branch of the Trust, has more than 500 retail cigar stores in the country (183 of them in New York City), and speaking roughly, each of these represents a former retailer that has been deprived of his business. The method by which he has been deprived of it is one of the few operations of the Trust that have been visible to the eyes of the layman. It is a process that most observant persons must have seen or known of—the little independent dealer overpowered and crushed by the big Trust store next door—but few are aware, I suppose, of the tragedies that are sometimes involved in the crushing. Some of the crushed dealers have been old men, whose one source of livelihood lay in their little shops. Some have been Civil War veterans, some have been for many years in the one place and the one trade, some have been cripples and invalids. All have gone the one way when the Trust started to capture their business. Sometimes the Trust has resorted to extreme measures to pull them down. It has induced their landlords to raise their rent to unendurable figures; it has bought the property they rented; very often it has pushed them to ruin by giving tobacco away or selling at prices that made competition impossible. A certain Broadway dealer that has for years bravely resisted the Trust has been fought from two cigar stores adjoining him. For one of these the rental is $20,000 a year, which is more than the year's total sales in that store. On the morning that this particular place opened, the man it was designed to crush walked into it and saw behind the counter four salesmen that had formerly been independent cigar-dealers and had been driven out of business by the Trust. It was now using them to drive out others. Such as are young and active among the ruined tradesmen can usually find (for a time) employment with the Trust, employment at small salaries and under humiliating conditions. The older men shift for themselves or go to the poorhouse.

I do not know how many suicides like that of Hermann Beck have resulted from these operations. The remaining retailers say there have been very many. Certainly Beck's is not the only case. The whole history of the development has been a story of cruel hardship. I will give one example, from many.

A VICTIM OF MONOPOLY

Joseph Liebman kept for many years a cigar store at No. 264 West 125th Street, New York City. Agents of the Trust came to him about four years ago and told him that he had better retire from that neighborhood, as the Trust was about to open a store there. Liebman declined to move. The agent said that he would be crushed as other small dealers had been crushed before him. He replied that he had a good trade and plenty of strong friends and was not afraid of competition. The Trust opened a store next door. Liebman did not budge. The Trust store began to give away cigars and tobacco. Liebman held on. Then the Trust leased the ground on which Liebman's store stood and bought the building. As soon as his term expired, the Trust put him into the street with his stock and fixtures, which he was obliged to put into storage until he could find quarters at No. 201 West 125th Street. Now he has to operate a barber's shop to make a living.

This is a typical case; wherever the Trust has appeared it has achieved similar triumphs; its pathway to success and profits has been over ruined tradesmen. On a certain stretch of Broadway where ten years ago were thirty-six independent cigar stores are now but six; and the former proprietors of the other thirty are either salesmen for the trust, servitors, dependent for their bread upon whim, fancy, and caprice, subject to espionage and suspicion, or they have sought other work, or they have died. And so the Trust has wrought everywhere.

THE TRUST—SOLE BUYER OF TOBACCO

As for the producer, that is a still more melancholy story. From time immemorial tobacco leaf had been sold in the tobacco-raising regions at the free competition of buyers. There was never any quoted price for tobacco as there is for wheat or cotton, but the farmers brought their tobacco to market and the buyers were wont to bid for it. The Trust has changed all this, for now in a great part of the tobacco region there is but one buyer. The Trust makes the price what it pleases, and the farmer must accept this price or take his tobacco home again.

Under the operation of this system, such tobacco as for years had brought in a free and open market six to eight cents a pound sells for three cents a pound or less. The land that had formerly produced $75 to $200 an acre now yields less than half of its former returns, and a distinguished Kentuckian has calculated that in his state, because of the operation of the Trust, the returns to the tobacco farmer are less than twenty cents a day for his labor.

In four of the countries of Europe—France, Italy, Austria, and Spain—tobacco is a government business, and these four governments buy in the United States every year about one million pounds of tobacco. The Trust arranged with the buyers for these governments that they should have a certain fixed territory in the South in which they might buy without opposition, provided they should buy nothing outside of that territory.

When this arrangement was made it destroyed the last chance of competition, and gave over the producer bound to his despoiler.

Against these conditions the farmers of the South have protested to Congress, to the Department of Commerce and Labor, and to the courts, for every step in the Trust's proceedings has been wholly illegal and specifically prohibited. Yet the law has never been enforced upon this Trust, nor has the government until lately given it any greater heed than is involved in some feeble, perfunctory, and quickly abandoned inquiries.

THE BUSINESS OF BRAND-KILLING

Meantime, there is the consumer, of whom nobody seems to think much. What does it mean for him that competition has been eliminated, that the profits of the American Tobacco Company have been swollen to these colossal figures, that the owners of the Trust are becoming the richest men in the world?

This is what it means for him:

The Trust has secured the ownership of almost every well-known brand of Havana, Key West, and domestic cigars, brands that have been familiar for years upon years to all smokers and that for years upon years have maintained an even degree of excellence. Many good judges of tobacco claim that under the names of these brands the Trust puts forth steadily a worse quality of goods, until at last the brand dies. Their theory is that before its death the Trust has sold great quantities of the brand, these goods have been produced at perhaps one-third of the original cost, and the profits have been enormous.

So far has this work been carried that some of the brands of cigarettes and smoking-tobaccos formerly best known have disappeared entirely from the market. Why should the Trust not do as it pleases in these matters? Every day the consumer finds greater difficulty in discovering a cigar store outside of the Trust; every day a greater proportion of the retail business is seized by the Trust. Many stores that pretend to be independent and do not fly the Trust flag, are really owned by the Trust; you can hardly tell when you are buying of the Trust and when you are not. Great, glittering, brilliantly lighted stores, cleverly worded advertisements, specious promises of low prices, attract and delude the consumer; it does not seem possible that bad goods can come from such imposing places. With much cunning the Trust has brought into the business the influence of women. Imitating the trading-stamp device, it holds forth bribes in the shape of coupons that are exchangeable for articles of household use, and thus it induces women to urge their husbands to buy at Trust stores. As the Trust, by the use of inferior tobacco, by making large purchases, and by robbing the producer, has an abnormal margin of profit, it can of course well afford these bribes.

FORTUNES FOR THE FEW

So that herein at last is displayed in the clearest colors the exact meaning and results of the Formula for Wealth-making when that formula has done its perfect work. The bonds are issued, the stock is floated, the syndicate is enriched, the palace arises. And every cent thus represented we furnish: we that consume the tobacco, ship the freight, grow the crops, eat the beef, hang to the straps of the Subway; we upon whose backs is piled the whole vast mass of watered stocks, fictitious bonds, fraudulent scrip, gambling securities. And the only profit obtained by society in all these operations is the spectacle of five or six men accumulating vast fortunes, fortunes beyond computation, fortunes for a few comprising the sum of available wealth that should be for all.

Such are the facts. Sorry and stained and wretched, in the light of them, looks this particular palace among the golden houses of the fortunate. Built out of the enforced contributions of the public, the steady violation of the law, the sweat of the defrauded farmer, the blood of the small dealer, what interest has mankind in the mounting millions that it represents? Or wherein have we gained from its existence, we whose unexampled patience renders all these things possible?

"***Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?***" will be continued in the January number.

DOYLE'S DÉBUT

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Illustrations by Harry Grant Dart

LEADING the girl to a corner of the crowded little parlor where a three-legged sofa leaned weakly against the wall, Doyle seated himself tentatively upon it and motioned with spread palm at the vacancy beside him.

"Si' down, Maggie," he invited; and the tall, slender-waisted, high-pompadoured girl before him did so.

"Aw, say, Maggie," continued Doyle, as he endeavored, unsuccessfully, to hold her hand beneath a fold of skirt, "why don' yuh marry me an' cut out sellin' stockin's to a bunch o' fussy dames that don' know what they wants, an' wouldn' buy it if they did? I'm gittin' eighteen seventy-five now; an' two can live on that. . . . Wha' d' yuh wan' tuh be worryin' yuhself with a job fer?"

The girl shrugged her shapely shoulders and carefully arranged a loose strand of golden hair.

"Don't you lose any sleep over me, Martin," she advised. "I can take care of myself all right."

"I know that," he returned. "An' you can take care o' that lazy ol' gent o' yours, too. But that ain't the point. I need you an' you oughter need me."

"Well, I don't," she replied independently. "I've got other things than marriage in view."

Doyle looked up in some surprise.

"Marriage is all right for some women," said the girl. "But it isn't for me. It's a—a too constricted sphere."

Doyle scratched his head.

"Come again wit' that last, will yuh?" he requested. "It's a too what?"

"It's a too—a too constricted—eh—sphere," returned the girl, a bit doubtfully. "There isn't enough to it."

"Oh, they ain't, ain't they?" cried Doyle. "Well, you wait until you git breakfast an' dinner an' supper an' wash the dishes an' do the mendin' an' sweep an' dust an' go marketin'. An' if that ain't enough to keep yuh busy, I'll try to frame up a few more things."

"I don't mean that," replied the girl. "I mean that I'm made for greater things. I'm going to have reputation and fame and money and all that. . . . And you don't get those when you're married. . . . I'm going on the stage."

"What!" exclaimed Doyle.

She nodded. "Yes," she said. "Of course, I s'pose I'll have to start in vaudeville. But it won't be long before some of those big managers 'll see me and have me for a prima donna in a musical comedy, or maybe even a grand opera soloist. . . . I've got a future before me."

"Well," replied Doyle, "so has everyone else—a future of some kind or other." He turned to face her. "But le' me tell yuh one thing, Maggie," he said slowly. "You may go on the stage an' git all them things you're out after, an' be one o' them calcimined, store-winder peaches with a figger like a advertisement and hair like a load o' hay. But you won't be as happy as yuh would if yuh married me. . . . Nor," he added ruefully, "will I."

She started to make reply. But just then her mother, who was the storm-center of a conversational cyclone at the far end of the room, tore herself from the turbulent talk of a dozen other women.

"Maggie! Maggie!" she called shrilly. "Come on over here to the pianner an' show the ladies an' gents what you can do." And then to the assembled ladies and their respective "gents" she said:

"You never in your life heard anyone who can tear off them sentimental songs like Maggie can. It jes' makes the tears come to my eyes every time she starts tuh sing 'Take a Message to Mother for Me'—an' when she goes after 'Them Crool Woids Has Cut Me Deep'—" she stopped, powerless to express the utter melancholy that at such times obsessed her being.

With the easy though somewhat artificial walk of her sort, the girl nonchalantly approached the piano, and, tossing over a pile of sheet music, carefully selected a song. Spreading it open upon the rack of the piano, she seated herself before the instrument and played the introduction through twice. Then she sang.

Doyle listened raptly and with mingled emotions—admiration, disappointment, and hopelessness; and when, at length, she had finished the three verses and the six choruses of the song, he rid his burdened breast of a sigh that was long and loud and heartfelt.

"Gee!" he exclaimed with awe. "Ain't that great! Ain't that immense!" He sighed again, a sigh that was even longer, louder, and more heartfelt than its predecessor.

"When them big managers hears her," he thought dolefully, "it'll be all up wit' me. I won't have no more chanct o' marryin' her 'n a rich man would o' duckin' through a camel's eye. . . . Gran' opera an' nuttin' else f'r her—an' a lemon f'r me," and he sighed yet again.

Most of the others in the little audience were as appreciative as Doyle; and they gave themselves over heartily to expressing their admiration.

"Ain't that singin' jes' grand?" inquired Mrs. Malachi O'Grady, folding fat hands on a comfortable *embonpoint*. "Why, I di'n' know Maggie had it in her!"

She stopped to scowl unutterable things at her much whiskered spouse, who was muttering something about being glad "it was out of her at last," and continued, "Why, she's got them gran' operer singers skun a mile. I s'pose in a year or so we'll be goin' down tuh the operer house tuh hear Maggie sing an' then come home an' tell each other how we use' tuh know her in them days when she di'n' amount to nothin' an' her father use' tuh make her rush the can," and she beamed about, happy in her prophetic fancies.

"She cer'nly is so'thin' won'erful," commented Mrs. Delia Slattery enthusiastically. "Ain't she, Mike?" and she turned for corroboration to her worse half, who was sitting on the middle of his spine with an unlit cigar between his lips.

"I has hoid woise," admitted her husband grudgingly.

Mrs. Slattery scowled at him for an instant.

"Men ain't got no appreciation for reel music, anyhow," she commented caustically. "They don' know nothin' about it an' never will." She beamed upon the girl. "I've hoid many a fine singer," she said sweetly, "an' I tell you, Maggie, dear, you've got 'em all beat a block. They ain' no knowin' tuh what heights you'll climb wit' that voice o' yourn."

"An' tuh think of her wastin' all these years behind a counter!" cried Mrs. Timothy Riordan indignantly. "It's a shame! That's what it is, all right, all right! A boinin' shame!"

"Yes, ain't it?" returned the girl's mother cheerfully. "Many's the time I told Mr. Cassidy as we had a unknowed genius in our fam'ly. 'Patrick,' says I, 'Patrick,' I says, 'our darter ain't none o' this common clay,' I says. 'She's destinated fer great things,' says I." She turned to her husband. "Di'n' I, Patrick?" she demanded.

Her husband opened one eye. "Ain't we got nothin' tuh drink in de house?" he asked.

His wife gave him a glance of withering scorn. But he was witherproof.

"If we ain't," he continued, "put a dime in th' big pail an' send Robert Immitt over to Shaughnessy's. Maggie'll lend youse de money." And he closed his eye again.

Mrs. Cassidy surveyed him in deep and utter disgust.

"That's him," she cried tragically, "allus thinkin' about his stummick! an' forgettin' that he has a progeny f'r a darter! I—" with infinite self-restraint she held herself from telling her husband for the hundredth time that day what she thought of him, and, remembering her duties as hostess, turned conversationally to her guests.

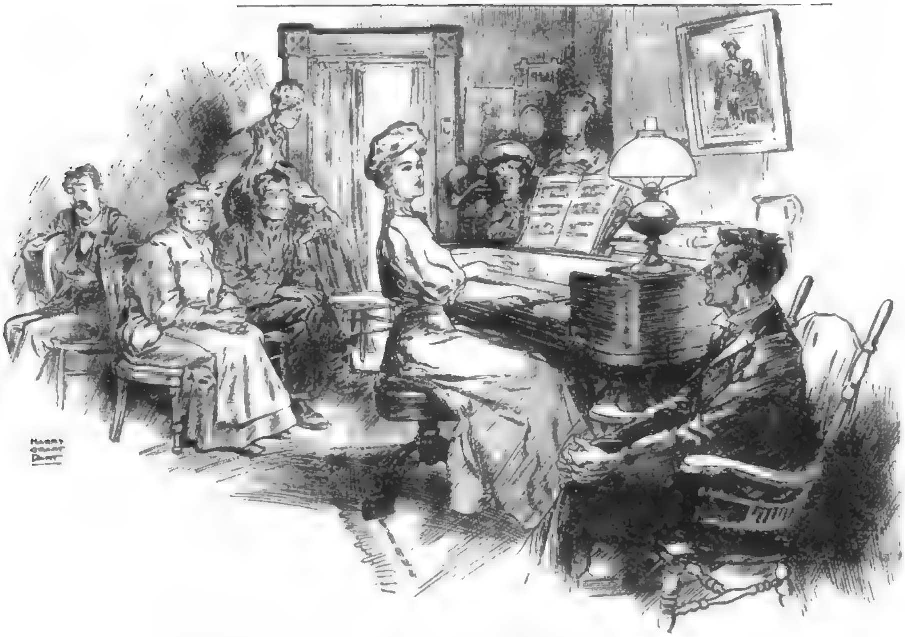
"We got a gran' costume f'r Maggie," she said. "It's a jet gownd, cut decolletay. We got it at one o' them stores where all them society women sends their clothes which they don't never wear more 'n oncet an' then throws away. An' they're jes' as good as new. We've made the skoit short—Maggie's goin' tuh dance, too, yuh know—an' it cer'nly's a dream."

"When is she goin' tuh make her deebue?" inquired Mrs. Riordan.

"She's goin' on at the next amachure night at the Pavilion," replied the proud mother. "The manager's give her a gran' place on the bill."

"What's a amachure night?" queried old Mrs. Conolly.

Mrs. Cassidy gazed at her in patient pity. "Amachure night," she explained painstak-



"GRAN' OPERA AN' NUTTIN' ELSE F'R HER—AN' A LEMON F'R ME."

ingly, "is when the boilesque theayters shortens up their reg'lar perfoimances an' gives amachures a chanct to go on the stage an' act before the aujience."

"An' I shall cer'nly be there next Wen'sday evenin' tuh see Maggie," announced Mrs. Slattery. "Won't we, Mike?" And then, without awaiting the response of her husband, she turned to her hostess.

"Good night, Mis' Cassidy," she said. "I've had a perf'ly gran' evenin'. Good night, Mr. Cassidy. Good night, Maggie. The best of luck to yuh, my dear. Come, Mike," and, leading an overwilling husband, she made her exit, the rest following suit.

Doyle, who had dwelt in his corner, the victim of a deep, dark, deadly depression, waited for a word alone with the girl.

"Ain' there no show f'r me, Maggie?" he asked pleadingly.

"I'm afraid not, Marty," she replied slowly. "You see how it is. You see what they think of me and my singing."

He sighed. "It's grand," he commented. "Grand!"

She held out her hand. "I'm sorry," she said softly, as he took it in his.

"So 'm I," he returned lugubriously.

"You'll be there—at the Pavilion—Wednesday night?" she asked.

"At my own funeral?" He nodded. "Yes," he answered, "I'll be there." He clasped her hand a little closer. "Good-by, Maggie," he said.

"Oh, it isn't good-by," she returned, smiling a little. "It's only *au revoir*."

"I muff that last one," he returned, "but I do know that when you go on the stage, the best I'll get 'll be a chance tuh look at your picture on a fence."

He turned. "Ain' there no show f'r me?" he asked, hesitating at the door. "No show at all?"

Again she shook her head.

"I'm afraid not," she replied. "But then, you never can tell."

Which is very true; for you never can.

II

Doyle made up his mind that if he must attend his own funeral he would at least be a corpse *de rigueur* in every respect. So, on the following Wednesday evening, he wriggled himself into a hired dress suit, spent half an hour in trying to make his wet hair repose at something less than an angle of ninety degrees, and another half hour in tying a resplendent scarf of red satin. And then he set forth for the theatre.

His mind was on Maggie; and Maggie was

on his mind. And there was room for but her alone. He shifted nervously, impatiently, in his seat. Every voice, every form, every face he compared with the voice, form, and face of his divinity, and disparagingly—infinitely so. If a performer won applause he was jealous. If a performer failed to win applause it pleased him as much as his mood would permit aught to please him. Thus the bad parts of the performance he found less displeasing than the good; and the good more distressing than the bad.

A hundred times he turned in his front row seat to look at the audience and say to himself:

"Just youse guys wait till Maggie comes out. She'll show yuh!"

At last the curtain descended on the shortened burlesque performance, and the manager stepped forth before it.

He was a small man with a bald head and a mustache of the color and luster of a newly polished stove. Diamonds (for we will be charitable) decorated him in every possible, and some impossible places, and he wore an air of self-esteem that fitted him as oppressively as a fur coat on the Fourth of July.

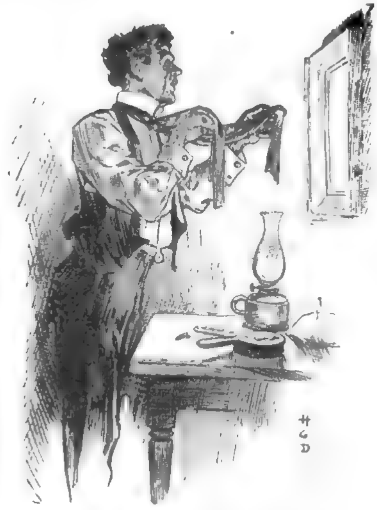
"Ladies an' gents," he said, with throaty impressiveness, "we will now be entertained by a talented bunch o' perfoimers who will compete fer the magnificent prizes which the management offers to them as is most successful in their efforts to please the aujience, as showed by the amount of applause they receives. A gold watch goes to the most pop'lar gent. an' another to the most pop'lar lady. I will announce the acts as they comes on; an' I wish to reques' that the aujience kin'ly refrain from throwin' things at the perfoimers, as last week a guy who was tryin' to play a banjo wit' one hand an' a acorjeen wit' the other got hit on the block wit' a beer bottle an' had to be took home in a amb'lance an' the p'lice made some trouble fer us an' we don' wan' it to occur again. I thank youse fer yer kin' indulgence." And after bowing, the impressive manager announced the first act of the program, bowed again and withdrew, leaving the stage in full possession of a bicycle rider whose principal trick seemed to be falling off in the footlights; which proved so expensive for the management that it summarily withdrew the bicycle rider from the stage and announced the next performer.

"Miss Margaret Cassidy, dansoose," was the verbal label; and Doyle utterly failed to recognize it as designating Maggie until he saw her before him on the stage.

She looked extremely pretty; there could be no doubt of that. Her high-pompadoured hair glowed richly in the brilliant glare. Her eyes shone brightly, and her lips and cheeks were of a red that no rouge could give. And her lithe, supple figure, with its perfect lines, showed to decided advantage in the jet gown. Doyle was so lost in admiration that it was not until after she had begun to sing that he awoke to a sense of his obligations as a friend and well-wisher, and started to applaud; whereupon he was met by sundry requests from those about him to "Dry up," and "Fergit it," and "Cut it out."

He was slowly deliberating as to whether the ethics of good breeding demanded that he should fly in the face of popular sentiment and continue to applaud, or remain quiet and give Maggie a chance to be heard, when circumstances suddenly made the decision for him.

There is a great difference, you know, between facing a parlorful of amiable friends who expect you to entertain them, and a theatreful of dour enemies who dare you to entertain them, and this Maggie was finding out. That soul-freezing thing known as "stage fright" had obsessed her. The first few notes of her song left her lips; and suddenly she found that her voice had kept them company. Her face grew white. Her hands trembled. She stood there before the footlights, motionless, helpless, incapable of speech or action.



DOYLE SPENT ANOTHER HALF HOUR IN TYING A RESPLENDENT SCARF OF RED SATIN.

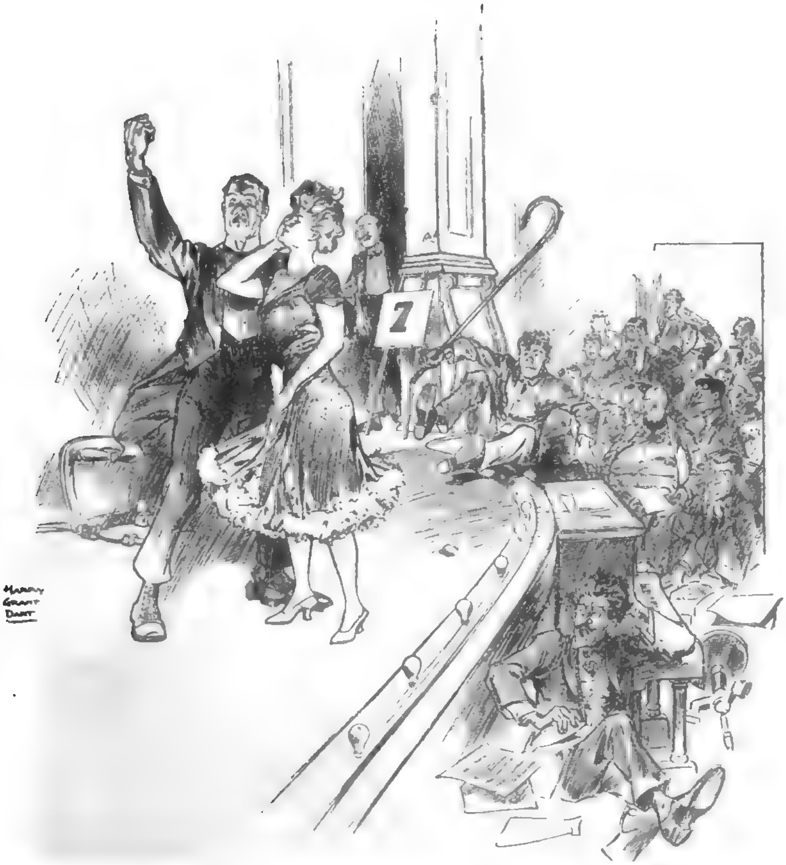
The captious, fickle, amateur-night audience, which at first, because of her dainty prettiness, had been inclined to welcome her with open arms, now became cold and repelling.

The manager stuck his glossy scalp out from the wings.

"Go on," he adjured. "Make a noise. You ain' waitin' fer a car 'r nothin' like that. Do th' canary. Do th' canary."

But the girl stood helpless, self-possession gone, fear gripping her very marrow. The audience grew more impatient. Throughout the house feet began to shuffle uneasily, and voices commented freely and sarcastically.

Across the footlights the girl still stood immovable. But her terror was now giving way before surging seas of humiliation and shame. Her lips quivered. Her slim throat trembled. And the staring eyes grew wet beneath the fluttering lids.



"THEY AIN'T ONE OF YER DARES TUH COME UP HERE!"

Came a shrill voice from the gallery. "What is dis?" it demanded, caustically, "a deef an' dumb asylum?"

The manager turned to the orchestra, which was insouciantly lighting a cigarette.

"Play her dance fer her, Bill," he ordered. "Maybe her feet ain't paralyzed yet."

Obediently the orchestra laid its cigarette on one of the scorched and blackened upper keys of the piano and turned to its task; and the rattle and bang of a buck-and-wing resounded through the house.

But the audience of amateur night is merciless; and for Maggie, thumbs were down.

"To th' trees, youse! To th' trees!" came a shrill, piercing voice from the gallery.

"Go home an' pull th' plugs out o' yer pipes," advised another.

"Back to th' kitchen! You ain' no singer. 'A stack o' bucks an' draw one!' is the best youse can handle," came a third.

Incited by these stinging shafts from the home of the gods, the rest of the house only too willingly broke into a roar of scornful abuse and biting comment. And then high above all the tumult came the shrill cry so dreaded of amateur-night performers:

"Git th' hook! Git th' hook!"

The hook, be it known, is a sort of shepherd's crook with which the unpopular entertainer of amateur night is removed from the stage.

Obedient to the demands of his insistent *clientèle*, the management "got the hook," and a large, lumpy stage-hand, with a jaw like a cobblestone, came forth from the wings to apply it to the helpless girl now beginning to sob in weak hysteria.

Throughout it all Doyle had been sitting clutching the arms of his chair. That any one could fail to admire Maggie was utterly beyond his comprehension. That any one could speak unkindly to her or criticize her was unthinkable. And that an entire audience could abuse and revile and torture one in whom he could see no flaw—one who was to him in every way the absolute perfection of womanhood—left him stupefied, bewildered, helpless.

But when he saw the hook, his self-possession returned to him, and that far more suddenly than it had left him. The hook was as a red rag to a bull; and, with a deep, choking bellow of rage, Doyle leaped from his chair. With one swing of his arm he drove the orchestra into a scared heap beside the piano. In another instant his foot was on the keyboard, his heavy hand on the piano top, and he had vaulted on to the stage.

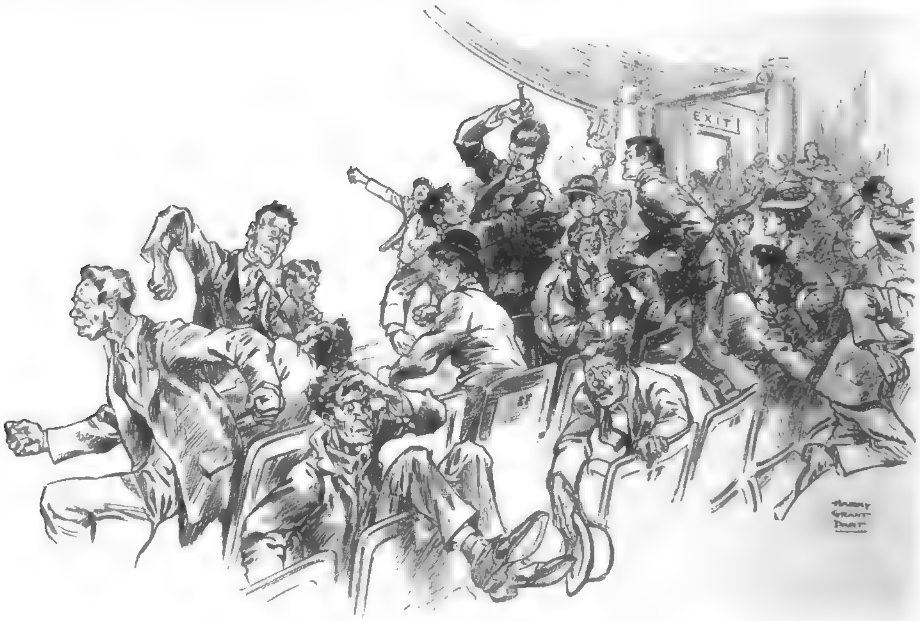
The large stage-hand had just time to swing at him once with the hook when Doyle's fist struck on one ear and he tumultuously joined the orchestra in a heap beside the piano.

A second later Doyle had his arms about the girl and she was sobbing bitterly, brokenly, upon the shoulder of the hired dress suit.

The audience, at the sudden turn of affairs, had stopped its wild shriekings for the hook and was watching with silent intentness the unexpected happenings taking place before it. The way in which Doyle had handled the stage-hand had won its admiration. The bit of romance had won its sympathies. It was the psychological moment for the strategist to rise to unknown heights of public favor. But Doyle was no strategist. He was a man, and a lover. And he was mad—mad through and through.

He turned to the audience. Holding the girl to his breast with his left arm, he clenched his right fist and shook it at the dusky mass of indistinct faces across the footlights.

"Dam' yer!" he cried from between clenched teeth. "Dam' yer! Ye're a crowd o' cowards an' four-flushers! They ain't a man among yer! Ye're all right tuh set there



THE CONFLICTING SENTIMENT IN THE HOUSE GREW FRENZIED.

an' roast a poor girl that ain't got no way tuh git back at yuh, but they ain't one of yer dares tuh come up here an' face a guy that's big enough tuh take care of himself."

It was because of this speech that, when the lumpy stage-hand with the hook unsnarled himself from the orchestra, a part of the audience was with him instead of against him as it undoubtedly would have been had Doyle kept silent. On the other hand, as great a part was still in sympathy with Doyle; for it accepted his views, and admitted his provocation.

"Trun de fresh guy out!" yelled a party of the first part.

"Aw, what's eatin' youse?" queried a shrill voice from the party of the second part. "It was his goil we was roastin'. Gee! No won'er he got sore."

But suddenly all discussion was suspended that eyes might uninterruptedly watch the movements of the lumpy stage-hand, who was now scramblingly endeavoring to secure foothold on the stage.

Doyle was not unobservant; and before the lumpy stage-hand could gain his vantage ground, he of the hired dress suit gently seated the girl in a gilt chair that chanced to be at hand and then, hastening to the front of the "apron," landed a deft kick that sent the stage-hand back into the lap of a porcine and stertorous gentleman, who, in a front row seat, was nervously combing his whiskers with his fingers. Next, he turned to face the manager, the electrician, the stage doorman and two more stage-hands.

With a howl of rage, for his fighting blood was scorching his veins, Doyle charged them. The impressive manager did not wait, but took a running jump over the footlights and lighted upon the same stertorous individual whose lap the lumpy stage-hand had just then vacated in his favor; whereat the stertorous individual showed his irritation by deftly planting a forceful blow just below the diamond "headlight" that twinkled from the managerial shirt front.

While the manager and the stertorous individual continued the argument under an orchestra chair, Doyle, with a well-directed blow, sent the electrician sliding across the stage like a member of the home team trying to get to third in the ninth with two out and none on bases. And before the electrician had settled himself to pick pieces of footlight out of his hair, Doyle had caused the stage doorman to fly frantically back to his post, and had stretched the two stage-hands jauntily over a Louis Quinze divan.

At this, the conflicting sentiment in the house grew frenzied. With such examples before them, there was no one with soul so dead as not to become actively partizan. The supporters of Doyle, including Mr. Cassidy, who loved a fight only second to a drink, and a drink only second to his daughter, and Mr. Slattery, in whose mind a fight preceded all else, rose to their feet and would have thronged to the standard of their leader had it not been that they were separated from him by stairways and balcony rails and footlights. And then again, rallying takes time; and when there is a row in progress, time is precious.

Thus it was that each picked out the man nearest to him, whose sentiments had declared him to be an opponent, or whose appearance seemed to indicate that he might be an opponent, or who looked as though he enjoyed a good fight, and started at it.

Doyle, victor of the stage, looked about him Alexander-like, for more worlds to conquer. There were none; except, that is, the surging, chaotic, howling one beyond the footlights.

He had not been born in Kilkenny for nothing. He gazed at the seething mass of howling humanity and his hands clenched and unclenched itchingly. But the love of woman was stronger than the lust of battle. He turned to the girl beside him and, placing his arm about her, raised her to her feet.

"Come, Maggie," he said slowly. "Le's beat it."

And they did.

As the sound of a clanging gong came to them, Doyle arose and, going to the window of the tiny parlor of the flat, looked down upon the street below.

"Eight," he counted. "Gee! Eight patrol-wagon loads of 'em's went by so far, an' more comin', and me not in on the fun at all!" He sighed wistfully. But the sigh was broken and the fight forgotten as he turned, suddenly, to find the girl at his side.

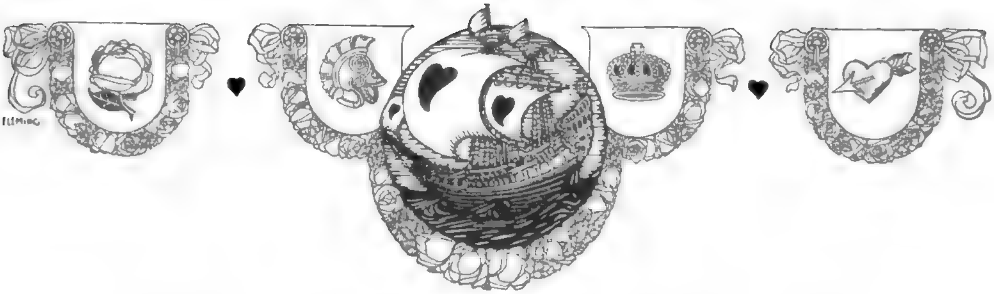
Quickly, impulsively, he took her in his arms and drew her to him.

"There is a chance f'r me, Maggie, girl, ain't they?" he asked pleadingly.

She shook her head. He released her and started back, aghast.

"Not a chance," she said slowly and very softly, "but a—a—certainty."

And the other seven patrol-wagons passed unnoticed.



Little Stories of Real Life

The Return of Santa Claus

By Edwin L. Sabin

SOME "kid," your contemporary, but, ah, grown so worldly-wise, said shrilly: "Aw, there ain't no Santy Claus!" And after a few struggles Santa Claus, it seemed, died. That was almost twenty years ago, yet now here he is again, revivified! Done to death (as it appeared) by youth, youth has resurrected him. Good old Santa, thus to bob up serenely, and to accept for his sponsor even such a renegade as yourself!

Without, grim-toothed, pitiless Winter besets you hard, trying door and window, thrusting prowling fingers into every crack; within, the traditional evening lamp spreads its beams, and in the grate sturdily glows the fire, holding Winter at bay. Clad in his pink flannel pajamas, wide-eyed upon your knee, bids the Littlest One:

"Tell me 'bout Santy Claus."

Upturning the sod of memory, you tell him.

"Santa Claus lives away off at the North Pole"—you congratulate yourself that the initial setting sounds strictly orthodox—"and all the year he is busy making toys and candy and——"

"Swords?"

The Littlest One is born to be an illustrious general; martial is his disposition.

"Yes, swords and pistols——"

"An' daggers?"

"And daggers and sleds and——"

"An' Noahzarks?"

From swords and daggers to Noah's arks is a long stretch, but remembering the scope of Santa Claus's magic pack, you may answer assuredly:

"Yes, indeed; Noah's arks——"

"An' gum-drops an' lemon-sticks?"

"Yes, every kind of candy and every kind of toy!"

"Isn't there a mamma Santy Claus?"

Memory falters. A "mamma Santa Claus" does not appeal as a part of your original conception. However, in the light of your own experience she does appeal as quite necessary, and you rather owe it to Santa Claus to assign him such happiness.

"Yes, there's a mamma Santa Claus."

The Littlest One sighs luxuriously.

"I wish I was *their* little boy."

The Gentle One, listening with amused smile as her needle leads a silken thread hither and thither to weave some wondrous pattern, queries with sudden jealousy:

"Aren't you glad you're *our* little boy?"

"Y-yes."

The Littlest One wriggles, torn between cupidity and filial love.

"But you *are* Santa Claus's little boy, if you are good. All the good little boys in the world are Santa Claus's little boys."

The Littlest One takes time to ponder upon the remark.

"Go on," he commands at last.

"And Santa Claus comes by reindeer, named Blitzen and Spitzen and — and — um-m——"

"Dancer and Prancer," suggests the Gentle One. Bless her, through the years her woman's heart has retained facts for just such moments as this—the moment of the child and the fire and Christmas Eve. "Don't you recollect?" she chides:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On! Comet; on! Cupid; on! Dunder and Blitzen."

To be sure!

"And Dancer and Prancer," you repeat; "and Cupid, and a great long line of them. And Santa Claus's sleigh is piled high with the toys he is bringing for the good little children——"

"Don't the bad little children get anything?"

"Yes; they get bundles of *switches!*"

"Oh!" The Littlest One reflects soberly. "How does Santy Claus know they're bad?"

"He knows. He knows just how bad and just how good they are."

"Do their mammas and papas tell him?"

"Um-m-m—sometimes."

"Did you tell him when I was bad?"

The tone evidences the keenest anxiety. The narrator hesitates, in sore straits. The Gentle One, omniscient in such matters, comes to his relief.

"We were going to," she declares; "but you were good again."

"Then he'll bring me lots, won't he?" asserts the Littlest One hopefully.

"Maybe."

"Down the chimley?"

"Yes, down the chimney."

"Right into the fire?"

The Littlest One is exhibiting alarm. Hard pressed, the narrator has a bright thought.

"Oh, the fire won't hurt Santa Claus. He lives at the North Pole, and he is so cold that he doesn't mind the fire."

"Will he put the fire out?"

The Littlest One is still overcurious.

"We don't know. We never saw him. He doesn't like people to see him."

"Couldn't I see him if I sat up?"

"No!" Your reply and that of the Gentle One are simultaneous and the same.

"Did you *ever* see him?"

"No, never."

"How do you know what he looks like, then?"

The Littlest One sounds triumphant.

"We've seen pictures of him."

"And so have you, dear," reminds the Gentle One solicitously. "You have a picture of him in your book that grandma gave you."

"Who made the pictures?"

"Maybe he made them himself."

The Littlest One is checkmated! A clever retort, that. You may flatter yourself, and breathe easier.

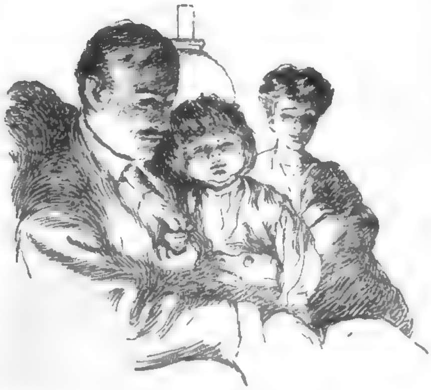
"Oh!"

The Littlest One is silent, blinking into the fire. Very soft and warm he feels to you, within the circle of your arm, as he revolves his thoughts tremendous.

"Say 'Night before Chris'mus,'" he orders.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there——"

"Go on," dictates the Littlest One.



"TELL ME 'BOUT SANTY CLAUS."

Ah, shameful confession of apostasy! You have forgotten! Santa Claus is having his revenge, but the Gentle One kindly comes to your rescue, and relieves you. She never has forgotten, no; not in emergency. She continues with emphasis:

"The children were nestled all *snug in their beds*,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads——"

Affected by the last line more than by that preceding, the Littlest One squirms appreciatively.

"When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash."

"*He* saw him, didn't he!" exclaims the Littlest One, strongly moved.

"Yes; but it was very naughty of him to peek. Saint Nicholas wouldn't have liked it," declares the Gentle One; and she proceeds:

"When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer;
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick——"

"Was that Santy Claus?" asks the Littlest One dubiously.

"Oh, yes; Santa Claus and Saint Nicholas and Kris Kringle are all the very same person."

"Maybe that man who peeked made a picture of Santy," suggests the Littlest One.

"Perhaps it was he," you assent, glad of the solution.

"So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With sleigh full of toys—and Saint Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof——"

"Will he be on our roof?" queries the Littlest One anxiously.

"If we don't frighten him away by spying on him, he will."

"But this man spied."

"He was naughty to do so. Santa Claus might have been very, very angry with him, and left him nothing but switches!"

"*I* don't want any switches," whimpers the Littlest One earnestly. "I'm good."

You hug him. The narration in verse continues persistent.

"And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack——"

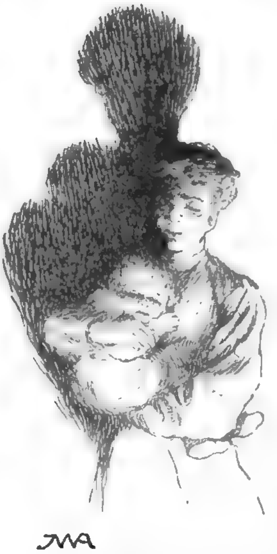
"Weren't the toys all soot?"

"No; he keeps the toys covered up."

"Doesn't he get soot on the floor?"

"He is careful and brushes it up clean, every bit," you answer, conscientiously embracing the opportunity for instruction.

"He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf——"



THE LITTLEST ONE IS BORNE TO BED.

"What is an elf?" demands the Littlest One.

"It's a kind of fairy."

"Is Santy Claus a fairy?"

"*This* man says he is," hastily answers the Gentle One, forestalling intricate explanations. She proceeds:

"A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread——"

"Then Santy wasn't mad?" proffers the Littlest One—half as a statement of fact, and half as an interrogation.

"N-no; but the man was afraid, you see. Santa ***might*** have been mad."

"He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk——"

"I want to hang up *my* stockings, now," decrees the Littlest One, suddenly slipping down.

"All right," readily assents the Gentle One. "We'll hang up the stockings, and then we'll go to bed and give Santa a chance to fill them. Shall we?"

The Littlest One acquiesces—although, as appears later, with a mental reservation. The stockings are hung, by pins—fastenings insecure, it must be admitted, to support the prospective loads, but adequate for the present purpose, which is: bed for the Littlest One. Now from the mantel they dangle: two chubby, woollen stockings, two longer, limper stockings—the Gentle One's—and two short, limp stockings—yours. The shortness and the corresponding reduced capacity of these your own stockings are your fitting punishment for having through so many years neglected Santa and your privileges. Now you are rather late.

"There," concludes the Gentle One hopefully. "Shall mamma put you to bed now? Santa Claus is likely to want to come, any moment."

The Littlest One's mental reservation aforesaid covers exactly that point—bed. His eyes are drooping, but his mouth droops too.

"Tell me more," he pleads.

The Gentle One impulsively gathers him up in her arms, and it is on *her* knee that he sits now, nestling back against her.

"Well," she says. "Once upon a time, ever and ever and *ever* so many years ago, there was born a little boy just like *you*——"

"Just like me?" repeats the Littlest One.

"Yes, just like you. And he was born—where do you think? Out in a stable, among the cows!"

"Didn't the cows bite him?" quavers the Littlest One anxiously.

"No, the cows didn't bite him. They loved him."

"Was he Santy Claus's little boy?"

"N-no, he wasn't Santa Claus's little boy, but he was born on Christmas Day. And——"

"Were Chris'mus Day an' his birfday all the same?"

Again cupidity is manifesting itself in the Littlest One. The disadvantage of having Christmas and birthday come together is vaguely dawning upon him.

"There wasn't any Christmas, then. That was before Christmas. But he was such a good little boy, and he grew up such a good man [by reason of the limitations of her audience the Gentle One is necessarily also limited in expression], and we are so thankful that God gave him to the world, that we celebrate his birthday and we call it Christmas. What do you think was his name?"

"Santy Claus."

A slight incoherence is noticeable in the Littlest One's articulation — the response is mechanical and murmurous.

"No, not Santa Claus. It was Jesus. Don't you remember that mamma has told you about Jesus, the friend of all little children because he was a little child himself?"

"Santy Claus. Come, Santy Claus."

The Littlest One is far gone, and 'tis quite useless to wrestle with his evident worldliness. The Gentle One adapts herself accordingly—and at the same time adapts her lap.

"Yes, darling," she encourages. "Santa Claus is coming."

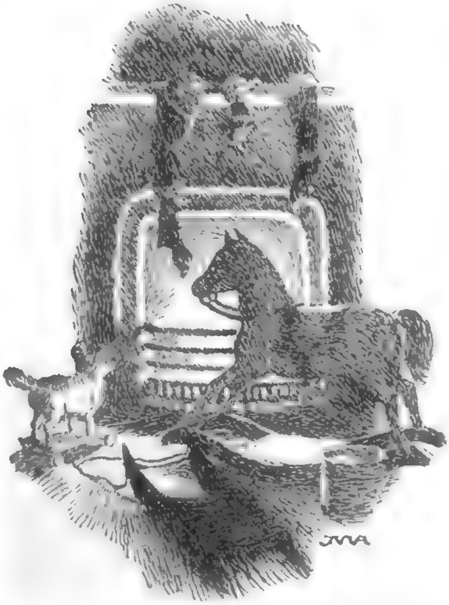
Very quiet it is, for a few minutes. All the world seems hushed while, safe from Winter, in the lamplight before the glowing fire, upon somebody's lap the Littlest One drifts to slumberland. Rocking contentedly, the Gentle One croons a lullaby:

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night!

"For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars! together
Proclaim the holy birth——"

The Littlest One's eyes are fast sealed; the lids unclose not. The crooner looks across at you, and significantly smiles. She rises.

In his pink flannel pajamas the Littlest One, unconscious of the liberty being taken with him, is borne to bed.



AROUND ABOUT IS THE EXPECTANT, HOLY STILLNESS OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

The chubby stockings are much chubbier, swelled by a strange affliction of lumps and knobs. A rocking-horse has miraculously appeared upon the tiles, together with a sled and a large curly dog. The grate-fire has faded to a dull crimson, and the Littlest One would realize that Santa Claus might alight upon it without danger. The last footsteps, homeward-bound from festivity, have passed; only old Winter's tread crackles, as he maintains his round, ceaseless and futile. From the Littlest One's quarters emerges a liquid babbling; the Gentle One steals up, and steals down again.

"Dreaming," she vouchsafes.

With a shy side glance, and a blush, she slips a package into your stocking.

"You mustn't look," she admonishes.

You slip something into hers.

"And you mustn't, either," you return.

Your arm encircles her waist, and thus united you stand, you and she, without speaking. Round about is the expectant, holy stillness of Christmas Eve. But before the fireplace you are not waiting for Santa Claus; no. He has come; already has he entered your hearts, at the call of the Littlest One.

As to the Blind

By Will Irwin

JUDGE MARVIN, with his reverence for things ancient and historic, had bought the old Spanish Hacienda de Los Gatos, long disused, and had made it over for his country house. To the housewarming, he invited a company selected for their appreciation of his fancy—lovers all of the ways and traditions which Spain left to California. Later, Judge Marvin said, he would have the young, the careless, the people of to-day; but for this festival of renewals he wanted those whom years or art had softened into harmony with the crumbled adobe, the long jasmine vines, the worn sun-dial, and the stately ceilings of his hacienda.

All day and nearly all night, we had dwelt with beauty and the past. Now it was very late, and we had sat long before the great stone fireplace, whose burning driftwood, our only light, pierced the far corners with strange, metallic shadows. A chill of dawn came in through the open windows; and a coyote, beast of the devil, was howling out in the distance. From old tales, the conversation had fallen off to silence; for minutes we had all sat and stared into the fire, each dreading lest some one should make that first move which might close an evening of such pleasant and perfect communion. I remember that I was in a half sleepy state; yet hardly was it the drowsiness which precedes normal sleep. It was as though weariness had dropped a slight veil over my five senses.

Mrs. Collins, gay, talkative, fanciful, was of course the first to break silence.

"Why, how thoughtful and serious we've grown!" she said. "It is the time for ghost stories!"

Judge Marvin, who needed only a touch upon his conversational elbow to set him generalizing in any direction, cleared his throat.

"The natural reaction from such an evening as we have had. We are a little jaded of nerves. Then, too, we have the stage setting which recalls the supernatural—an old house, just opened after long vacancy, firelight, a dying moon, and the hours before day." His voice seemed softer than usual.

Presently young Powell, the Englishman, was speaking:

"It is a singular thing about this house. At home, we'd scarcely call it old, you know. They say it was built only in 1836 or thereabouts. Yet it's ripened and colored with life like an old meerschaum."

"The glory of our West," I heard Judge Marvin say. "Not so old in years as your English houses, but just as old in the human march. I was born before San Francisco was founded, yet San Francisco is three hundred years old in spirit. So with this house. The Spaniards built it, and it has seen a whole people die. Isn't it entitled to its ghost?" I do not remember how long we were silent after that. . . .

"Perhaps this house has its ghost," said Señora Ulistac from her seat beyond the fire-screen. We turned to her; she had not spoken before. She was sitting forward on a couch, and out of direct light from the fire. Now and then, a spurt of flame would reveal something of her little graceful head, her coarse black hair, and the flower-like gentility of her attitude. Never did it reveal her altogether; the uncertain light merely touched one feature after another, suggesting the rest. I remember how my artistic sense was grateful for that; it made a harmonious whole with her soft, plaintive voice. A wonderful woman, such as only Castile could make and Angleland love enough; mature now, but also forever virginal.

Her voice held us all. I felt, too, a little thrill, a catch in my throat. The gaieties of Mrs. Collins on the subject of ghosts, the intellectual speculation of Judge Marvin, had produced no such effect. Doubtless, the Señora was moved, I thought; and I speculated idly on the strange power of emotion to produce emotion.

A log shifted in the fire. The room became bright, and afterward fell to a deeper blackness.

"Tell me," pursued Señora Ulistac, "if a ghost should come among you now, would you be frightened?"

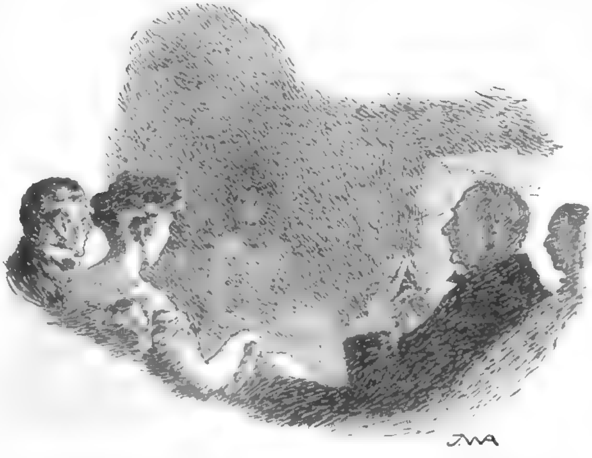
Mrs. Collins, I noticed, huddled closer to the fire.

"I suspect not," said Judge Marvin. "The age is beyond it, now that the Society for Psychical Research studies ghosts, apparitions, and mediums in the laboratory. It is not so much the unexplained that breeds terror as the thing which no one has ever tried to explain." These last words had come rather slowly. I noticed that he, like the rest of us, seemed lapped in softer airs. Then I found, too, that Señora Ulistac had been speaking for some time.

"Perhaps they are among us continually," she was saying. "Perhaps you see them and talk with them and do not remember. Suppose that you were all leading two lives—the conscious one in which you—you are living now—and another one which is just as real and conscious but of which you keep no recollection. It is as though they were two rooms. In one, you forget what happened in the other. Only sometimes, some people remember a little on the threshold—just a flash as they pass."

"Mediums?" asked Judge Marvin. His voice did not interrupt the Señora.

"That matter of death is another door," she said, "as if between rooms that communicate. More, maybe, like going out-of-doors before you enter another room. Only it is different, too; that is one of the hard things for me to tell you. One dies; he has all the consolations of the faith. If he believes and accepts that faith, then his soul is in an exalted state when he goes to sleep. There, you cannot understand why, is the place where your religion helps. The soul slips easier, as though oiled.



"IF A GHOST SHOULD COME AMONG YOU NOW, WOULD YOU BE FRIGHTENED?"

"But just to die is very easy. I think that those who die on the scaffold must laugh when it is all done; the dreadful thing is so easy. There comes such peace that one says, 'Is that all?' Yes, the threshold is a great peace—rest before labor. One sees his body lying there, and the first thing that comes is the manner in which he sees it within and without. Not the eyes, but the very inside of the eyes—the round ball of fluid, the tiny, white nerves that run through the dark flesh—and it is all more beautiful and satisfying than he could have thought. Then one is aware of the thing that draws—the hunger."

Another log dropped in the fireplace. The light revealed her again with its undefining flashes. I saw that she had turned her luminous eyes toward the flames, as one in deep and serene thought. I did not observe how she was clothed; I was searching, with my languid attention, for her face.

"By that time, one has forgotten those consolations of religion which he thought to take across. It has become all a hunger, which draws him. Before that—first, the sight is not in the feet; then it leaves the hands and arms and afterward the body. It seems that your consciousness is growing smaller and more dense. There is no pain in this, neither the pain of death nor those other pains which one knows later. Only, there is a kind of wonder. At last, sight is all in your head—in one of the little white nerve knots—and then—you are partly out-of-doors. One half of you is watching the body which lies there, and the other is traveling. At least, I traveled. Not all do." This change in the person came with no shock. In my languid, receptive state, it seemed to me natural. Nor do I remember that there was any start or movement in the circle. She was talking on; we were listening, relaxed, motionless.

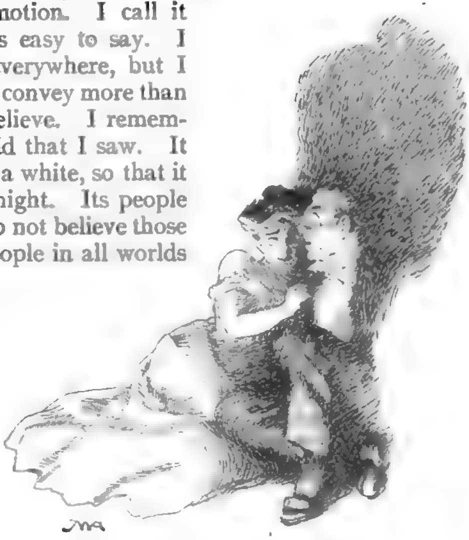
"I was far away—that part of me. I cannot tell you if I had anything like form, because I did not think of form. Some one was swimming toward me. I cannot tell you if she had form either. Yet it seemed, too, that there were eyes, because I felt that she was looking at me; also, I was aware that it was a woman. 'I was drowned this morning,' she said as she passed.

"I could see the world. It is true that it is round, and it is silver like the moon, but bluer and brighter. There were also strange lands. I say that I traveled, but really I was not moving as you know motion. I call it traveling because that is easy to say. I saw everything, I was everywhere, but I did not move. I cannot convey more than that; I only ask you to believe. I remember the first strange world that I saw. It is lit with a red sun and a white, so that it has two days and one night. Its people are formed like you. Do not believe those who tell you that the people in all worlds are not like you. They are—all in the image of God—only that they are nearer beasts in the new worlds and finer in the old ones. These were people of the greatest beauty, because theirs is a very old world.

"That second self of mine was a white and pale one. Not that, either—I am just trying to put it so that you will understand. Not white and pale, because there were no whiteness and pallor where I was. Remember, I am speaking as though I tried to describe color to one born blind. To such a one I should call red a color like a globe and white a color like a cube. That would not be right, but it would be something to give the idea.

"The other part of me was more like substance, and it remained always near the earth. It saw my body washed, it saw the priests praying, it saw the children crying. It neither marveled nor grieved; it only saw; at first just as your eyes see—the outside of things—and then a greater sight, which went within. Those about my body were growing like shadows, but I knew them better than I ever did before—knew what their thoughts were and what lay behind their thoughts. There was my cousin Teresa. You remember that we had not spoken for many years. The trouble about the hat—it seems unfitting to mention it among these great and solemn things, but you remember——"

I remembered perfectly. It had been the joke of all Mission Santa Clara. Her cousin, Teresa, fiery and jealous, had quarreled with her for copying the new Spanish hat which the father of Teresa had brought up from the City of Mexico——



"I AM AFRAID, AFRAID!" WHIMPERED MRS. COLLINS.

"As I looked at her, I realized that Teresa had been waiting a year for the chance to speak the first word without hurting her pride, and that she was torn and sorry now. I regretted a little; but all such things as regrets were merging into a glow which was like a great love for everything—my own, and all men and women not my own, and the earth, and the worlds outside. Love seemed to be melting and dissolving that being—and it was gone. I was all in the other self, the one which had been far outside; and I was rushing, rushing, driven by the hunger.

"I was whirling toward a great light. Again, I am speaking as to those born blind; for they do not move out there, and neither was it a light. Thousands and thousands of great suns such as your eyes see there were; but this was not a light; I only try to convey to you what it was. Also, I had pain like ecstasy and joy like childbirth. I was alone, too; I had met no being of my kind since the woman who had been drowned. As I know now, that meeting was the most marvelous thing of all.

"I struck the light—faded into it—oh, the shock!"

Silence again; though indeed I seemed to be hearing through it all; a rich silence, made not of emptiness but of chords which met and perfectly neutralized one another. Although his voice was unwontedly soft, I had a kind of disagreeable shock when the Judge spoke:

"And after?"

"That," said the Señora, "I cannot tell. Why, even, I cannot tell. It is something as though I were telling of color to the blind, but more as though I spoke of religion to the newborn babe."

Mrs. Collins was speaking in her little voice: "But the truth of things—is the faith you carried with you true?" I remembered then that Mrs. Collins was a Catholic.

"All true," said the Señora. "But you others, who are not of the faith that I took with me—be assured that your faiths, also, are true."

The Judge said softly, "A riddle."

"The riddle of everything," said the Señora. "The riddle that all your wise men have tried to solve—why things are and what we are. Yet after one has been in the light it is so easy, so simple, that the dead laugh. I am speaking now to the blind and the newborn, but even to you one word will give it all. It is as simple as the first step of a child."

"What is the word?" asked Mrs. Collins; for the Señora's voice had been coming slower and slower.

May I never live again through the shocks of the next minute! I was on the floor in a heap, a-quiver with a great cold. My hair stung with the tightening of my scalp; my very entrails were quivering and contracting. It seemed that the emotion of cold terror came before the cause, of which I was dimly aware as I gripped myself and tried to rise.

A cock had crowed outside.

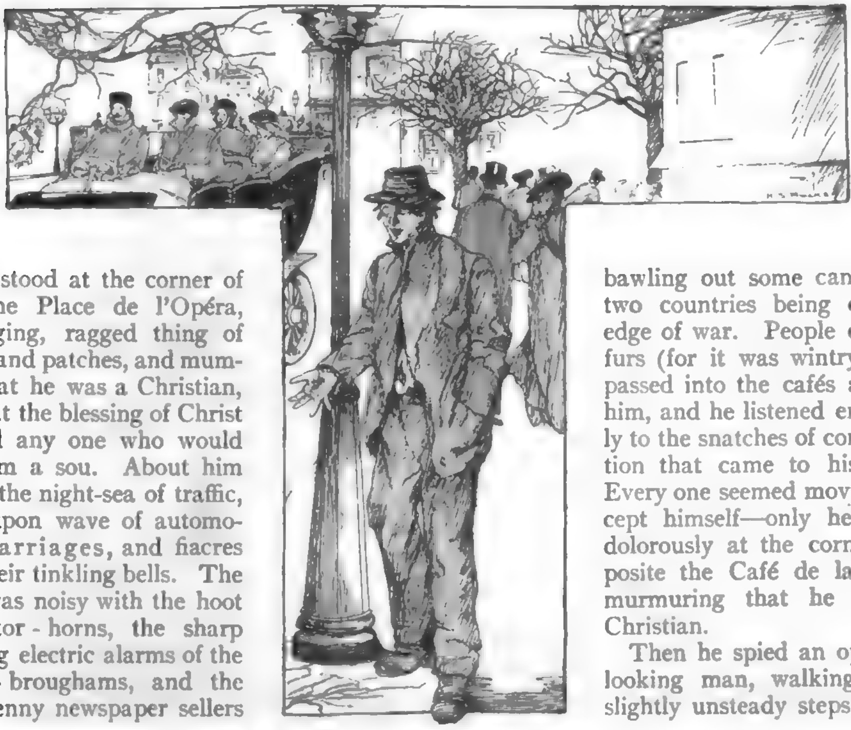
I felt that something heavy and soft had fallen against me. I felt that some one had leaped across the room and thrown a shutter open. The dying moonlight, laced with the first filaments of dawn, streamed into the firelight. I saw then that it was the form of Mrs. Collins which lay against me. Over by the fireplace, Collins was on his knees. Powell, the Englishman, was huddled in his chair, as pulpy and nerveless as the newly dead. Mrs. Collins, gripping me for support and staring with reluctant eyes at the place where Señora Ulistac had been, was crossing herself.

"It seemed right when she was here," whimpered Mrs. Collins. "But now, I am afraid, afraid!"

We looked, each into the eyes of the others; and we realized that, although we knew her name, her history, all that she had been—though we knew her as we knew one another—we had never seen Señora Ulistac nor even heard of her until she spoke from the corner of the fireplace half an hour before. . . .

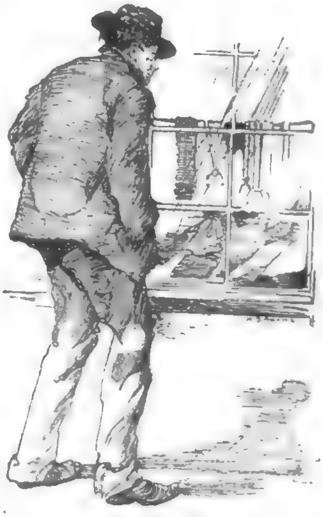
Twenty Francs

By ALPHONSE COURLANDER



HE stood at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, a cringing, ragged thing of shreds and patches, and mumbled that he was a Christian, and that the blessing of Christ awaited any one who would give him a sou. About him surged the night-sea of traffic, wave upon wave of automobiles, carriages, and fiacres with their tinkling bells. The night was noisy with the hoot of motor-horns, the sharp jangling electric alarms of the motor-broughams, and the catchpenny newspaper sellers bawling out some canard of two countries being on the edge of war. People clad in furs (for it was wintry cold) passed into the cafés around him, and he listened enviously to the snatches of conversation that came to his ears. Every one seemed moving except himself—only he stood dolorously at the corner opposite the Café de la Paix, murmuring that he was a Christian.

Then he spied an opulent-looking man, walking, with slightly unsteady steps, along the Boulevard des Capucines, and him he followed for several paces, pleading and praying in the Highest Name for some money. And the opulent one stopped and fumbled in his pocket, while the beggar waited with a dog-like air of expectancy. A small coin was pressed into his palm—fifty centimes! thought the beggar, and he called down blessings according to value received. The opulent one walked on, and the beggar moved toward a lamp that he might assure himself of his money. Ten sous wasn't a bad haul; that, together with the five-sou piece that a lady had given him, and odd ten-centime pieces, made up a franc. Enough until to-morrow.


WONDERING WHAT HE SHOULD PURCHASE.

He came under the lamp, and looked at the coin. *Sacré nom de Dieu!* Was it his fancy? Was the light turning the coin yellow? Was this really a twenty-franc piece? He looked closer. It was a louis! There was the Napoleon's head, and there was 20 FRANCS engraved on the scroll on the obverse side. It was a louis! Twenty francs! More than twenty times as much money as he had in his pocket. More money than he had ever held between his fingers.

He wrapped the coin up in a dirty rag that served as a pocket-handkerchief, and shambled away. The *sergents de ville*, it seemed, looked at him with suspicion. Suppose they arrested him for loitering? They would search him. They would find this twenty-franc piece on him, and they wouldn't believe him—who would?—if he said that it was given him in charity. Oh, they were a disbelieving lot, those *sergents de ville!* He walked along, looking at no one, lest there should arise in his eyes a suggestion of his great wealth. He kept his hand on his pocket, clasped tightly over the rag containing the louis, until he came to a certain doorway, in a side street near the Madeleine, where he knew he could sit down and think, for there all was dark and quiet.

To begin with, what should be done with twenty francs? He could buy a woolen neckcloth; that would be good. How much? He imagined himself in a shop of which he knew, over the river, inspecting the stock of mufflers. One was gray, and he rejected it scornfully. Not because it was too dear for him—oh, no! He told the proud assistant so. He looked poor, perhaps, but—well, he wanted a gayer color. That purple one, for instance. Three francs fifty? H'm, and that yellow one? Two francs. Yes, that would do. The beggar coughed as if his throat were shattering. Yes, to-morrow he would buy a neckcloth. Most certainly.

And after that? Now it was necessary, he told himself, to consider matters thoroughly, and realize just what he could buy. He would go through everything in his mind. Of course he would have a drink or two. Something warm and grateful. They sold excellent white absinthe at Durot's in the Rue Degas. Thirty centimes and as much sugar as you wanted. Then that would give him an appetite for *déjeûner*. The Café des Cochers in the same street served a good meal, he believed. He had the pickings free sometimes, and very good pickings they were. Say one franc twenty-five. That would make a trifle over three francs fifty. After dinner a smoke. Why, he could afford good *caporal* tobacco at fifty centimes the packet, and the best cigarette papers. Or why not buy a pipe? Not a common clay, but a tolerably good briar for a franc. That would be quite enough extravagance for one day. He thought he would spread the enjoyment of his riches over four or five days.

He fell asleep, and by the smile on his face many a man or woman that night would have paid twenty times his twenty francs for his dreams.

In the chill morning, when the street-sweepers were yet at work, and the boulevards were bleak and bare of people, he awoke. Some of the larger cafés still had their lights burning—they were preparing for the early customers the *petit déjeûner*, having packed the night customers to their homes. The beggar shuffled down a street that cut into the Place de la Concorde and made for the riverside. A *commis*, going to work, impressed by the early sight of poverty, gave him a copper. The beggar smiled. If the clerk only knew! If that cabman, leaning forward in a tired manner on his box, only knew! If the street scavengers only knew! Why, he was richer than all. He spent three sous on a coffee and roll at a little wine shop, and had cognac in his coffee. He wandered about looking at the shop-windows as their shutters were taken down, wondering what he should purchase. By eleven o'clock he had bought in his imagination everything he wanted, and still he hadn't spent more than fifteen francs. The burden of wealth began to weigh upon him. He wanted so much that it took him hours to decide which particular things he wanted most. For three-quarters of an hour he walked between a boot shop (fine boots for five francs) and a second-hand clothier's (what an overcoat for eight francs!), and at the end of that period it occurred to him that there were such things as warm shirts and socks to be bought. So he must needs make a journey of inspection round the hosiers' shop-windows in the afternoon. And, when the evening came, he spent fifty centimes on a dinner, and was still hugging the louis in the rag handkerchief.

Night came, and the shops closed. "Never mind," he thought, "I can spend it to-morrow." So he slept and dreamed again. This time he had a nightmare of being robbed, and woke up in fear and perspiration to find that it was morning again.

Three days passed! Three days, during which he had lived on odd pieces of money given him by fools who did not know he was so rich. And on the morning of the fourth, he went boldly into Durot's wine shop, where they knew him, and laid the louis on the counter. "A coffee, Père Durot," he cried. "A coffee, a *brioche*, and some cognac, and order for thyself what thou desirest."

"Eh!" said Père Durot lightly, "hast thou been robbing tills?" Then he saw the louis, and picked it up wonderingly. "Where didst thou get this from?"

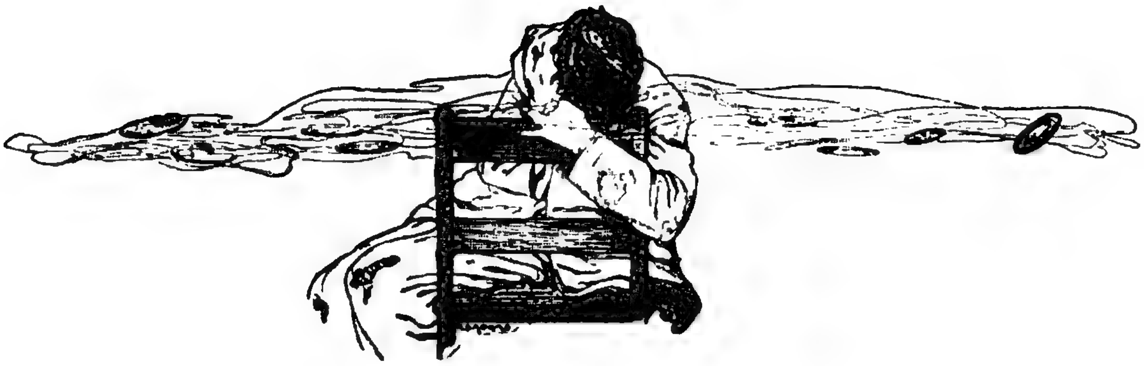
"I begged it!" said the beggar. "The man was not sober, I believe. But be quick with that coffee, for it's a cold morning."

Père Durot pressed the coin between his fingers; it bent like soft lead.

"*Thou* wast not sober," he said. "This is one of those copper-bellied louis. If one did not know you, one would have you locked up."

The beggar looked at the twisted coin with dull eyes, as though he did not understand.

Père Durot was handing it back to him, and some men from the markets were making jokes about him, as they sipped at their warm coffee. He took the coin with numb, claw-like fingers. It was no longer round, but bent and crooked. Then he fumbled his way to a chair and, rubbing the useless metal up and down his cheek, sobbed uncontrollably, until they took him away.



WHAT IS A GOOD MAN?

A Symposium by

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND **THOMAS W. LAWSON**
H. G. WELLS **GENERAL COUNT KATSURA**
PROFESSOR EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old?

Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

THE Editor had read that morning of a doctor who had died in Bellevue Hospital the previous evening, and the brief details of the man's life recorded a story of extraordinary self-sacrifice and devotion. He might have been a famous man with a millionaire clientele, but he had been only an overworked physician practising in a poverty-stricken quarter of the lower East Side of New York. Patients he had had in droves—the wives, the children, the fathers of the most overcrowded plot of God's earth. He had worked night and day. All that skill and genius which had caused his class at the Medical College to regard him as its most promising member had been freely bestowed on the unfortunate. He had lived humbly in a tenement flat, on call day and night, and in that swarming human hive there had seldom been an hour in which some one of his suffering people had not demanded his service. Literally, this man had put aside all the joys and prides of the flesh and had devoted himself to unremunerated service.

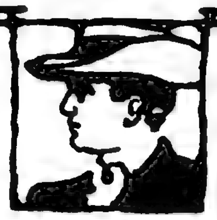
Thinking over all that this record involved of generosity, of discomfort, of self-abnegation, the Editor had a conviction that this physician must truly have been a rarely good man and that to have known well such a man would have meant an enrichment of one's experience of life.

He was really very deeply impressed; all day the subject persisted in his mind. So it was not so irrelevant as it sounded that he should startle the Editorial Conclave by seriously inquiring: "Has any of you ever known a good man?" "Why?" asked one of the group, after a pause. "What is a good man, anyway?"

"There's ——," said another, mentioning the name of a big Wall Street man who had rendered striking service in the recent financial crisis. "I should think he figures out as good according to the average standard. He works hard and has succeeded honestly. He goes to church on Sundays, contributes liberally to foreign missions and the Y. M. C. A., neither smokes nor drinks, stays home at nights, and is decent to his wife and children."

"All that and much more is true of John D. Rockefeller, the most generous man in the world," objected the Editor; "yet you'll hardly put forth the president of Standard Oil as a good man."

"What about my janitor?" came from the next man. "He's dead square in all his dealings, does his work faithfully. Ours is the best-run apartment-house I've ever lived in. He supports his wife's old father, and has two of his sister's children liv-



ing with him. Yes, he does drink a bit, but not more than is fair. Isn't he a mighty good man?"

"What's the matter with all of us?" here interrupted the man who had asked for a definition of a good man. "We are making good on our jobs, we are sober, we tell the truth, live decent lives. How much more do you want, anyway?"

It seemed to the Editor that goodness—real goodness—is something more than living up to one's human obligations. So he said: "All of you have confused respectability with goodness. Let me tell you of a man who died last night."

"But that doctor was a hero and a devotee," objected the Art Editor, when the Editor had finished his tale. "You can prove nothing by him. He is a counsel of perfection."

"Suppose some man with a wife and family and a business depending on him, should attempt to follow such a precedent? Would he be a good man?" inquired another.

Goodness—it's a complex proposition. Sometimes its ultimate seems to be found in self-abnegation; but abstinence *per se* is a barren form of virtue. To live in a desert, sequestered from one's fellow beings, scourging one's body, fasting and praying, may be the routine for saintship, but how does the hermit enrich the world or his kind? The monk's office is the subjugation of his own body for the benefit of his own soul. Is it not the other man's soul that counts? One can conceive of no lives nobler than those of the ministers and priests whose days are spent in visiting the sick, succoring the widow and the orphan, finding work for the unemployed, encouraging the struggler. This is surely the very soul of Christian service. It is God's work, and these are God's soldiers. All honor to those that have the courage to enlist. But the average man, who, having given hostages to fortune, finds his compelling duty the housing, feeding, and clothing of wife and children, how must he comport himself in the workaday world to rank as a good man? If his service is no greater than making some woman and some home happy, does he fulfil his whole obligation? Does he owe nothing to that greater family, humanity?

There is an architect in an interior city whose talent is so distinguished that one of the great firms in New York offered him a partnership. This man has exhausted the possibilities of his present environment. To accept would have meant happiness to him, and might have meant new shapes of beauty to gladden the eyes of many millions. But he has an elder sister who gave her youth to toil to obtain for him the education he coveted. Now in her later years she has only her home and her friends. Her transplantation to a great strange city would entail the surrender of that atmosphere which is her life. The man refused the chance. There is the sacrifice of a great career, and the world is the poorer therefor. Is he a good man?

Let us take the instance of ——, who made some five millions in a tricky deal. Two millions of his winnings he employed in erecting a model tenement in the Ghetto, in which a hundred families find comfortable housing. The newspapers advertise him as a philanthropist—is he a good man? Isn't such a benefaction mere restitution? Yet who can deny that the hundred families immensely benefited? Andrew Carnegie is investing the proceeds of some extraordinary and successful ventures in iron and steel in Carnegie libraries and hero funds, and is gaining the return he desires in present fame and future immortality. But despite his strutting and posturing, is he not playing a big part in educating this generation and those to follow? Is not that great service?

The farther one presses the problem, the deeper is one involved in contradictions. The President demands of a good man that he must be able to hold his own in rough conflict with his fellows:

> "No man is worth much to the commonwealth if he is not capable of feeling righteous wrath and just indignation; if he is not stirred to hot anger by misdoing, and is not impelled to see justice meted out to the wrongdoers."

Life is more complex than it was. The growth of population, compelling closer relations between individuals, the creation of great manufacturing interests that have concentrated millions of men in cities, the increasing fierceness of competition between commercial organizations fighting for supremacy—all have brought

about conditions in our common life unlike any that men have ever faced before. Do we need a new Decalogue because of the complexity of our lives? Is goodness still a man's private attitude to his God and to the small group bound to him by ties of blood, or does he owe a debt outside his home and his business? How much of time and of thought must he pay to his community if he would be a good man? Is there a standard attainable by the average man living the average life of the city or of the country? Would it not be of great value to establish one?

With that end in view, we discussed the subject with the President, who was vastly interested; with Professor William James, who is surely an authority on all moral values, and a symposium was decided on as the best method of forwarding this purpose. We wrote to certain prominent Englishmen and Americans—men whose opinion on so great a subject would be worth knowing—and asked them to contribute. Several of those who had agreed to help us found it so difficult to define their views that they finally asked to be excused. The pronouncements of those who were sure enough of their faith to formulate it follow.

A Lover of God

By **MOST REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, LL.D.**

Archbishop of St. Paul, author of "The Church and Modern Society."

THE question is asked—Who is the good man? The question has been asked often before: in one form or another it is as old as the instinct of morality in the human soul. It was put to the Supreme Teacher of morality. The answer given by Him I make my own. None wiser, none more practical will ever be spoken. "And Jesus answered: The first commandment of all is: Hear, O Israel: the Lord thy God is one God: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength: This is the first commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." To the Scribe, who confessed that the observance of these two commandments is "a greater thing than holocausts and sacrifices," Jesus said: "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of Heaven." The essence and the motives of moral goodness do not change with time. They are to-day what they were of yore. Hence, to-day, I repeat the words of the Saviour, and to him who accepts them as the norma of his conduct I say: "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

The first and chief condition of moral goodness is to love the Almighty God. I am not preaching a sermon: I am talking plain every-day moral philosophy. But moral philosophy, no less than religion, in its higher principles rests upon the Almighty God as its very basis and foundation. This great truth I cannot too strongly emphasize. The lesson above all others needed to-day, when the question of righteous conduct is forced so imperiously to the front, is that of man's duty to the Almighty God. God is forgotten, or at least is treated as a being with whom we have little concern.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." The love due to God is, of course, that effective, earnest love which transcends mere sentiment and emotion, and penetrates the whole soul so as to bend into service all its faculties and to exact from it the full complement of worship and filial obedience. Do what he may, man cannot tear himself from God. Man is by nature a dependent being, the creature of God, having from God whatever he is, whatever he possesses. The simplest dictates of justice and of gratitude bid him turn toward God, in profession of his dependency, in worship of the divine supremacy, in praise of the divine power and goodness, in thanksgiving for all favors received from the divine hand. God forgotten, no one should call himself good and just.

The fulfilment of duty toward the Almighty God is all the more important since duty to God is and must ever be the paramount motive of loyalty to duty along other lines of human conduct. Leave God aside—what power remains to compel the soul to righteousness? Separated from the idea of the Supreme Legislator, the moral law is a theory, an abstraction. Logically, and in time practically, its meaning

and purpose become pleasure and personal aggrandizement. Intellectual concepts of morality, unsupported by a living authority from which there is no escape, do not build up the strong soul, able to beat down the rising billows of temptation and to impose silence upon the wild clamorings of passion. Human interests, in the last analysis, reveal themselves as selfish interests. The service of society or of humanity at large, so freely invoked by a school of modern philosophy, is a misty dream, from which the sin-burnt heart turns in derision.

The good man will be a devout worshiper of the Almighty: he will be a religious man. He will kneel often in adoration and prayer; he will seek out in earnest study the law of the Supreme Master, and will loyally conform to it in his private and social life.

The good man has his duties to himself. Chief among these is the utter cleanliness of heart, the righteousness of the inner soul. Mere exterior morality is a sham and a pretense. It does not last: it withstands no severe trial. At best, it is a hypocrisy, a lie acted out by the man himself, an effort to deceive his fellow men.

Clean of heart, the good man will be clean of mouth. Vulgar and obscene language, oaths, and blasphemies will never pollute his speech. He will be clean of act, respecting his body as the very handiwork of God. He will be clean of hand, never reaching out to the things that are not his by strictest rules of social justice. The good man will not be the lazy and indolent servant; he will improve his mind by thoughtful study; he will improve, as circumstances permit, his condition in life, bringing into active exercise the latent talents given to him by the Creator, that they be developed and put to profit. He will be brave in effort, resigned in failure, calm and self-possessed in success.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Man is necessarily a social being: he has absolute need of others. Altruism, the love of the neighbor, is imposed upon him by his very nature, and by the author of that nature, the Almighty God. The neighbor means family, society, country.

"And if any man have not care of his own," says St. Paul, "especially for those of his house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." The good man is ever mindful of his family. Nothing, whatever else is done for society or for country, makes up for the neglect of the home. The good man provides for the material and moral wants of wife and children; he is kind and loving: while the master in authority, he is the servant in ministration.

Say what some will, tolerate as they may what civil law reluctantly tolerates, the indissolubility, as well as the oneness, of the sacramental tie of wedlock remains not only the dictate of the Christian religion, but also the natural and necessary protection of the family hearthstone. Where the good man rules, true and faithful, benignant and forbearing, there is seldom need even of separation; where separation is deemed urgent, it must never be supplemented by the rupture of the marital bond. That he is a good husband and a good father is one of the highest encomiums before God and men that the good man may ambition or hope for.

The good man's relations with his fellowmen within the social organism will be characterized by absolute justice and charity. "Avoid evil." Do no harm to rich or to poor. Be honest and honorable. The acquisition of wealth, be it of one dollar, or of a million dollars, is praiseworthy when it follows upon industry, the use of high talent, the vigilant observation of opportunity. To be poor through slothfulness, wastefulness, or wilful ignorance, is a sin and a disgrace. But, throughout, justice must prevail: nothing must be taken that belongs legitimately to others: no methods must be employed that law and equity reprove. "Avoid evil; do good." When acquired, wealth must be put to good use. Let it, indeed, serve in fair abundance the owner and his dependents. Let it be stored up in view of future contingencies. To reduce the use of wealth to mere necessities, to put the rich in this regard on the plane of the less successful, is to eliminate from society the spirit of enterprise, to smother in the human breast the promptings to hard work and to sacrifice of ease and pleasure. But in its exuberance wealth must go beyond the owner and the owner's family. It must never be forgotten that society is not without claims upon one's surplus revenue. The miserly

rich man is not the good man; neither is he the good man who is ever searching for opportunities to lavish wealth in subserviency to mad whims and fancies, who in his wild extravagances irritates the poorer into class hatred and social anarchism. America is the land of great fortunes; what saves and honors it is that it is the land of great social benefactions on the part of its wealthy citizens.

Wealth is not a condition or a prerequisite of righteousness and virtue. The good man may be the poor man, as is often the case. This happens when poverty comes uninvited, and is endured in patience and courageous resignation. The good man who is poor will not desist from effort to rise in the social scale. One of the best evidences that the human world grows daily better is the ambition, witnessed to-day, of the lower classes to ascend into higher spheres. The unrest of poverty and of labor is a happy omen. But here, as elsewhere, justice must be the rule. There must be no hatred of the wealth in the possession of others; there must be no violation of the rights of others, no act of injury or injustice to others, be they the rich and the employer, or the fellow struggler in the more humble ranks of life.

Finally, there is a man's duty to his country—his country, which, especially where democracy reigns, needs the active and earnest service of all its citizens. The good man is the good citizen, who votes on every election day, who votes after due counsel with conscience, who does not shirk public office, when public office is in need of his brain and his industry; who, when in public office, remembers that the norma of his acts must ever be the welfare and the honor of country. The good citizen is he whose money and whose blood are poured out without stint when the country is in peril. The citizen who gathers into his hand the favors of fortune of which the country is prodigal, who basks in repose beneath the sunlight of its banner, and yet, through civic indolence, refuses to do a yeoman's share for its welfare and honor, merits disfranchisement and exile: neither God nor men will declare him to be a good man.

The good man, the all-round man, the *integer et sceleris purus* of the Roman poet, the "good and faithful servant" of the Christian Gospel, is the very pearl of the earth; he is the reflected image of the Divine Being Himself; he is the treasure of human society, the joy and the edification of his fellow men. He is blessed here below; he will be blessed in the supernal home of immortality. May his race be multiplied over the earth!

The Socialist Ideal

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "A Modern Utopia," "The Future in America," etc.

OUR conceptions of what a good citizen should be are all at sixes and sevens. No two people will be found to agree in every particular of such an ideal, and the extreme divergences upon what is necessary, what is permissible, what is unforgivable in him, will span nearly the whole range of human possibility and conduct. And, as a consequence, we bring up our children in a mist of vague intimations, in a confusion of warring voices, perplexed as to what they must do, uncertain as to what they may do, doomed to lives of compromise and fluctuating and inoperative opinion. Ideals and suggestions come and go before their eyes like figures in a fog. The commonest pattern of a good man, perhaps —the commonest pattern certainly in Sunday-schools and edifying books and in all those places and on all those occasions where morality is sought as an end—is a clean and able-bodied person, truthful to the extent that he does not tell lies, temperate so far as abstinence is concerned, honest without pedantry, and active in his own affairs, steadfastly law-abiding, and respectful to custom and usage —though aloof from the tumult of politics, brave but not adventurous, punctual in some form of religious exercise, devoted to his wife and children, and kind without extravagance to all men. Every one feels that this is not enough, every one feels that something more is wanted and something different; most people are a little interested in what that difference can be; and it is a business that much of what is more than trivial in our art, our literature, and our drama must do, to fill in bit by bit and shade by

shade the subtle permanent detail of the answer.

It does very greatly help in this question to bear in mind the conflict of our origins. Every age is an age of transition, of minglings, of the breaking up of old narrow cultures and the breaking down of barriers, of spiritual and often of actual interbreeding. Not only is the physical but the moral and intellectual ancestry of every one more mixed than ever it was before. We blend in our blood, every one of us, and we blend in our ideas and purposes, craftsmen, warriors, savages, peasants, a score of races, and an endless multitude of social expedients and rules.

Certain groups of ideas come to us distinctively associated with certain marked ways of life. Many—and for a majority of us, it may be, most—of our ancestors were serfs or slaves. And men and women who have had generation after generation to adapt themselves to slavery and the rule of a master develop an idea of goodness very different from that of princes. From our slave ancestry, says Lester Ward, we learned to work; and certainly it is from slavery we derive the conception that industry, even though it be purposeless industry, is a virtue in itself. The good slave, too, has a morality of restraints: he abstains from the food he handles and hungers for, and he denies himself pride and initiative of every sort. He is honest in not taking, but he is unscrupulous in adequate service. He makes no virtue of frankness, but much of kindly helpfulness and charity to the weak. He has no sense of duty in planning or economizing. He is polite and soft-spoken, and disposed to irony rather than denunciation, ready to admire cuteness and to condone deception. Not so the rebel. In us all that tradition is working also. It has been the lot of vast masses of population in every age to be living in successful or unsuccessful resistance to mastery, to be dreading oppression or to be just escaped from it. Resentment becomes a virtue then, and any peace with the oppressor a crime. It is from rebel origins that so many of us get the idea that disrespectfulness is something of a duty and obstinacy a fine thing. And under the force of this tradition we idealize the rugged and unmanageable, we find something heroic in rough clothes and hands, in bad manners, insensitive behavior, and unsociableness. And a community of settlers again, in a rough country, fighting for a bare existence, makes a virtue of vehemence, of a hasty rapidity of execution. Hurried and driven men glorify "push" and impatience, and despise finish and fine discriminations as weak and demoralizing things. These three, the Serf, the Rebel, and the Squatter, are three out of a thousand types and aspects that have gone to our making. And all these thousand different standards and traditions are our material, each with something fine in it, and each with something evil. They have all provided the atmosphere of upbringing for men in the past. Out of them and out of unprecedented occasions, we, in this newer age, in which there are no slaves, in which every man is a citizen, in which the conveniences of a great and growing civilization make the frantic avidity of the squatter a nuisance, have to set ourselves to frame the standard of our children's children, to abandon what the slave or the squatter or the rebel found necessary and we find unnecessary, to fit fresh requirements to our new needs.

To describe that ideal modern citizen now is at best to make a guess and a suggestion as to what must be built in reality by the efforts of a thousand minds. But he will be a very different creature from that indifferent, well-behaved business man who passes for a good citizen to-day. He will be neither under the slave tradition, nor a rebel, nor a vehement elemental man. Essentially he will be aristocratic; aristocratic not in the sense that he has slaves or class inferiors, because probably he will have nothing of the sort, but aristocratic in the sense that he will feel that the state belongs to him and he to the state. He will probably be a public servant; at any rate he will be a man doing some work in the complicated machinery of the modern community for a salary and not for speculative gain. Typically he will be a professional man. I do not think the ideal modern citizen can be a person living chiefly by buying for as little as he can give and selling for as much as he can get; indeed, most of what we idolize to-day as business enterprise, I think he will regard with very considerable contempt. But then I am a social-

ist and look forward to the time when the economic machinery of the community will not be a field for private enrichment but for public service.

He will be good to his wife and children as he will be good to his friends, but he will be no partisan for wife and family against the common welfare. His solicitude will be for the welfare of all the children of the community; he will have got beyond blind instinct, he will have the intelligence to understand that almost any child in the world may have as large a share as his own offspring in the parentage of his great-great-grandchildren. His wife he will treat as his equal—he will not be "kind" to her, but fair and frank and loving, as one equal should be with another; he will no more have the impertinence to pet and pamper her, to keep painful and laborious things out of her knowledge, to "shield" her from the responsibility of political and social work, than he will to make a Chinese toy of her and bind her feet. He and she will love that they may enlarge and not limit each other.

Consciously and deliberately the good citizen will seek beauty in himself and in his way of living. He will be temperate rather than harshly abstinent, and he will keep himself fit and in training as an elementary duty. He will not be a fat nor an emaciated person. Fat panting men and thin enfeebled ones cannot possibly be considered good citizens, any more than dirty or verminous people. He will be just as fine and seemly in his person as he can be, not from vanity and self-assertion, but to be pleasing and agreeable to his fellows. The ugly dress and ugly bearing of the "good men" of to-day will be as incomprehensible to him as the filth of a paleolithic savage is to us. He will not speak of his "frame" and hang clothes like sacks over it; he will know and feel that he and the people about him have wonderful and beautiful bodies.

And—I speak of the ideal common citizen—he will be a student and a philosopher. To understand will be one of his necessary duties. His mind, like his body, will be fit and well clothed. He will not be too busy to read and think, though he may be too busy to rush about to get ignorantly and blatantly rich. It follows that since he will have a mind exercised finely and flexible and alert, he will not be a secretive man. Secretiveness and secret planning are vulgarity, and men and women need to be educated, and he will be educated, out of them. He will be intensely truthful, not simply in the vulgar sense of not misstating facts when pressed, but truthful in the manner of the scientific man or the artist, and as scornful of concealment as they; truthful, that is to say, as the expression of a ruling desire to have things made plain and clear, because that so they are most beautiful and life is at its finest. . . .

And all that I have written of him applies word for word, with only such changes of gender as are needed, to the woman citizen also.

An Epigrammatic Composite

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

Author of "Frenzied Finance."

Ours is an age of individualism. Every man king, with the king's prerogative of whittling out the yardstick by which his own goodness is to be measured. On this count there are in America almost as many good men as there are grown males, but as no two of their yardsticks are alike, the true measure must be some sort of average of all of them.

I have known clergymen and statesmen, a lot of dollar-charmers and penny-a-liners, and some gamblers and horse-traders, who were good men, when you allowed them to manipulate at least one end of the divining-rod, while every woman I have known was so good that I contracted eyeache trying to locate her wing joints. But I have never known a good man whose goodness lay not in some excess of credits over debits on a balance-sheet of which his own conscience was auditor.

Having made a special study of polished bad men, I early discovered that many gems—misplaced, perhaps, but yet gems—entered into their make-ups, and I can do no better than give to Everybody's readers my idea of the good man as I

have constructed it out of the treasures rescued from the base metals of such souls.

Every good man says "May I?" to the weak and "I will" to the strong, and he never forgets that his body, as well as his soul, is his charge, which must be returned undefiled.

A good man approaches a king on his feet and women on his knees. He curses and commands in prose, and grants and courts in poetry.

He wears a brake on his passions, and gears his love to the sun, the moon, and the stars.

A good man dedicates his heart and soul to his wife, his conscience to his mother, and his very being to his country.

A good man loves children and horses, and the dogs mistake him for the Santa Claus of their fireside dreams.

Good men's clubs always have a wife or mother for steward, and children for bellboys.

No good man ever asked the old folks from the country to present their visiting-cards at the servants' hall during receptions.

The good man engraves his friendships on his own heart, his hatred on his enemies', and keeps all edges sharp and all lines deep until death.

An all-round good man picks his antagonists with extreme care, and follows them to the grave to get their location in hell for future use.

A rattling good man counters the command "Turn the other cheek" with "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and he speaks to blackguards and bullies with his fist instead of his tongue.

A good man is always sorry for his own tininess and glad of the other fellow's bigness.

He measures his wants by his possessions and his friends' necessities; he knows no hunger or thirst, no happiness while his women-folks or his friends seek, and he insists that the obligation of his friend be written in chalk while he styluses his own in indelible ink.

After making a promise a good man never sleeps until he has fulfilled it.

A good man seldom has three eyes, and abominates double-decked sleeves. He never extracts rabbits from his neighbors' ears, but neither does he allow them to mix omelets in his headgear. He knows two and two make four, not three or eleven. He deals from the top, gives the other fellow his cut, never welches on the kitty, but he does insist upon checks being redeemed at pot value.

No good man ever gets his gambling and his business money tangled, or his Bible and his card-case mixed, or ever drops an unredeemed poker-chip into the contribution-box.

A good man shivers when left alone with his success. "Here's to the next bout," is a toast he keeps on tap for his failures.

A good man crosses himself, as, at midnight, he gazes up at God's daisy-field, and with the ecstasy of a child in imagination he sails the swirling clouds as the lightnings flash and the thunders crash.

Steal a good man's dreams and he will yell "Murder"; make off with his purse and you will hear him whistling, "There is more where that came from."

When country calls, good men hear the echo though it comes to them in the bowels of the earth, on the mountain peaks, or in the middle of the ocean; and instantly they find wings.

A good man always votes, first removing his hat.

A good man knows a liar would be a thief or a murderer if he had the nimbleness and the nerve.

Good men kneel to God, the flag, their mothers, and their children's mothers.

A good man carries no brass drum to church, and burns no candles trying to rewrite the Ten Commandments.

A good man keeps in mind when traveling the Cradle-to-the-Grave Turnpike that he can carry through the ferry-gate only what his mother brought in over the toll-bridge, and refuses to load up as he journeys.

A good man can swim the Styx if he misses the ferry.

He is one who talks in the "I-think"-"You-know" language.

He writes i small and You large, yells "Them" and whispers "me."

An A1 good man is mighty skittish about life, but settled and ready at all times to shake hands with death.

When a good man is undecided, he recalls that he is here for a

jiffy and there for an eon.

The pavement that all good men have contributed to hell cools the feet of their less fortunate brothers.

A good man never mistakes his mouth for a sewer nor allows another to confound his ear with a catch-basin.

If the above diagram of my good man happens to fall under the eye of such an one who is looking for a job, he need search no farther. I have one to offer: The superintendency of a sulphur halory now being erected for the crowning of Standard Oil angels.

* * *

The Japanese Ideal

By GENERAL COUNT TARA KATSURA, Hon. G.C.B.

Prime Minister of Japan.

According to my conception of goodness, a harmless man is not necessarily a good man. So it is with one who is classed as of an innocent type of personality. A good man, as I view him, is one who has done some good, however slight, to the cause which he is serving. He is a good man who always has his conscience clear, not in consequence of inaction, however, but upon careful examination of his acts and conduct. He must be the one who in all his actions is prompted by his honest and sincere desire to serve the cause of humanity by contributing his best toward the elevation of his fellows.

He cannot be a good man who has no object in life. However unimpeachable his daily conduct might be, such a man's life is against the essential principle of human existence in this world. Life means work and exertion. Strong effort must be made by every individual to do the highest good within his ability to his fellows. Life must be spent in constant exertion with an eye single to the cause of humanity and of the Heavens. He is a good man who can live up to the standard I have outlined, for it involves subordination of self to the cause of humanity at large.

As life in this world means activity and constant exertion, a good man, according to my conception, is not always free from adverse criticism and strong opposition. The very earnestness and zeal with which he is serving the cause he represents is often the cause of criticism and opposition. He may sometimes be represented by his opponents as the worst character to be found on earth; but one who can defy all opposition and misrepresentation, and quietly pursue the course he has set for himself with an unflinching conviction that he is doing right, with his conscience clear as daylight — such is the man worthy to be ranked with any good man of any nation and of any age.

I do not mean to say that a man must be measured and judged by his achievements or the extent of his achievements. In whatever station of life he may be, he can be the highest type of a good man if he acts to the extent of his ability in self-subordination to the good of his fellows.

It must be remembered in this connection that the education one receives enhances his duties and obligations to society. So with a man in public life: while his responsibilities grow in proportion to the position he occupies, he is afforded at the same time greater chances and opportunities for doing good. He is the best man who under such circumstances contributes most toward the cause of humanity in bringing on earth peace and good-will. As for me, my humble efforts are constantly directed toward realizing the ideal of a good man that I have just depicted. I can conscientiously say that my efforts are always for peace and good-will throughout the universe. As I say this you may ask why, as Prime Minister of Japan, I sanctioned the war with Russia. Let me explain. That war was fought for the sake of peace. Japan never was nor ever will be an aggressive nation. The war was the result of an unbearable pressure brought on Japan, which if it had not been arrested then and there would have endangered the peace of the world. So Japan reluctantly stood up with her sword in hand, fought the war, and I believe time and events have proved my assertion that it was for the sake of peace.

And so I believe that a good man is one who is always conscientious, continuously aiming to improve his opportunities to help his brother men, and ever seeking to promote the cause of the society in which he moves. One with a clear

conscience, ever on the alert to do his duty, deserves the name of a good man, whatever his station in life. He is of the highest type of good man who subordinates himself to the good of society, and, never departing from the principle, spends his life in constant and ceaseless exertion for the attainment of his ideal.

A Knight of Conscience

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin; author of "The Sins of Society."

ONE is not "good" because he is strict in devout observances. When prompted by a canny concern for one's salvation, church-going, Sabbath-keeping, and fasting are no more goodness than is careful attention to one's fire-insurance policies.

Nor do correct habits constitute goodness. Abstinence from liquor or tobacco may be no more meritorious than abstinence from Welsh rarebit. Nevertheless, self-control is a requisite, and no one enslaved by his appetites is in the way of virtue.

Senseless self-denial is not goodness. The rigorist who eschews whist, dancing, and the theatre may be as futile an egoist as St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar.

In a time so congenial as ours to the family virtues, one deserves no wreath for being "a faithful husband and a loving father." In the eleventh century a man who could read and write was "learned," and a man who kept his marriage vows was "good"; but not so to-day.

Rich gifts prove nothing till we know how the donor got his money and how much he has. The only gift is a portion of one's self; and the giving of superfluity has no moral significance. If the size of the contribution is to measure goodness, then the poor widow with her two mites is contemptible!

The beginning of goodness is to stand on one's own feet. This requires moral stamina now that there are so many new ways of being a parasite. For your tainted news is a climbing upon other people's backs, Mr. Editor. So is your secret rebate, Mr. Shipper; your stock juggle, Mr. Financier; your perfunctory supervision, Mr. Official; your whitewashing investigation, Mr. Legislator; your hold-up strike, Mr. Walking Delegate.

"Bear ye one another's burdens" obscures the injunction, "For every man shall bear his own burden." Generosity, being genial and spectacular, is more prized than justice. A short cut to sainthood is to use your superiority in strength, cunning, or callousness to make others carry you, and then ostentatiously to shoulder the burdens of a few of the brethren.

To stand on one's own feet is to abide by the rules of the game. The insurance men who buy a block of stock with the agreement that it is theirs if the price goes up, but the company's if the price goes down; the traffic men who withhold the facilities of a common carrier from rival coal operators; the candidate who nullifies his public pledges with a secret pledge; the editor who palms off paid stuff as editorial opinion; the preacher who lays away the sermons that might grate on the rich pewholder; the professor of economics who shies from the "live wire" to burrow into the archeology of his subject—these commit breach of confidence. They are not playing the game as it is generally understood.

But the good man will help others; and when he comes to spend himself for others, two paths are open. He may minister to the suffering, like the Red Cross nurse or the charity worker; or he may uphold and improve the rules of the game. Though less picturesque, the latter way is none the less flinty. For ages the Good Samaritan has borne the palm. But what of the inspector who reports the scandalous state of affairs on the Jericho Road even though the chances are that his superiors will pigeonhole his report and dismiss him? What of the prosecutor who commits political *hari-kari* in order to "get" the men "higher up" who protect and blackmail the thieves working the Jericho Road? The Samaritan risked a big tavern bill; these risk a livelihood. Which is the better man?

With the growth of public philanthropy, the distress calling for voluntary ministration diminishes. On the other hand, the field for

social service steadily widens. The state assumes the burden of the defectives, and at once their friends have to fight for the merit system in the state institutions. City filtration ends the giving of drinking fountains, but precipitates an anti-graft struggle. In Germany the humane administration of workingmen's insurance occupies much benevolence once absorbed in directly ministering to the poor. In backing graft prosecutions in San Francisco, Mr. Spreckels's money is tenfold more useful than it would be if it supported cots in a hospital; for a regenerated city government will provide cots fast enough.

The lovers of men who give themselves to personal service are sainted. But the haters of iniquity who fight for right standards and laws—heading afresh the rivets that hold together the social fabric—miss sainthood. They bear too many scars, are the target for too much filth, to vie in radiance with the gentle soul who comforts the afflicted, but will not strike a blow for the right's sake.

Nevertheless, now that we are in the civic stage, your saint "without an enemy in the world" is of less worth than the stalwart knight of conscience. For the one copes only with consequences; the other attacks causes. It is the difference between nursing the malaria-stricken and draining the swamp—between Father Damien devoting himself to the lepers on Molokai and the Eight who let themselves be bitten by infected mosquitoes to test Major Reed's hypothesis of the mosquito transmission of yellow fever. So to-day the self-sacrifice that yields a hundredfold is—battling with the Midianites. And the lovers of men are finding it out. The good man starts out to clothe the naked, and presently he is grappling with exploiters and vice-caterers who produce more nakedness in a day than he can cover in a year. He sets forth to enlighten those who sit in darkness, and lo, he is fighting against child labor, or politics in the public schools. In the morning he goes abroad to heal the sick; by noon he is hammering quacks and food adulterators and rookery landlords. Thus experience drives home the paradox that the supremacy of law, the triumph of truth and honesty in business and in government, and the scientific adaptation of institutions to changing needs, promote human welfare more than do feeding to-day's hungry and nursing to-day's sick. For drying up the fountain-heads of evil lessens the number of hungry and sick of the day-after-to-morrow.

But is not this ideal of a good man too militant? No, for he attacks sinners less to chastise them than to unmask and discredit them. It is not so much the crooks in the alley that menace society as the crooks in the church, in office, in places of trust—the one who leads the parade, or heads the state delegation, or hands out the sheepskins, or pronounces the Fourth-of-July oration. For not only do these have a greater opportunity for harm, but, while they are holding the center of the stage, *they standardize their type.* Their sort multiply like noxious bacteria, till society falls sick. Hence the sinner on the dais does infinitely more hurt than the sinner in the basement, and until he is brought low it is folly to waste precious time in laboring to soften or reclaim him. Nevertheless, the people know him not for what he is, and the heroes who accept bruises and wounds in order to thrust him down into the social basement will hardly in our day attain to the good repute of the sleek Pharisees who "make long prayer" and "pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin."

A Psalm of David

Lord, who ſhall abide in thy tabernacle? who ſhall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteouſneſs, and ſpeaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach againſt his neighbour.

In whoſe eyes a vile perſon is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that ſweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not his money to uſury, nor taketh reward againſt the innocent. He that doeth theſe things ſhall never be moved.

—Psalm XV.

A Nation of Villagers

By G. BERNARD SHAW

Author of "Cashel Byron's Profession," "An Unsocial Socialist," "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," "Three Plays for Puritans," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We asked Mr. G. Bernard Shaw for a contribution to the symposium, "What is a Good Man?" It is perhaps typical of his general unexpectedness that he should have submitted, in response, an offering on an entirely different subject. "A Nation of Villagers" was contributed with the provision that no word of it should be altered.

THE Trusts have suddenly shown the world the danger of the political imbecility of the American nation. That imbecility has been concealed for a whole century from Europe, and is still concealed from America itself, by the personal braininess and hustle of the American man of business, who indeed hustles so energetically that he never has time to get the simplest thing done in less than three months. But now that the social evolution of the United States has reached the point at which bright selfishness becomes a nuisance, and all Americans must reform and enrich America, and enable America to reform and enrich the world, before they can reform or enrich themselves, their childish incapacity for any such task is becoming more and more apparent.

It is about half a century since Macaulay, when everybody was admiring the smartness, the cuteness, the inventiveness, the independent spirit of Sam Slick, said, Wait. Wait until English conditions are reproduced there—until America becomes private property and white labor becomes as cheap as it is with us. Then we shall see. Well, that time has come; and we see America unequal to the occasion. The Trusts (representing integrated Capitalism as distinguished from disintegrated competitive Capitalism) have beaten it hollow.

This is not surprising; for America has never been successful in politics. It was made independent largely in spite of its own teeth by a declaration of sentiments which it did not share and principles which it barely grasped the narrow end of. Even to-day neither its ordinary security nor its liberty is up to the monarchical standard of Central Europe. The famous Constitution survives only because whenever any corner of it gets into the way of the accumulating dollar it is pettishly knocked off and thrown away. Every social development, however beneficial and inevitable from the public point of view, is met, not by an intelligent adaptation of the social structure to its novelties, but by a panic and a cry of Go Back. An unfortunate President struggling to get things looked at from the point of view of the collective interest of the United States, which is so huge a thing that it must be coordinated with the collective interest of all civilization if it is to be made workable, finds himself appreciated solely as the hero of a dime novel—Teddy the Rough Rider—and would enhance his popularity by punching a prize-fighter's head as surely as he would lose it by telling the American people what he must think of their political capacity.

Although in no country in the world are private affairs more prudishly meddled with by State law, Lynch law, and municipal by-law, America sacrifices her women to her profligacy and her children to her greed more impudently than any European tyranny does. Free Love, in the most licentious sense, has been pushed to such an extent in America side by side with the resolute enslavement of marriage and parentage, that when a cry of "race suicide" gives the alarm, the only response is a clamor for the suppression of divorce and for the protection of organized commercial prostitution from exposure. The worst horrors of the child slavery which disgraced Lancashire a hundred years ago are present facts in the Carolinian cotton-mills and the Pennsylvanian collieries, although the remedy discovered by England is as well known to civilization as chloroform or limited liability. Law is represented, not by the regulation of industry, the enforcement of statutes, and the maintenance of political rights, but partly by a lynching mob countenanced by respectable people, who, though they abhor its hypocrisy and cruelty, support it because they have lost faith in the honesty and efficiency of the regular courts; partly by the retainers of the great capitalists organized by the late eminent *condottiero* Pinkerton, the American Colleoni; and partly by municipal employees armed with bludgeons and pistols, who will not allow the State laws and local by-laws to be broken (if they can help it) unless they are bought off, and who maintain this advantageous position by regulating traffic, violently suppressing casually obnoxious persons, and doing homage to Purity (which in America is a quaint conspiracy to convict creation of indecency) by confiscating the property and incarcerating the persons of those whom Mr. Anthony Comstock, the celebrated Purity Witch Doctor, points out to them as betrayers of the shocking secret that women are bipeds.

Thus, for example, they lately compelled a newspaper to obliterate the lower half of a photograph in which Vassar students were shown dressed in male court costume for the performance of a play. It is very doubtful whether Mr. Comstock could get a millionaire murderer hanged except by lynching him; but he has no difficulty in getting Mr. Moses Harman, a blameless gentleman of seventy, imprisoned for a year, and deliberately exposed in prison to infection with the avowed purpose of killing him, solely because he persists in calling attention to that appalling monogamic licentiousness of married people which is the despair of every earnest and intelligent minister of religion in the civilized world at present.

As to the municipalities, I have only to point my finger at them and pass on; everybody will know what I mean. Some years ago I suggested as a remedy that the American cities should be managed from Europe by committees of capable Europeans trained in municipal affairs in London, Berlin, Paris, etc. San Francisco rejected my advice and tried an earthquake instead, not altogether without success as an awakener of public conscience. But earthquakes, though much cheaper and less disastrous than municipal imbecility and corruption, are too uncertain and unpopular to come into regular use.

American State legislation has the qualities of its faults; that is, it is fantastic and experimental. No sane person who had ever been touched with the conception of political science as distinguished from electioneering and lobbying, would do the things that the States' legislatures do quite light-heartedly. And the very craziest of all their escapades is their present attempt to make the operations of a Trust criminal.

Eighteen years ago the London Fabian Society, in a book entitled "Fabian Essays," called attention to the Trust development in American industry and explained its significance. The writer of the essay directed to this point, the late William Clarke, had no idea that there was anything recondite in the industrial phenomenon he dealt with, or that the existence and operations of the Standard

Oil Trust were a terrible discovery of his own. The facts were not new to me, nor to any of the writers with whom I was associated as editor of the essays. What Clarke, though he had traveled and lectured in America, did not fully realize, was the stupendous denseness of the Americans' ignorance of their own country—the childishness which enables them to remain simple New England villagers in the complicated hustle of New York and Chicago, never revising their ideas, never enlarging their consciousness, never losing their interest in the ideals of the Pilgrim Fathers. A year or two ago, however, it suddenly occurred to them that the village shopkeeper was in difficulties. To their sympathetic inquiries he replied that "the Trust" was to blame. And so the simple villagers said: "How wicked! let us put the Trust in the stocks at once." And that is what they are trying to do at present, not having yet noticed that the Trust is too strong, the stocks too small, and Standard Oil none the dearer or harder to get.

American political naiveté would be inexhaustibly amusing if the results of it were not so tragically serious. Like all villagers, the American believes everything he sees in the papers, and sums up all social peril under the heads of Anarchism and Free Love. He feels that he must take steps to put down these two heresies. Accordingly, he asks everybody who wants to come to America the two questions: Are you an Anarchist? Are you a polygamist? And the emigrant's reply is, "Certainly not, sir. I assure you I would not think of such a thing," whereupon America solemnly says, "Then you may come in." A European child of six can see that the effect of this infantile precaution is, not to exclude Anarchists and Free Lovers, but to make sure that they shall be liars as well. You exclude Martin Luther, who defended polygamy on principle; and you exclude Kropotkin, who professes Anarchism, and is none the less a valuable asset to England and a serious loss to his own country. You admit the profligate nobleman with his steam yacht carrying a cargo of half a dozen ladies; and you admit whole cargoes of Czolgoszes. Also, you manufacture Free Love at home on such a scale that I can buy it in any American city as easily as I can buy a typewriter; whilst as for Anarchism, the American Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court and by popular opinion is simply a charter of Anarchism in its worst form of industrial Laissez Faire, or Let It Rip. If you point out these facts to an American, he first puts you in the stocks for mentioning improper subjects, and then thanks Heaven that America is purified and protected from all such Old-World filth by those two straight questions to all comers: Are you an Anarchist? Are you a polygamist?

What are we Europeans to do with such a people? How are we to govern them? How are we to establish the anti-Monroe Doctrine, now clearly necessary to the world's welfare, that all Americans must be entirely disfranchised and declared incapable of public employment or office, and their country taken over, regulated, and governed by us? Such a measure would, of course, not apply to the negroes, who are reported a comparatively well-mannered, serviceable, reasonable race. Probably the best plan would be some modification for the white American of the reservation system now applied to the red Indian. I have myself observed the Indian cheekbone reappearing in the American; and they tell me that a party of Americans passing along the street instinctively walk in single file. Also, they torture their enemies in the Philippines; but let me be just and admit that they do not scalp them—at least not yet.

But as Europe is not yet prepared to take America in hand, hoping, perhaps, that Japan will save it the trouble, there is nothing to be done at present but look on at the tragicomedy of the Virtuous Villager and the Bold Bad Trust, and to try neither to despair of humanity nor to laugh. After all, America is not submitting to the Trusts without a struggle. The first steps have already been taken by the village constable. He is no doubt preparing a new question for emigrants: "Do you approve of Trusts?" but pending this supreme measure of national defense he has declared in several States that Trusts will certainly be put in the stocks and whipped. It is to be hoped for his own sake that he will not be as silly as his word, because as the village shopkeeper has already either put up the shutters and become an employee of the Trust, or converted his shop into a "tied house" completely dependent on it, the constable, if he succeeds in stocking the Trust, will presently be reduced to eating his own boots in the absence of any other provisions.

I write with a sort of desperate levity because I feel how useless it is to attempt to explain the matter in an American magazine. The only result would be a discussion on the utterly irrelevant and trivial question whether I am serious, without a word as to the vitally important question whether the solid facts I am dealing with are serious.

Were I writing for European readers I should explain the situation somewhat in this fashion: When a country has to be newly cleared and settled by casual ambitious colonists without any common industrial tradition or body of custom, and society is in the village stage, the anarchical plan of letting every man mind his own business and do the best he can for himself is the only practicable one. The guarantee, such as it is, against cheating, adulteration, and overcharge in the shops, is the competition of the shopkeepers for custom; and to maintain this guarantee as against the inevitable final tendency of the shopkeepers to conspire against the customer instead of competing for his custom, attempts are soon made to set up a political theory that combination among producers acts in restraint of trade, and to enforce the competition of the rival shops in the village street as a permanent condition. At the same time, as the village shopkeeper is largely himself a customer of the village farmer, a flatly contradictory political theory is also set up that the shopkeeper must buy his wares from the village farmer and not import them from cheaper sources. Thus you get an utter confusion of principle in industry, production being regulated ruthlessly by Protection, and distribution delivered over to the anarchy of competition.

Fortunately, the anarchical part of the mixture will not work. Anarchy never does work. If the village shopkeeper can handle only one factor, or fragment of a factor, in wholesale buying and retail selling; and brains, borrowing the accumulating capital of the luckier landlords, can integrate and handle a dozen factors, and annex the preliminary production at the same time, they will undersell him and offer the consumer better quality and service; so that the consumer, whilst giving his moral support to the competitive villager, will buy his groceries from integratory brains and capital, alias "the Trust." In vain does the competitive villager plead that he is a hard-working, God-fearing, poor man struggling to bring up a family respectably, and that the Trust is a brigand, a tyrant, an octopus, a hydra, a Bluebeard. If you come to that, the village shopkeeper often enough finds his biography ready written for him in Bunyan's "Life and Death of Mr. Badman." Besides, the moral comparison is not to the point. Louis XI. was not so amiable a person as Louis XVI. or President Garfield; but he was enormously more beneficent politically than either of them. My deceased colleague, William Clarke, pointed out in the very essay I have referred to, that the thrones of capable scoundrels are built on the rock, and those of silly philanthropists and amiable nincompoops on the sand.

If the Trust magnates were ten times wickeder men than the village shopkeepers —and there is no evidence that they are at all wickeder relatively to their opportunities and temptations—that would not make it a whit more possible for America to boycott the Trusts and buy everything it wants at the one-man village shop unless at the same time it reduced its wants to those of its great-grandfathers' shepherds. Your railway bosses may—in fact they do—make railway traveling in America more dangerous than war; but the village shopkeeper cannot provide you with railways: a wagon once a week to the nearest country town is the best he can do for you. Your alternatives are: 1, to give up railway traveling and be content with the wagon (facing the incidental famine and depopulation and financial crisis); 2, insure against accidents if you can afford it, and grin and bear it if you can't; 3, impose conditions of public safety and convenience on the railway companies as in England; or, 4, nationalize your railways as most European countries do. 1 is ridiculous; 3 requires a stronger government than a democracy of villagers who are all anarchists at heart can produce; 4 requires not only a powerful government but highly capable administrative departments of permanent civil servants. So you accept 2 as Hobson's choice. It is the same with the other industries, more or less.

It is indeed the way of the world. If you want a thing done in your own interests you must either be strong enough to master those who do it, or else do it yourself. The Americans are capable of neither; so, since they cannot live without their industries, they must submit to be mastered by the Trusts, which are capable of both. No doubt they feel mean under the circumstances: they *are* mean. But it is no use kicking. All they can do is to keep their attention off the incidents of their slavery, and keep it on the incidents of such petty tyrannies as slaves are allowed to indulge in. Thus, when a million and three-quarter American children of from six to twelve are being debauched, murdered, sweated as no horse can be sweated in a London street without the arrest of the sweater by the police, it is a comfort to forget all about it, and to rejoice in asserting the determination of America to keep her family life pure by sending Mr. Comstock with a force of police to seize on the usual annual exhibition of ordinary drawings made by students in an art school from statues and undraped models.

The press is no help, because the villagers are too simple-minded to run a newspaper, and must take those which the Trusts provide them. They can, however, ask the village postmistress to open and read all the printed matter which passes through her hands, and not deliver anything that is wrong—another of those humanity-staggering precautions which convulse Europe with laughter and convulse intelligent Americans with helpless rage and shame. For, as the Trusts virtually appoint the village postmistress, her natural silliness and rusticity are complicated by corruption; and she discriminates in favor of the Trusts and against all freedom of thought and writing, which are the only powers that can prevail against the tendency of Trusts to abuse their power.

There is, I fear, nothing to be done. A nation of 80,000,000 villagers which is incapable of developing beyond the village stage, or even making as good a job of that as a handful of Russians would with their Mir traditions; which has a morbidly democratic constitution because it mistrusts its Government even more than it mistrusts its people; which is too big to be conquered by a European Power; and which, when the natural law of economic rent begins to operate on a huge scale, cannot form a government strong enough to socialize it, must fall helplessly into the hands of its exploiters and bosses, and outface its disgrace by tall talk as best it may.

President Roosevelt cannot realize his dream of making America a real national organism, sovereign over all anti-social powers within its own frontiers, and forcing all men to climb to prosperity instead of rooting for it as hogs root for truffles. Already it is obvious that the President is trying to redeem the United States solely because a man must assume that things can be bettered, or else lie down and die of despair. The Socialists, as voiced by Mr. Upton Sinclair, hope still more desperately that Capitalism will break down for want of markets, and that Socialism will step in and build on the ruins: a very mad hope indeed, because, first, Capitalism is not in the smallest danger of any such breakdown, and suffers much less from temporary crises than it did a century ago, when this discredited prophecy began to be bandied about; and, second, Socialism is only possible as the consummation of successful Capitalism, which, with all its horrors, will be adored by history as the pathfinder of Socialism and the ruthless reducer to absurdity of village Unsocialism.

No; things in America will have to get worse before they get better. Socialism is the remedy; but Socialism is only possible where Individualism is developed to the point at which the individual can see beyond himself and works to perfect his city and his nation instead of to furnish his own house better than his neighbor's. Short of that point Individualism is not Individualism, but Idiocy (a word which idiots cannot understand), and Idiocy and nothing else is just what is the matter with America to-day.

Therefore I advise Mr. Roosevelt to come across the Atlantic and live in some comparatively civilized country, where he can tell his countrymen what is good for them without being lynched, or deposed and put in prison by a Pinkerton army. His fit successor—whose appointment should be made permanent by a constitutional amendment—is Mr. Anthony Comstock. Mr. Comstock is the Villager of Villagers: he is America's epitome. There is no esoteric side to him, as there must be to Mr. Roosevelt. There is no schoolboyish, rough-rider legend attached to him. Mr. Comstock as a barelegged child on a barebacked horse is an unthinkable impropriety. Mr. Comstock is understood, approved, and obeyed by the Americans. All Americans who are not criminals or artists are Comstocks, and are proud of it. It would be at once a graceful act and a penetrating social criticism for Mr. Roosevelt to nominate him and retire in his favor. In doing so the President would haul down his own flag and hoist the true American flag. It should be a white flag, black on the other side.

Everybody's Magazine

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With "Everybody's" Publishers

GIVING Christmas presents is a pleasure that we all indulge in. Picking them out sometimes amounts almost to a hardship. How often have you balked at the smallness of the amount you are able to spend on a certain gift, and wondered if the gift would not seem too picayune; wondered if the friend or relative who received it would have Christmas charity enough to look beyond the amount expended and realize the loving thought that accompanied it. There are not so many things, when you come to think of it, that you can buy for a grown-up for $1 or $2 that seem absolutely worth while. Of course, the stores are full of beautiful things, but so many of them are of such an ephemeral nature. They are nice for trimming, pretty to hang on a Christmas tree, but after Christmas is over, where do they go?

Probably 50,000,000 people puzzle over this problem every year, each in his own way, and come no nearer a solution than before. Each year there is a multitude of pleasant friends whom you don't feel that you can overlook, and the list seems to grow rather than contract. And yet, each year there is the pocketbook as narrow and unexpansive as it was the year before. Sometimes it seems to shut up even tighter.

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To

ARE YOU A GOOD MAN?
HOW FAR ARE YOU BELOW THE STANDARDS SET BY ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, COUNT KATSURA, H. G. WELLS AND OTHERS?—Page 850

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Everybody's Magazine

No. 6

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Gold, ornamented, **$18** to **$60**, with semi-precious stones, **$40** upward

Men's Gold Watches

Open-face watches, **$60** upward; extra thin, **$50** upward. Hunting case - - - - - - - $65 upward

Men's Watch Chains and Fobs

Gold, double chains, **$22** to **$100**. Fobs without seal, **$9** upward, with seal - - - - - - - $22 upward

Gifts in Silver

Berry, Fruit or Salad Bowls, **$20** upward. Chafing Dishes, **$125** upward. After-dinner Coffee Sets, **$50** upward. Candelabras, **$100** upward. Water Pitchers, **$55** upward. Sandwich Serving Plates, **$50** upward. 5 doz. Forks and Spoons in chest, **$125** upward. Flower Vases, **$20** upward. Candle Sticks, pair, **$20** upward

Many more suggestions with concise descriptions and range of prices will be found in the Christmas Edition of the 1908 Blue Book, a copy of which will be mailed upon request

Fifth Avenue New York

Everybody's Advertisers

We weren't surprised—we expected it; but we are so keenly gratified we must talk to you about it now, even though it is a month ahead of the set time.

It concerns you, the readers of Everybody's, and your interest in the Prize Offer we made in our November number. You know in that number we offered ten prizes of $25.00 each (on this same page) for the ten best opinions expressed in from 200 to 300 words in answer to the question, "Which is the Most Effective Advertisement in this November number of Everybody's, and Why?"

We knew these opinions would give us something of a revelation of the character of the people who read the advertising pages. We didn't expect opinions from all of them, for the rigid conditions laid down might discourage a good many from trying for the prizes. Besides, we weren't at all sure how many of our readers were accustomed to follow our "Index-talks."

But at this hour of going to press with the December number, although only ten days have passed since the Prize Offer was published, we have had already 235 opinions, none less than 200 words in length. And there are 25 days more in the allotted period.

What pleases us most is the *character* of these opinions.

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Not one of the opinions thus far received shows crudity.

They are one and all the expressions of people of marked cultivation. They all show not only thoughtfulness and discrimination, but also a display of logical faculty, and their rhetoric bears the hall-mark of refined intelligence. Not an opinion has thus far been received which would not be well worthy of a prize if we had as many prizes to offer. Nothing could better indicate the class of readers who are interested in these advertising pages.

We have been quite as much interested in the choices which these contestants have made. Thus far over fifty advertisements have been selected as "the most effective." Not more than 5% of all the opinions have agreed upon any one advertisement. This at least shows how many effective advertisements are printed, and it proves that no one writer of advertisements has as yet hopelessly distanced his competitors.

These opinions have come from every State in the Union and from Canada. They represent a universal variety of business vocations and all the professions. They demonstrate beyond a peradventure what we have believed—that the advertising pages of a great magazine constitute one of its most interesting features for the great American public.

By the time this reaches our readers (November 20th) there will yet be five days more in which to send opinions for this contest. We, of course, cannot promise to print all of the opinions which we receive, although we might like to; but we do expect to print a goodly number of them, not only those which receive the prizes, but possibly a further number which are entitled to distinction.

THE PUBLISHERS.

The price of food

You pay money for food more willingly than for anything else—it's the most important thing you buy.

Fortunately, the best food costs the least money; this is not true of anything else you buy.

Quaker Oats

is the best food for adults or children. It supplies more nourishment with less waste and at less cost than any other food. It digests easily, quickly, and all of it is at once converted into energy of mind and body.

The best start for any day's work, study or play, is a dish of **Quaker Oats**

3 dishes for 1 cent

Quaker Wheat Berries Heat in a slow oven before eating and you'll find it the most delicious form of whole wheat—entire grains—puffed and baked. 10¢ a package.

Quaker Cornmeal The unusual quality will be an agreeable surprise to you. For sale at all grocers.

Quaker Rice Crisp by heating before serving. This is the most generally eaten cereal in the world and this is its best form. Dainty and strengthening. 10¢ a package.

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

EVERYBODY'S TRAVEL SERVICE

TRAVELLERS searching for BUSINESS, HEALTH or PLEASURE can remove any doubt as to WHERE and HOW to go—as to what it will cost them—and as to what the various attractions of the stopping places under consideration are, by writing a postal to this department of Everybody's Magazine.

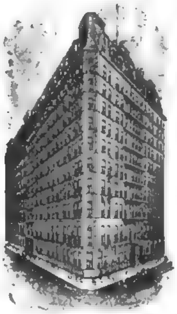
We will furthermore reserve your room in advance at any hotel anywhere—having it ready for your occupancy on arrival and assuring you a choice of all the rooms which are suited alike to your taste and purse.

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO CHARGE—OUR DESIRE IS TO HAVE A SERVICE WHICH REALLY SERVES OUR READERS. CAN WE NOT HELP YOU PLAN THAT WINTER TRIP?

Address Everybody's Magazine Travel Service, Union Square, New York City

NEW YORK CITY

THE NEW GRAND HOTEL



Broadway and 31st Street

500 rooms, 300 baths. All rooms and baths lighted by natural light and perfectly ventilated.

Rates: Single room and suites, with and without bath, $1.50 per day and upwards.

Hurlbert Grand Hotel Co.
GEORGE F. HURLBERT, Pres.

Hotel Flanders

133-137 W. 47th St., New York

Absolutely Fireproof. Within 200 feet of Broadway. 250 Rooms with bath and shower. Superior accommodations at surprisingly low rates. Write for booklet containing Theatre Index, etc.

Special Rates made for Visitors to New York during Holiday Season

THOMAS M. CARROL, Manager

King Edward

HOTEL IN NEW YORK

147-155 W. 47th St., just off B'way.

"The very Heart of New York." Absolutely fireproof. 350 rooms. 250 private baths. Every modern convenience.

Single rooms (running water), $1.50

Single rooms and bath, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00.

Parlor, bedroom and bath $4.00 and upward. Parlor, two bedrooms and bath, $5.00 and upward.

Each additional person in same room $1.00 extra.

Write for Booklet

KING EDWARD HOTEL CO.
John Hood, Pres. and Mgr.
Late of the New Tifft House, Buffalo

The Breslin

Broadway & 29th Street

The centre of the shopping and theatre district. New York's newest and most modern fireproof hotel.

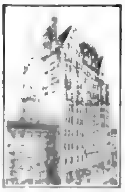
The best of everything at the best prices. European plan.

Rooms $1.50 per day and up.

Rooms with bath $2.50 per day and up.

The Breslin Hotel Co.
PROPRIETORS

THE GERARD



Family and Transient Hotel

44TH ST. BET. BROADWAY AND SIXTH AVE.

The most central location in New York

Suites, two and three rooms with private bath, $15 to $25 per week

Pleasant outside rooms, with use of bath, $1.50 per day. Map of New York free.

THE GERARD HOTEL CO., Proprietors
JOHN RANKIN, Pres. T. J. MORRIS, Mgr.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL

Madison Square, 23d and 24th Sts., New York

This property has not been sold, as reported. The high standard of excellence which has made it famous will be maintained. American plan, $5. European plan, $2. Hitchcock, Darling & Co.

EVERETT HOUSE

UNION SQUARE AND 17th ST.

In the heart of the shopping district and convenient to all lines of cars. Every known appointment. Excellent cuisine. Conducted on European Plan.

Rates $1.00 per day and upward

PATRIA VERITAS FIDES

New Amsterdam Hotel

4th Avenue and 21st Street
New York City

Rooms, with use of bath, $1.00 and up; with private bath, $2.00 and up. Located in the heart of the city, near principal stores and theatres. Car lines and Subway to all parts of the city.

Full detailed information, rates and booklets mailed on request

EVERYBODY'S TRAVEL SERVICE

SAN FRANCISCO

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
SAN FRANCISCO

¶ In the heart of the city, a minute's walk from the fashionable clubs, shops and theatres, it faces the beautiful tropical park that is the decorative feature of San Francisco.

¶ Every convenience in every room.

¶ Accommodations for 1000 guests. Rates, from $2.00 up. (European plan.)

¶ For reservations, or any information about San Francisco, address :

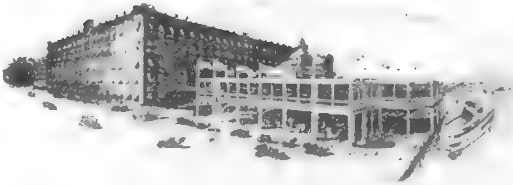
JAMES WOODS, Manager

DETROIT

TULLER HOTEL
CORNER ADAMS AVENUE AND PARK STREET

Fireproof and Modern. Grill and all of the requisites that make a hotel famous Unexcelled service on the European plan. Room and bath $1.50 per day and up

M. A. SHAW, Manager *Write for booklet* L. W. TULLER, Proprietor



WAYNE HOTEL. Only first-class hotel in the city overlooking the beautiful Detroit River. Convenient to all passenger stations and steamer docks.

American Plan, $2.50 and up
European Plan, $1.00 and up

Also { Park Hotel, Sault Ste. Marie
Park Hotel, Hot Springs, Ar.

J. R. HAYS
Proprietor

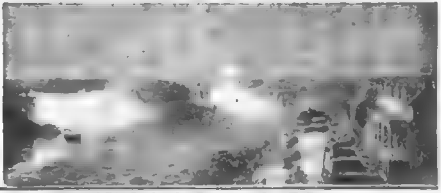
NIAGARA FALLS, CAN.

THE CLIFTON HOTEL
DIRECTLY FACING BOTH FALLS

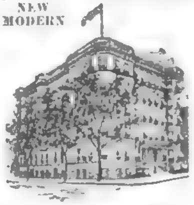
Just completed and up to date in every respect. Open winter and summer.

Rates $4 to $6 per day on the American Plan

APPLY FOR BOOKLET



WASHINGTON, D. C.



HOTEL DRISCOLL
Facing the United States Capitol and Grounds
Cor. FIRST and B Streets, N. W.

A strictly first-class Hotel with modern improvements. Located centrally for all points of interest. CUISINE AND SERVICE of the highest standard. Send for illustrated booklet. One block from B. & O. Depot. Five blocks from Penn. Depot. Electric cars pass the doors for all parts of the city.

American Plan from $2.00 per day
European Plan from $1.50 per day

E. W. WHEELER, Manager

BUFFALO, N. Y.

HOTEL BROEZEL
BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Only Strictly Modern American Plan Hotel in Buffalo

Rooms with hot and cold running water, $3 per day ; with private bath $3.50 and $4

AMERICAN PLAN

One block from principal railway stations

E. Bert Henshaw, Manager

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

THE BIGGS SANITARIUM
In the Piedmont Region **Delightful Winter Climate**

For the cure of diseases by natural methods. No medicines. We employ Electric Light Baths· Hydro-Therapy ("water-cure"), Electricity, Massage, Vibration, Physical Culture, Photo-Therapy (Light Treatments), Diet and other natural methods.

Only a limited number of cases accepted and every effort is made to effect a *cure* in the shortest time possible. Terms moderate. Send for illustrated booklet ; it will interest you whether sick or well.

Ten years' experience in the cure of disease by natural methods

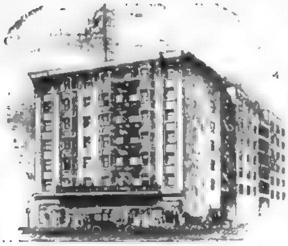
THE BIGGS HYGIENIC SANITARIUM **Greensboro, North Carolina**

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Full detailed information, rates and booklets mailed on request

EVERYBODY'S TRAVEL SERVICE

SAN FRANCISCO



HOTEL STEWART
Geary St. and Union Square
San Francisco

HOTEL STEWART

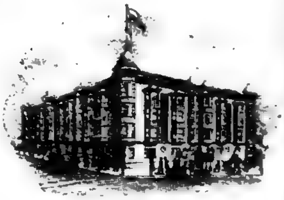
European plan: $1.50 a day upward. 250 rooms. 200 private baths.

HOTEL JEFFERSON

European plan: $1.50 to $6. American plan: $3.50 to $10. 350 rooms. 150 private baths.

¶ Omnibus and automobile of each hotel meets all trains and steamers. Both hotels owned and managed by the

STEWART-BARKER CO.



HOTEL JEFFERSON
Turk and Gough Streets
San Francisco

LOS ANGELES

Hotel Lankershim

COR. OF 7th AND BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Exceptional Advantages to the Tourist and Traveler

350 Rooms; 160 Private Baths; Every Room an Outside One. Location Unsurpassed.

EUROPEAN PLAN

Restaurant a la Carte. Cuisine Unexcelled. Excellent Orchestra. Spacious and Beautiful Lobby and Public Rooms.

COOPER & DAVIS, Lessees

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

YOU are invited to Southern California by the Linnard System of Hotels. This system covers Southern California, and its hotels are always open.

THE MARYLAND, Pasadena
THE VIRGINIA, Long Beach
THE LEIGHTON, Los Angeles
LA CASA LOMA, Redlands

Write for copy of **California Life** **D. M. LINNARD**

COLORADO

COLORADO

The Land of Greatest Opportunity in the Country Today

READ THESE COLORADO FACTS *Colorado's* mineral output for 1906 was $50,359,395. *Colorado's* agricultural output for 1906 was valued at $115,000,000. *Colorado's* manufacturing output for 1906 was valued at $150,000,000. *Colorado's* beet sugar crop for 1906 returned $12,500,000 to the farmer.

Colorado's agricultural and fruit lands, based on its earning capacity, is the most valuable in America today. *Colorado* lands produce the highest priced products known to the American farmer.

Colorado has great coal deposits as yet almost untouched. *Colorado* has all the other known minerals in great quantities. *Colorado* has the climate and the scenery.

Colorado has all of the material elements that enter into the making of a commonwealth of greatest wealth and population.

Colorado wants farmers, wants stock growers, wants miners, wants manufacturers, wants good citizens of all kinds. *Colorado* wants YOU.

Let us tell you about *Colorado*.

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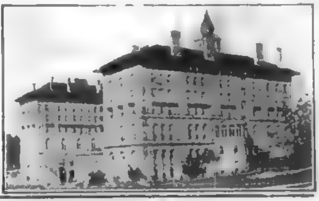

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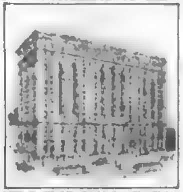

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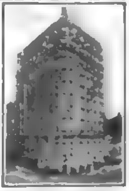

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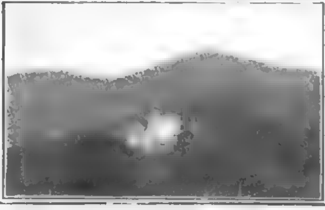

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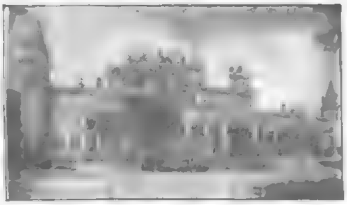

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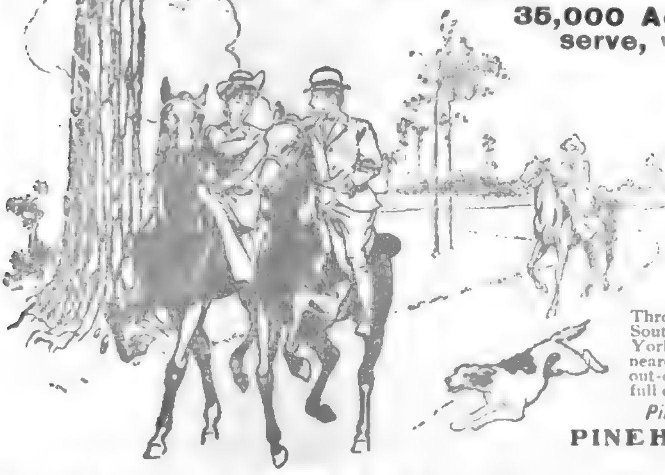

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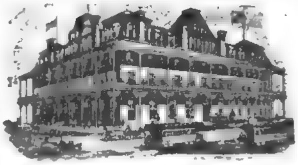

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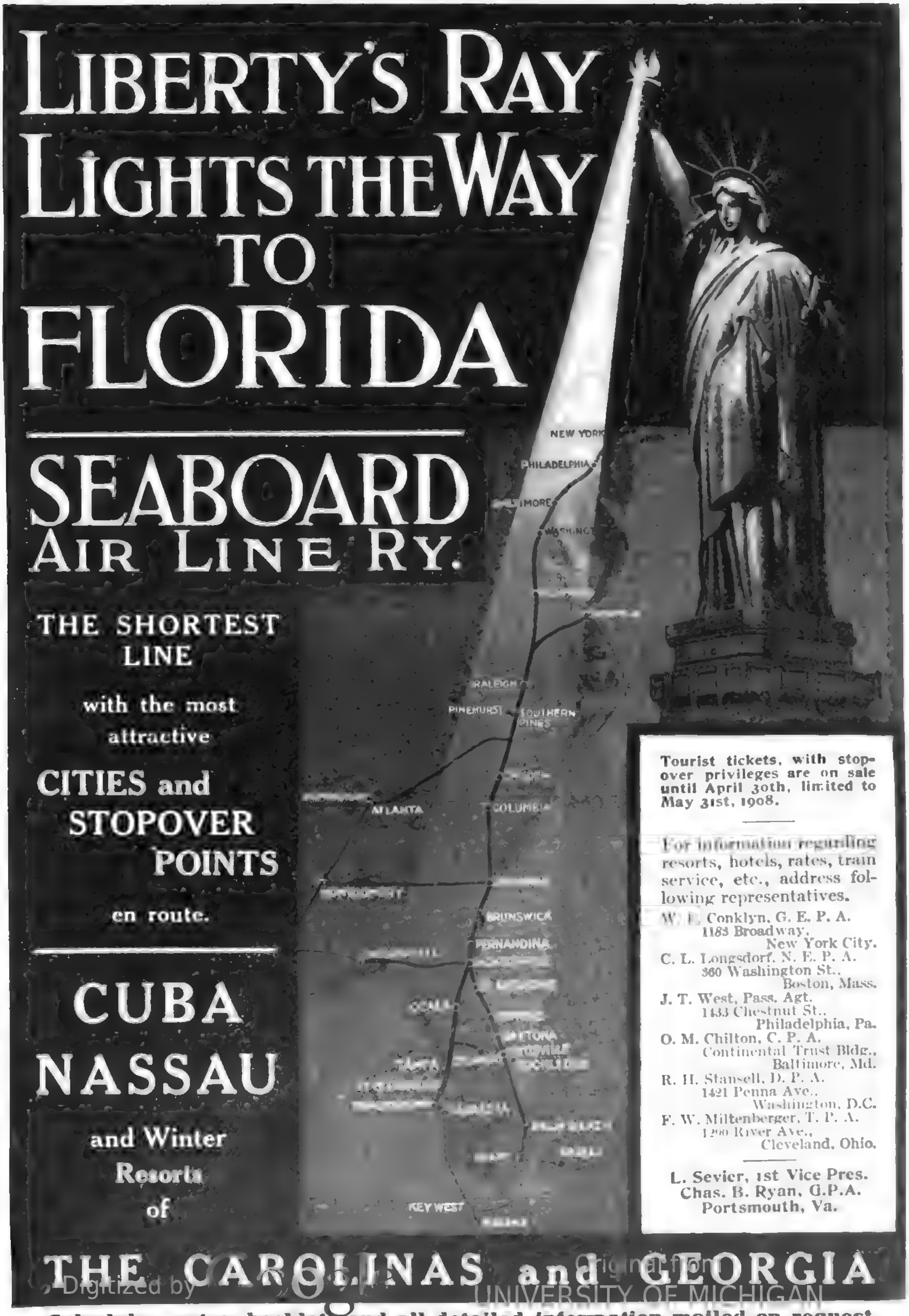
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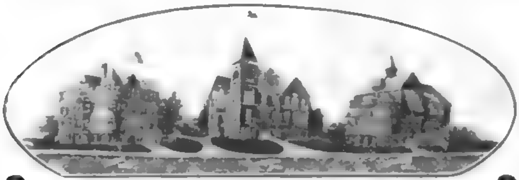

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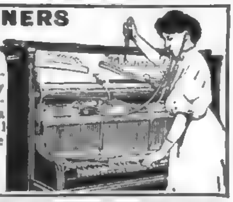

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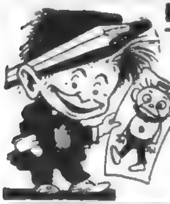

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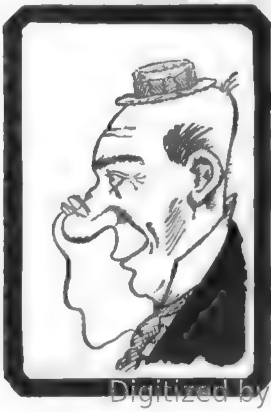

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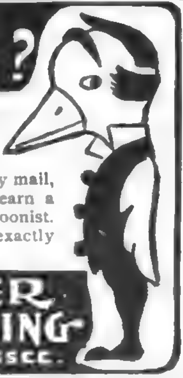

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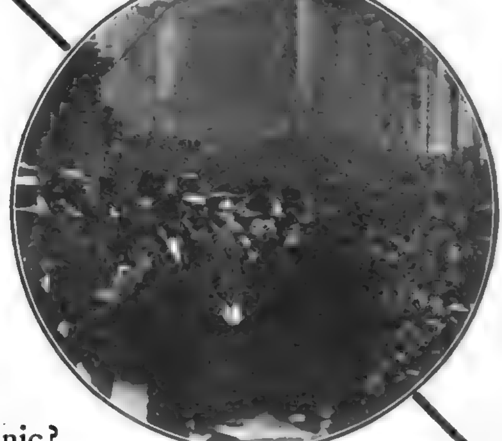

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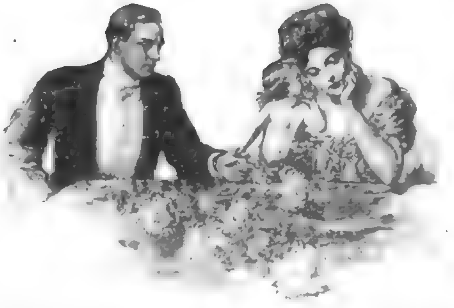

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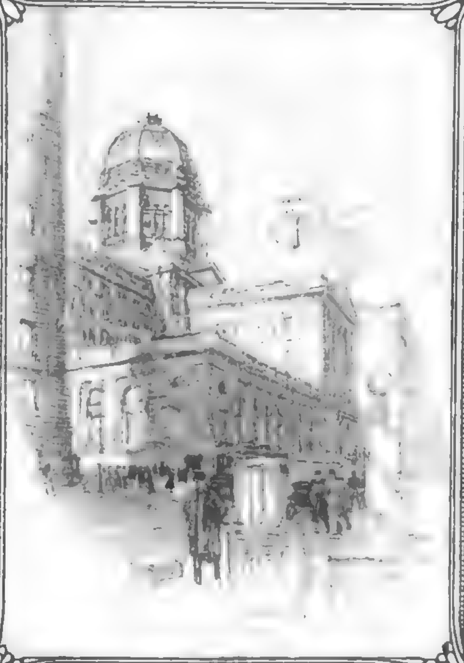

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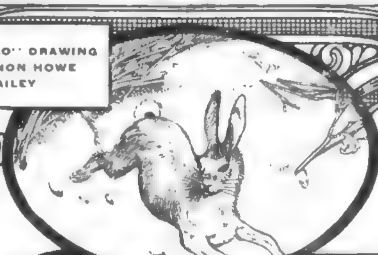

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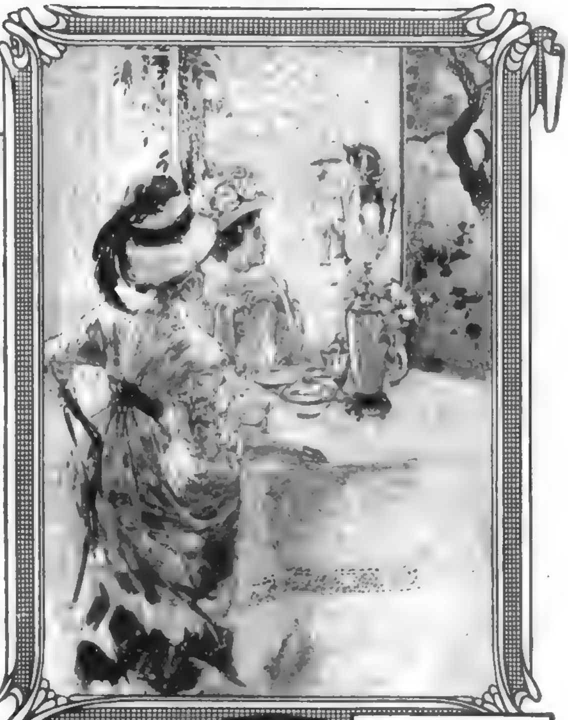

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Lincoln Steffens' new fact-novel of present-day history in San Francisco—"The Mote and the Beam"— **"The Mote and the Beam"** good men fighting bad men for the freedom of a city—thrilling and hopeful; just beginning; each chapter complete in itself. Mr. Steffens is our greatest political reporter. Next year comes a Presidential election. Isn't that hint enough?

Upton Sinclair has written a scathing and terrible novel of New York, complete parts of which we shall publish serially. "The Jungle" was a picture **"The Metropolis"** of extreme poverty; "The Metropolis" is an arraignment of fantastic wealth and its effect on manners, morals and taste. It will be the most talked-of book of the year.

This Announcement Gives Only a Small Part of a Big Program.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is the product of alert and eager brains that (in article and story) bring the reader into actual touch with the living world. It is crowded with reading of the first order of interest—reading that stirs the mind, touches the heart and arouses the spirit with hopefulness and humor. An able man, interested in the magazine, recently wrote us:

> "After reading your advertisement I laid all the current magazines down side by side. I read the articles and stories and I looked at the pictures. . . . . This is my conclusion: I found more in your magazine that gave me *a vital feeling of the big forces* which now animate American life, more *significant stories,* more *sane and humorous* comment than in any other magazine, no matter what the price."

14 Months for One Dollar! **Send us the Coupon over in the corner, together with a dollar bill—you'll get THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for 1908, also the November and December (1907) numbers, in which some of the great serial features begin. A real bargain, this—but be prompt. This special offer is open only for a limited time.**

Sit right down now. Clip the coupon—mail it to us with $1.00. And do it now before it slips your mind.

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The American Magazine

10 CENTS

The Phillips Publishing Company, 341 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Gentlemen:—Here is my dollar. Send me THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE clear up to the end of 1908; and don't forget the November and December numbers of 1907.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

FINLEY PETER DUNNE,
Creator of the Famous "Mr. Dooley."

Exclusively!

"Mr. Dooley"

in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

For 1908

F. P. Dunne, creator of the famous "Mr. Dooley," will write *exclusively* for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, beginning in January. And nowhere in 1908, except in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, can you read his compound of keen philosophy and delicious humor. This is the first time Mr. Dunne has ever written exclusively for any publication.

A "Dooley" story means a thrill of pleasure to millions of Americans—for Mr. Dunne's audience runs into millions.

Mark Twain says: "In great qualities of the heart and brain 'Dooley' is gifted beyond all propriety.....he easily stands at the head of all the satirists of this generation."
The London "Times" says: "A riotous Hibernian like Mr. Dunne spreads the feast with both hands. Beneath his joyous gift of extravagant ridicule he is perhaps the wisest man now writing, and America should be proud of him."

One or more "Dooley" articles every month.
Illustrated by the famous cartoonist, John T. McCutcheon.

"The Color Line in the North"

Ray Stannard Baker called "the best reporter in the United States," will publish a new series—"The Color Line in the North." It presents the tragedy of the Northern Negro—the great unrecognized problem at our door.

Character Study

William Allen White the famous Kansas editor, will have an inimitable character study of Taft in an early number. A word later about some ***very important work*** which Mr. White is doing for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

A FIVE YEAR CHRISTMAS

1907—1911

McCLURE'S
MAGAZINE

$5.00 Now *saves* $2.50 Later

McCLURE'S is now $1.50 a year instead of $1.00, as hitherto, but we believe all readers of McClure's are entitled to an opportunity to get it a little longer at the old price. If you will send $5.00 at once, you will receive McClure's Magazine for five years, which would a little later cost you $7.50. Stop and think what an opportunity this is to give an unique Christmas present to some friend. For $5.00 you can send a Christmas present which repeats itself every month for sixty months—McClure's. You can cover five Christmases and you can give your friend an opportunity to start with "Theodosia," the attractive story of Mrs. Cutting's. Send $5.00 today for McClure's Magazine, to be sent five years either to your address or to the address of a friend to whom you would like to give this novel Christmas present, and we will, on request, send a Christmas card like that shown here, in your name, every Christmas for five years. Or you can send five Christmas presents to five people, one year each, for $5.00. (Extra postage required in Canada and foreign countries.)

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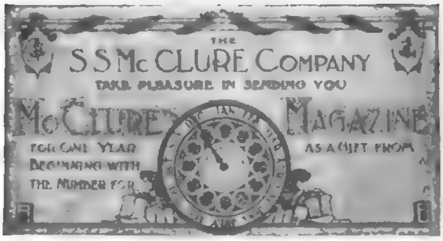

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Have Made the New Low Cost Policy the Greatest Success in Life Insurance. Public Pleased—Agents Enthusiastic.

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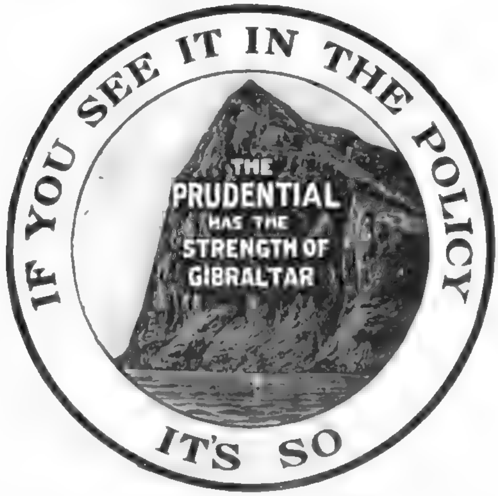
Consistent with Liberality and Safety, Offered by Any Company of Corresponding Size, Importance and Responsibility Throughout the World.


IF YOU SEE IT IN THE POLICY
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
IT'S SO

Send us YOUR age, nearest birthday, for further particulars. Address Dept. 31

Read this Table

Comparison of Rates on the New Policy with Average Premium Rates of 102 Other Life Insurance Companies.

WHOLE LIFE PLAN—$1,000

Ages	Prudential Insurance Company	49 American Companies	36 English Companies	*17 European Companies
21	$15 29	$15 69	$16 48	
22	15 63	16 04	16 82	
23	15 99	16 41	17 18	
24	16 37	16 80	17 56	
25	16 77	17 19	17 97	
26	17 18	17 62	18 41	
27	17 62	18 07	18 87	
28	18 08	18 53	19 35	
29	18 57	19 04	19 85	
30	19 08	19 57	20 38	$21 97
31	19 62	20 14	20 95	22 59
32	20 19	20 70	21 53	23 26
33	20 79	21 33	22 15	23 94
34	21 43	21 96	22 80	24 65
35	22 10	22 65	23 47	25 41
36	22 81	23 37	24 22	26 23
37	23 56	24 13	24 99	27 06
38	24 35	24 95	25 80	27 98
39	25 19	25 81	26 65	28 91
40	26 09	26 73	27 56	29 90
41	27 04	27 69	28 50	30 95
42	28 04	28 72	29 48	32 10
43	29 11	29 83	30 53	33 32
44	30 25	30 99	31 63	34 61
45	31 47	32 24	32 80	35 99
46	32 76	33 56	34 02	
47	34 13	34 96	35 34	
48	35 60	36 46	36 73	
49	37 17	38 06	38 21	
50	38 83	39 79	39 79	
51	40 61	41 57	41 47	
52	42 51	43 36	43 27	
53	44 53	45 57	45 18	
54	46 68	47 76	47 21	
55	48 98	50 10	49 38	
56	51 44	52 64	51 68	
57	54 06	55 33	54 13	
58	56 87	58 18	56 75	
59	59 87	61 22	59 50	
60	63 08	64 43	62 37	
Average,	$30 74	$31 48	$31 77	

*European rates available only for ages 30-45.

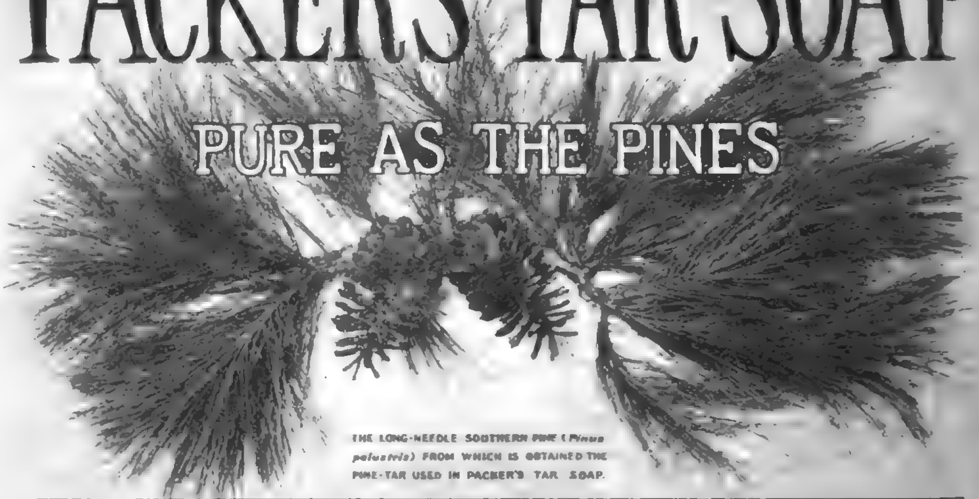
The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. **Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.**

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY? Splendid Opportunities in Selling this Popular New Ordinary Policy. Write Direct to Us To-day. Address Dept. 31

PACKER'S TAR SOAP



THE LONG-NEEDLE SOUTHERN PINE (*Pinus palustris*) FROM WHICH IS OBTAINED THE PINE-TAR USED IN PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

The Most Sensitive Skin
is never irritated by

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

No matter how sore or chapped, the skin is always soothed and healed by its use. The emollient, antiseptic and healing properties of this soap make it equally useful for either preserving or restoring healthy conditions of the skin.

Recommended and used by the medical profession for over a third of a century.

THE PACKER MFG. CO.
81 FULTON STREET NEW YORK

A Startling Prophecy

But One that is Based on Solid Facts

The New York *Independent* states editorially: "The musical instrument generally known by the name of the Pianola has been recognized by the lay and professional mind alike as a serious and permanent musical instrument. . . . It seems to be probable that *in a few years no piano will be made without the roll mechanism as an adjunct.*"

THE PIANOLA PIANO

Confers upon Everyone the Fascination of Personally Producing Music

THE time has passed to speculate upon the future of the Pianola Piano. It is here to-day as *the most successful innovation in musical instruments of modern times.*

There is nothing doubtful about its standing, for in thousands of homes it has supplanted the piano playable by hand only, and its popularity has extended all over the world, even to far-off Australia and New Zealand. Abroad it has been purchased by Royalty, and in this country by eminent persons whose names are household words.

The musical trade is fully posted on the great and growing demand for the Pianola Piano, for all sorts of imitations and substitutes are now offered. Remember, then, that it is the Pianola Piano that has created the present revolution in the piano industry, and that *no instrument is a genuine Pianola Piano unless it is made by the Aeolian Company.*

No Divided Responsibility About the Pianola Piano

THERE is an important advantage to the purchaser in that both the Pianola and the Piano part of this instrument are made *under a single ownership.*

In the days when we were evolving the Pianola Piano, we experimented in having the piano part of the instrument built by independent piano manufacturers. The experiments proved conclusively that *the best results could not be had* under any such system of divided responsibility. There must be *one head, one source* from which all orders emanate, with power to remedy faults, and to act promptly when action is necessary.

To accomplish this result, the Aeolian Company was enlarged to a $10,000,000 company, becoming the largest organization in the musical industry. Four old established pianos of high reputation with their factories were secured—the Weber, the Steck, the Wheelock, and the Stuyvesant.

The selection of these pianos was not a haphazard matter. They were chosen after a careful survey of the entire piano field, in the course of which famous pianos of Europe and America were carefully weighed and considered side by side.

Thus the Pianola Piano went before the public as a complete harmonious *whole,* with no internal conflicts of

administration to overcome. The factories producing the Pianola, and those producing the pianos work in unison. The tremendous success of the Pianola Piano immediately followed, and its popularity is still growing with irresistible force.

The Pianola Piano was not a hastily created instrument produced to meet a sudden turn of popular demand. It was a matter of long and careful evolution. Its problems were thought out and solved *in the workshop*.

The purchasing public was

The Importance of the "Themodist" and the "Metrostyle"

Since the invention of the Pianola itself, there are two improvements that stand out conspicuously, the "Themodist" and the "Metrostyle." Each of these represented a radical advance, and each was the production of the Aeolian Company.

The "Metrostyle" *insures an artistic performance* on the part of even those wholly unversed in music. It gives a detailed guide for delicate tempo shadings, a guide so clear and explicit that no one can fail to understand it, and thus secure immeasurably better results than with any other Piano-player.

The "Themodist" subdues the accompaniment and *brings out the theme or melody.* Thus it overcomes the least possible criticism.

It is a mistake to pay the price of the Pianola or Pianola Piano for any instrument lacking these important improvements.

not made the subject of experiment, as was the case with the many imitations hurriedly put upon the market with a view of sharing its success. Not only that, but the evolution of the Pianola Piano to its present stage of perfection was conducted by the *ablest corps of musical and mechanical experts that have ever been brought together.*

Therefore its great success, not merely sustained, but going ahead so rapidly as to astound those who have simply looked on from the outside.

The Pianola Piano is *The* piano of the day. Its sales records show it, the growing interest of the public shows it, its ready conquest of the markets of the world, even to regions where no other American piano has been able to gain more than a precarious foothold, ESTABLISH ITS PREMIER POSITION BEYOND QUESTION OR DOUBT.

Hasn't the time come for *you* to investigate this wonderful instrument—to give to your family the great and lasting pleasure that will enter your home the day that the Pianola Piano is installed there? If for no other reason, *its educational value* in all homes where there are children and young people, render it practically indispensable.

Send *now* for Catalog K and with it we will forward a copy of an interesting booklet, "The Fascination of Personally Producing Music." It contains a chapter by a leading musical critic which is well worth ten minutes of anybody's time to read.

THE AEOLIAN CO., 362 Fifth Ave., New York

COFFEE
POSTUM CEREAL MIXTURE

A Wise Mother

When she learned the facts, put the Coffee Canister in a far corner of the cupboard and began serving

POSTUM

to the whole family. The change brought steady nerves, sound sleep and good sturdy health. To get the agreeable flavour and sustaining food qualities, Postum must be made properly.

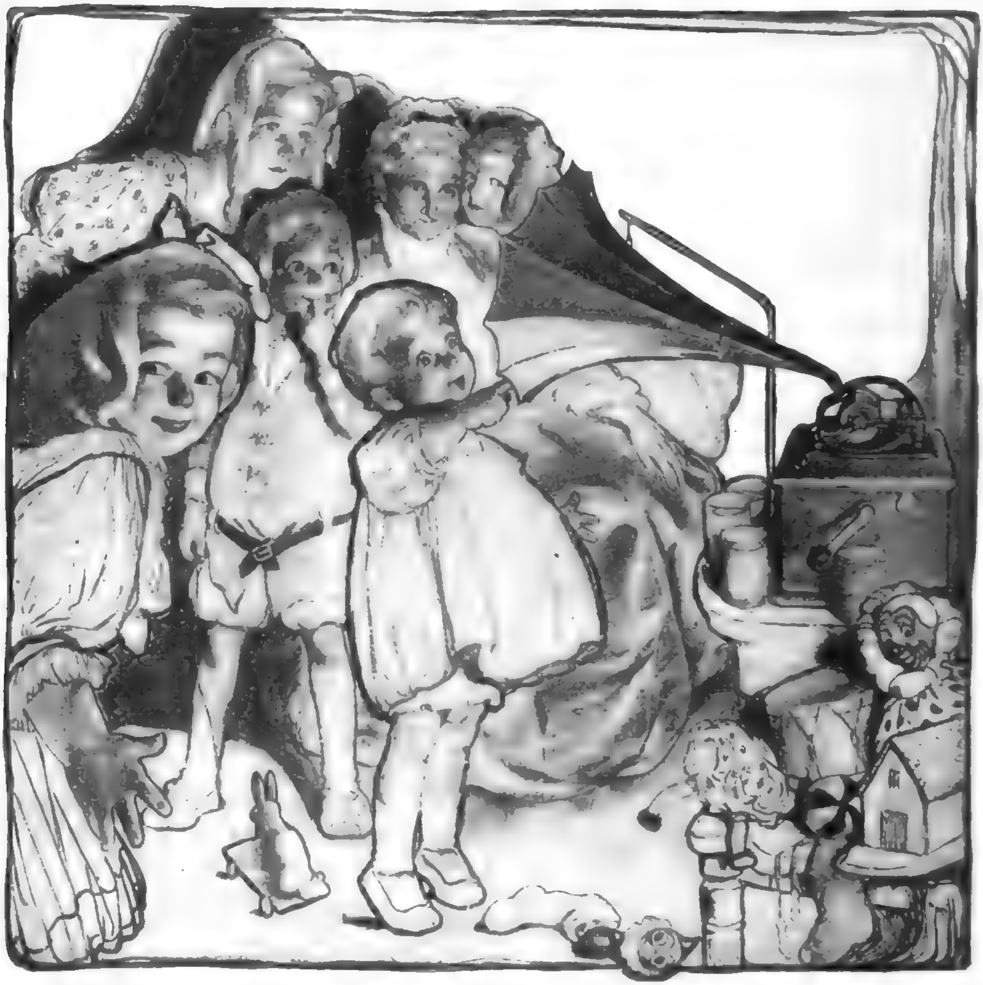
Therefore, be sure and boil your Postum according to directions on pkg.

"There's a Reason"

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

The Edison Phonograph as a Christmas Present



NO single thing furnishes so much entertainment, amusement and enjoyment to a family, especially where there are children and young folks, as an Edison Phonograph. It supplies all kinds of amusement at little expense; it gives you a means of entertaining your friends and neighbors, and it keeps you up-to-date with every kind of good music. No other gift will give so much delight for so long a time as an Edison Phonograph.

Have you seen and heard the new model with the big horn? If not go to the nearest dealer and see it, hear it and buy it. If you cannot do that, write to us for a complete descriptive catalogue.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 18 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J.

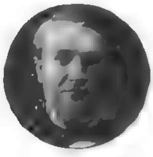
You won't get all the entertainment out of your EDISON PHONOGRAPH unless you buy the NEW RECORDS.

NEW RECORDS mean new entertainment. You will never get over the first fresh enjoyment of your Phonograph if you keep it supplied with the new Records as they come out. Here, for instance, is the December list. Read it over and see what a lot of good ones there are.

The December Records

9698	Waltz from Romeo and Juliet (Gounod)	Edison Concert Band
9699	I'll Be Waiting, Dearie, When You Come Back Home (Havez)	Reed Miller
9700	In Monkey Land (Morse)	Collins and Harland
9701	The Merry Widow Waltz (Lehar)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9702	Some Day When Dreams Come True (Staats)	Irving Gillette
9703	Ring Out the Bells for Christmas (Williams-Ecke)	Edison Concert Band
9704	Flanagan's Trouble with His Tailor (Original)	Steve Porter
9705	Honey Boy Medley (Original)—Xylophone	Albert Benzler
9706	Wouldn't You Like to Have Me for a Sweetheart? (Robyn)	Ada Jones
9707	Three Rubes Seeing New York (Original)	Edison Vaudeville Co.
9708	I Get Dippy When I Do That Two-Step Dance (Fitzgibbon)	Arthur Collins
9709	Pretty Black-Eyed Susan (Seltzer)	Edison Military Band
9710	Won't You Waltz "Home, Sweet Home," With Me for Old Times' Sake? (Ingraham)	Byron G. Harlan
9711	Rescue the Perishing (Doane)	Anthony and Harrison
9712	Marianina (Brockman)	Jas. Brockman
9713	Florida Rag (Lowry)—Banjo	Vess L. Ossman
9714	Make a Lot of Noise (Cohan)	Billy Murray
9715	Old Dog Sport (Original)	Len Spencer and Gilbert Girard
9716	Two Blue Eyes (Morse)	Reinald Werrenrath
9717	Love's Confession (Klemmer)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9718	When the Sheep are in the Fold, Jennie Dear (Helf)	Manuel Romain
9719	So, What's the Use? (Montague)	Bob Roberts
9720	Broncho Bob and His Little Cheyenne (Original)	Ada Jones & Len Spencer
9721	Old Faithful March (Holzmann)	Edison Military Band

Go to your dealer or write today and get these booklets: COMPLETE CATALOGUE, SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE and the PHONOGRAM. They tell about all the Records, old and new, and give descriptions of the music.



Edison Records are also made in Bohemian, Chinese, Cuban, French, German, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Mexican, Polish, Russian, Spanish and Swedish. Ask your dealer or write us for a catalogue.

Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 18 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

The Howard Watch

Let your watch gift *mean* something.

Any well-informed man would prefer a Howard if given a choice.

It is the finest practical timepiece in the world.

It has been carried—is carried today—by more distinguished Americans than any other watch.

It is not in evidence in every store-window. It is not the first to be thrust at you over the counter.

You have to *ask* for a Howard: when you do the jeweler's respect for you goes up several points. He knows you are watch-wise!

On the other hand, if you know the Howard traditions you wont expect every sort of jeweler to have it.

There is doubtless a Howard jeweler in your city. When you find him you will find the Howard kind of a man—a valuable man to know in the Jewelry business.

The price of each Howard Watch—from the 17-jewel, 25-year filled cases at $35 to the 23-jewel, extra heavy cases at $150—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

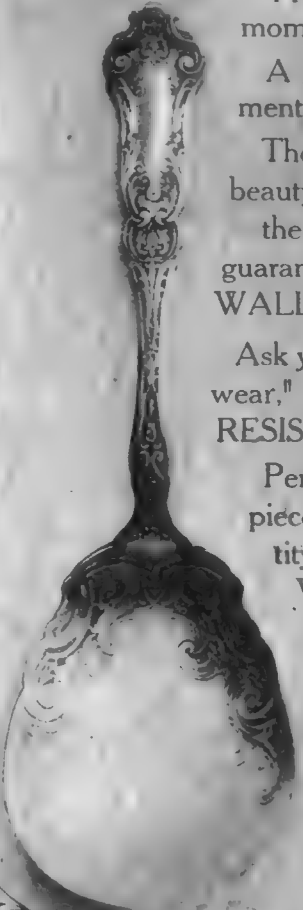
Millions of more cheaply-constructed watches are sold for as much money. It's not a question of price, but of being posted.

Elbert Hubbard thought enough of it to make a journey to the home of the HOWARD watch and write a book about it. If you'd like to read this little journey drop us a postal card—Dept. C—we'll be glad to send it to you. Also a little catalogue and price list, with illustrations actual size,—of great value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

1835 R. WALLACE

CARDINAL PATTERN



Berry Spoon

A beautiful gift gives pleasure for the moment.

A gift of utility assures future enjoyment.

The Cardinal pattern combines both beauty and utility to an unusual degree the first quality is obvious, the latter guaranteed by the trade-mark "1835 R. WALLACE"—silver plate that *resists* wear.

Ask your dealer for "silver plate that *resists* wear," and do not forget the word RESISTS.

Perhaps you prefer giving a few pieces of Sterling to a larger quantity of plate. In that case, ask for Wallace's Berain pattern.

Send postal for book "The Story of Silver and How to Take Care of It" to R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Box 25, Wallingford, Conn.

Cold Meat Fork

SILVER PLATE THAT *RESISTS* WEAR

Barrett Specification Roofs

FOR ALL PERMANENT BUILDINGS

IT is significant that Barrett Specification Roofs are most invariably adopted for buildings with large roof areas such as factories, railroad buildings, etc., where the cost and durability of materials must be carefully considered.

An example of this is the well-known Allis-Chalmers plant, illustrated herewith. All the recently erected buildings carry Barrett Specification Roofs, amounting in all to about 300,000 square feet.

A Barrett Specification Roof in a typical instance (King Phillip Mill, Fall River) was recently renewed after thirty years of service.

Its original cost was less than any style of metal roofing would have been. Tin or sheet iron would have required continual painting, and even then would have been liable to rust and corrode, causing loss by leaks. A ready roofing, with its narrow laps and exposed nailing, would have been entirely unadapted for use on a building of this type, where the roof is of moderate pitch.

The cost per square foot per year of service in the case of Barrett Specification Roofs is remarkably low: First, because the original cost is always moderate, and second, because the maintenance cost, as a rule, is nothing, as such roofs require no painting or protection of any kind. In the case of the King Phillip Mill, for instance, the total cost was only about one-fifth of a cent per square foot per year.

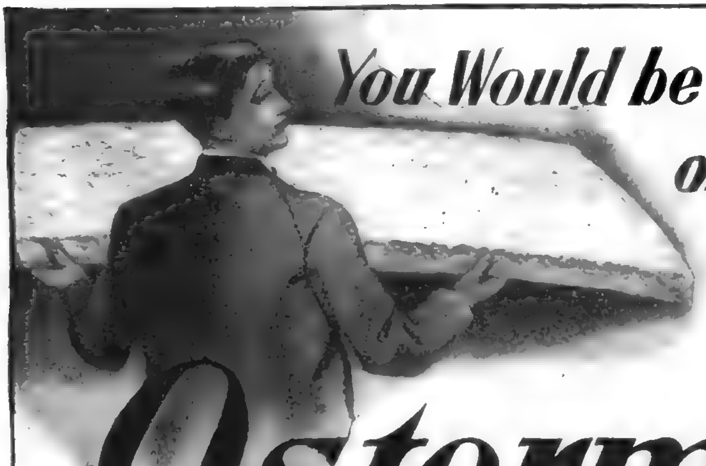
Low cost and satisfactory service have made Barrett Specification Roofs more largely used than any other kind.

The Barrett Specifications in pocket edition form will be mailed free on request to anyone interested.

Barrett Manufacturing Co. B

New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis Boston
St. Louis Allegheny Kansas City New Orleans London, Eng.

The advertisements of Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



You Would be Comfortable on One Layer of an Ostermoor Mattress

But there are *seven* more, carefully laid by hand—*built,* not stuffed. They make a mattress which can never grow hard, lumpy or saggy. It is as comfortable as a new, high-priced hair mattress, and has ever so many advantages over it. No decaying animal hair, inviting disease germs and affording a haven for vermin. Absolutely sanitary and non-absorbent.

You can scrub the ticking as often as you desire. Also dust, germ and vermin-proof. The inside never needs remaking. An occasional sun-bath keeps it always soft and springy.

Send Postal for Our Free 144-Page Book and Samples of Ticking

30 NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL. You may sleep on an Ostermoor for a month and, if not *thoroughly* satisfied, have your money back without question. Full particulars in our beautifully illustrated 144-page book — **sent free** with samples of ticking on request.

WE SELL BY MAIL OR THROUGH 2,500 OSTERMOOR DEALERS

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask *us* who he is—will show you a mattress with the "*Ostermoor*" *name and trade mark* *sewn on the end.* Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

OSTERMOOR & CO.
107 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Mattresses Cost
Express Charges Prepaid

4'-6"—45 lbs.	$15.00
4'-0"—40 "	13.35
3'-6"—35 "	11.70
3'-0"—30 "	10.00
2'-6"—25 "	8.35

All 6 feet 3 inches long

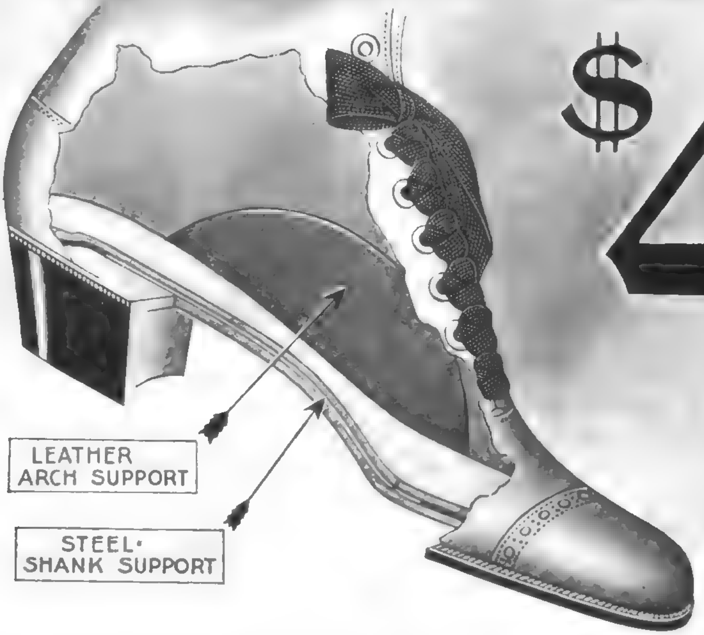
In two parts, 50 cents extra

The famous

Dorothy Dodd

"ARCH SUPPORT" BOOT

$4



Many women suffer from "flat foot" or a weakened arch, and don't know it. Standing or walking tires them, but they don't know why.

The trouble is the arch of the foot is unsupported. Being weak it is the one spot that gets tired. It is the muscle by which you walk. You stretch it at every step. It is the one part of the foot that needs to be helped.

You will never realize how much of your daily fatigue can be relieved until you wear this "Dorothy Dodd" Arch Support Boot.

It retains its arch shape and sets up under the foot after it has been worn for months. Is it worth while to endure tired feet when the remedy is so simple? :: :: :: :: ::

One agency in each City. Booklet free.

DOROTHY DODD SHOE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Who's Your Tailor?
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1906

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When a man goes to a regulation clothing store for a suit, the salesman measures his breast and the inside seam of his trousers, jerks a suit out of a pile, and tells him that's his size.

No consideration for height, length of arms, width of shoulders, shape of back, or position of body.

And yet thousands of men put up with this misfit clothing treatment every year just because they think they can't afford to have their clothes made to order. What a mistake!

The little local tailor may charge a big price because of his limited business and buying power, but our direct mill connections and excellent organization of over 1,000 tailors enable us to make clothes expressly for you at $25 to $40 the suit or overcoat.

And the beauty of our garments is found in that perfection in quality, style, individual shape, fit and service, which will make you come back for more.

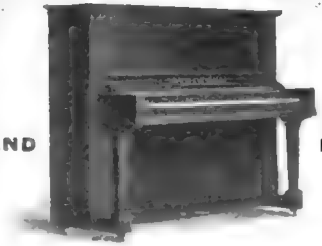
Ed. V. Price & Co.

Merchant Tailors

Price Building Chicago

See our local representative with 500 sample fabrics, and wear your own clothes — the kind that are made expressly for you.

VERTEGRAND



PRICE, $550

The Primacy of the
STEINWAY

First among pianos—first in construction, first in tone, first in originality, the place of the Steinway Piano is that of international leadership.

Other makers have followed and tried to imitate the distinctive features of the Steinway, but their endeavors have served only to emphasize its primacy.

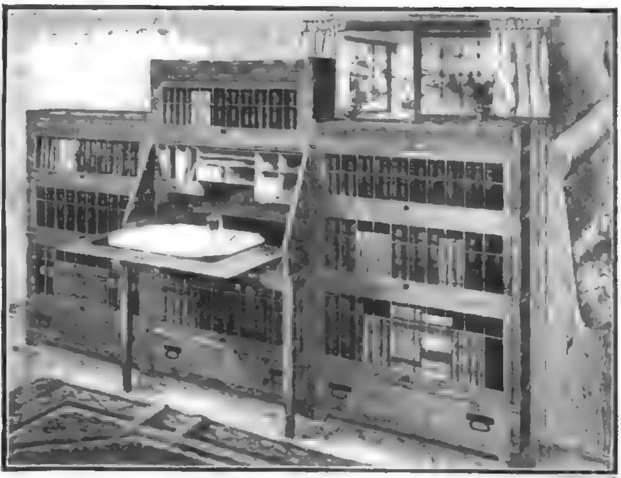
The Steinways have achieved and maintained this precedence by perfecting each individual part of the Steinway Piano along original lines and then uniting these completed parts into a perfect whole.

As a proof, examine the VERTEGRAND at $550.

Steinway Pianos can be bought from any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added.

Illustrated catalogue and the little booklet, "The Triumph of the Vertegrand," sent on request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall
107 and 109 East 14th St., New York



WHETHER you buy books by the set, or one at a time, keep in mind that the sequel to a perfect library is the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Book-case.

Every book-lover fully appreciates this statement whenever he attempts to classify an assortment of books, as no other sectional book-case admits of such varied and artistic combinations as the Globe-Wernicke patterns.

No matter how diversified the character and size of the volumes may be, we furnish graded sections that are not only commensurate with the size of the books, but also with the available space in the room.

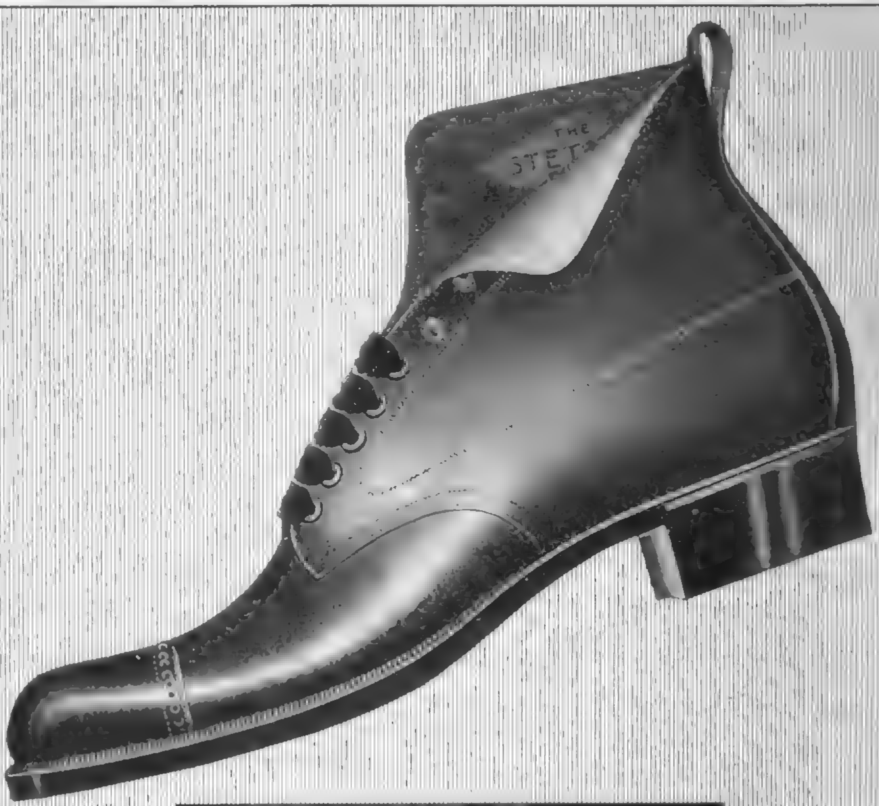
And you can obtain these sections in *eight* different finishes of oak and mahogany, dull and polish; fitted with plain, leaded and bevel plate glass receding doors that travel freely and easily.

Made in three distinct types that are fully described in our catalogue which also contains our color plate illustrating the different finishes.

Prices uniform everywhere. Carried in stock by nearly 1,500 authorized agents. Where not represented we ship on approval, freight paid. Write for catalogue F-107.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
CINCINNATI.

Branch Stores: New York, 380-382 Broadway Cor. White. Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Ave.
Boston, 91-93 Federal St.



THE STANDARD STETSON

STETSONS are standard shoes—due to twenty-five years intelligent effort in producing footwear for men with whom price is not paramount—but what they receive for it.

In style, in finish, in material they reveal a degree of superiority, so obviously distinctive, that even among good makes the Stetson is a marked shoe.

Stetson shoes are sold only at the best shops, which you will invariably recognize by the Red Diamond sign.

The shoe shown is one of many in the new Stetson Style Book, sent free.

THE STETSON SHOE CO.
SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

THE
STETSON
SHOE

THIS TRADE MARK IN
RED
ALWAYS APPEARS ON
EVERY GENUINE
Stetson SHOE

The Stetson Shoe

\$5.50 to \$9.00

"That Little Brother of the Sun"

By John E. Kennedy.

ITS name is "Acetylene Gaslight."

Its composition is precisely that of Sunlight.

Sunlight results from the combustion of Carbon, Hydrogen and Oxygen.

Acetylene Light results from just *that*, and nothing more nor less.

Sunlight has in it *all* the colors of the rainbow, but so perfectly *balanced* that it *seems* white.

Acetylene is the *only* artificial Light which is thus color-balanced, and therefore seems white as Sunlight.

Acetylene is the *only* artificial Light under which plants grow as naturally by *night*, as they do under Sunlight by day.

This again *proves* the kinship of Acetylene with Sunlight.

* * *

How is Acetylene Light made?

From Calcium Carbide and Water.

What is Calcium Carbide?

A dark and stony substance made from Lime and Coke melted together at a fierce heat (6,000 degrees) by the Electric Furnace.

How is it used?

This Carbide, crushed into nuggets like small coal, is put up in steel drums containing 100 pounds each.

These drums are water-tight.

Carbide can't burn, can't explode, can't do anything till you bring it in contact with water and air,—the two cheapest of all elements.

When you drop Carbide into water its Carbon combines with the Hydrogen of the Water and forms Acetylene Gas.

This Gas in itself is powerless till it comes in contact with the Oxygen in the Air, at the burner, and when lighted combustion then takes place and produces the finest Illuminent ever known.

Touch a match to it, and it burns with a brilliant, white, cool, steady and odorless light, which is *nothing less* than Sunlight.

* * *

Now what does Carbide cost?

It costs 3¾ cents per pound in most of the States.

At 4 cents per pound it produces white Sunlight, of 24 candle-power, for two-fifths of a cent per hour.

This is a *full third* less than the same candle-power light costs from Kerosene at 12 cents per gallon with regular Lamps, cost of wicks and chimneys included.

How many people now use Acetylene in the United States?

Over 2,000,000 people to-day, including over 348 towns lighted publicly by it, over 168,320 Country Homes, Hotels, Stores, Churches, Lighthouses, Public Institutions, Government Army Posts, etc.

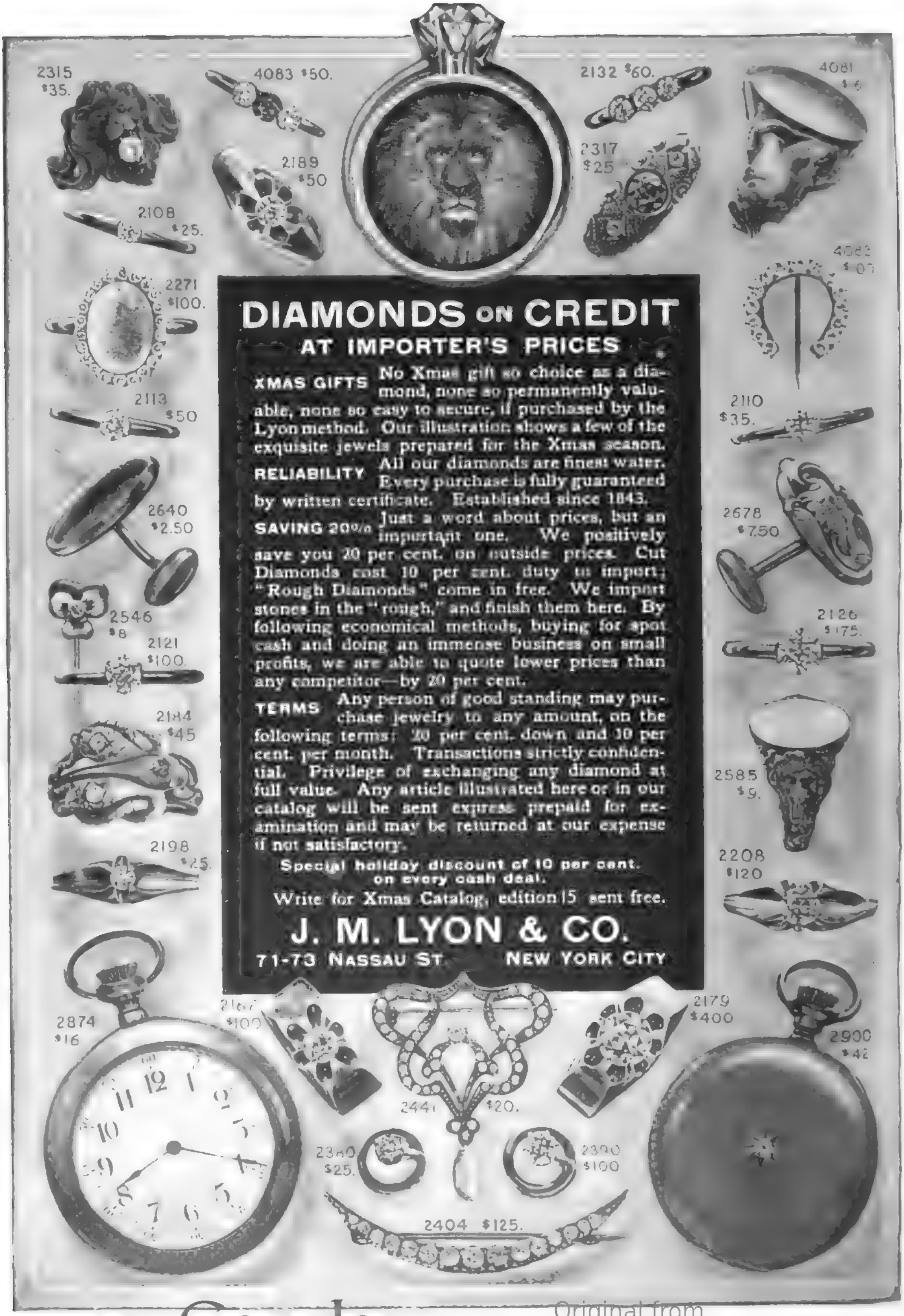
What does an Acetylene Plant cost to install?

Write us the number of rooms in your House (or Hotel) or the size of your Store.

Then we can tell you intelligently which *sort* of Generator will best suit your individual purpose, and how *little* it would cost to completely and properly install it.

Drop us a line *to-day* while you think of it.

Address Union Carbide Co., Dept. E, 157 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.


2315
$35.
4083 $50.
2132 $60.
4081
$6
2189
$50
2317
$25
2108
$25.
4083
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2271
$100.
2113
$50
2110
$35.
2640
$2.50
2678
$7.50
2546
$8
2121
$100.
2126
$175.
2184
$45
2585
$9.
2198
$25.
2208
$120
2167
$100
2179
$400
2874
$16
2900
$42
2441 $20.
2380
$25.
2390
$100
2404 $125.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

AT IMPORTER'S PRICES

XMAS GIFTS No Xmas gift so choice as a diamond, none so permanently valuable, none so easy to secure, if purchased by the Lyon method. Our illustration shows a few of the exquisite jewels prepared for the Xmas season.

RELIABILITY All our diamonds are finest water. Every purchase is fully guaranteed by written certificate. Established since 1843.

SAVING 20% Just a word about prices, but an important one. We positively save you 20 per cent. on outside prices. Cut Diamonds cost 10 per cent. duty to import; "Rough Diamonds" come in free. We import stones in the "rough," and finish them here. By following economical methods, buying for spot cash and doing an immense business on small profits, we are able to quote lower prices than any competitor—by 20 per cent.

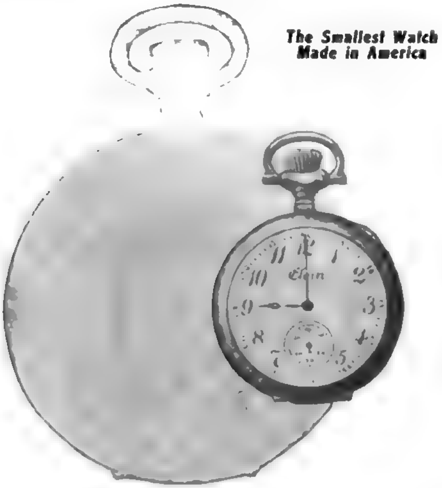
TERMS Any person of good standing may purchase jewelry to any amount, on the following terms: 20 per cent. down and 10 per cent. per month. Transactions strictly confidential. Privilege of exchanging any diamond at full value. Any article illustrated here or in our catalog will be sent express prepaid for examination and may be returned at our expense if not satisfactory.

Special holiday discount of 10 per cent. on every cash deal.

Write for Xmas Catalog, edition 15 sent free.

J. M. LYON & CO.

71-73 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK CITY



Accurate As Its Big Brother

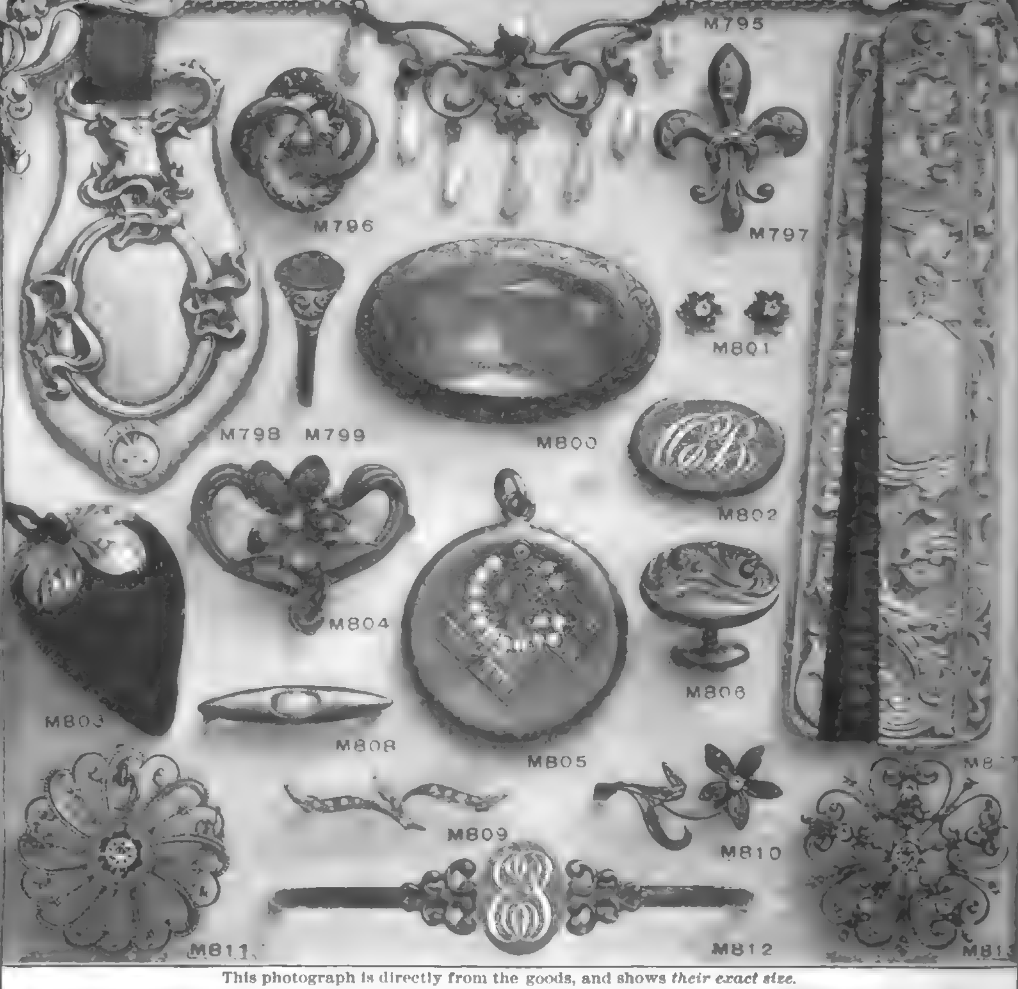
An ideal gift is the Lady Elgin—in every respect a standard Elgin—made as small as possible without sacrificing Elgin accuracy, durability and perfect adjustment. The

LADY ELGIN

is sure to please and give lasting and reliable service. Valuable as a jewelry piece—invaluable as a time piece.

Illustration actual size of watch. Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed—all jewelers have them. Send for "The Watch," a story of the time of day.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, Elgin, Ill.



This photograph is directly from the goods, and shows *their exact size.*

Your selections will be sent promptly, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned without argument. Goods will be sent C. O. D., subject to examination, if desired.

M 795 Solid Gold La Valliere, Polished Chain, Roman Ornament, Enameled Flower, 8 Baroque Pearls, Diamond Center.	$13.00
M 796 Solid Gold Brooch, Pearl Center	3.25
M 797 Solid Gold Chatelaine Pin, 14 Pearls	3.25
M 798 Solid Silver "Elk's" Bag Tag	1.25
M 799 Solid Gold Signet Ring	1.50
M 800 Solid Gold Brooch, Hand Engraved, Im. Amethyst	7.50
M 801 Solid Gold Ear Screws, 2 Rose Diamonds	5.75
M 802 Gold Filled Handy Pin, Signet	.40
M 803 Emery Bag, Solid Silv. Top	.30
M 804 Solid Gold Brooch, Pearl Center	3.25
M 805 Gold Filled Masonic Locket, Garnet and 14 White Stones	2.50
M 806 Solid Gold Cuff Buttons	2.00
M 807 Pocket Comb, Solid Silver Case	1.25
M 808 Solid Gold Handy Pin, Baroque Pearl	1.50
M 809 Solid Gold Handy Pin, 1? Pearls	2.00
M 810 Solid Gold Handy Pin, Diamond	4.00
M 811 Solid Gold Brooch, Diamond Center	25.00
M 812 Solid Gold Hinge Bracelet, Rose Finish, Signet Top	9.00
M 813 Solid Gold Brooch, 6 Fine Diamonds	50.00

"CHRISTMAS GIFTS WORTH GIVING"

The pleasure of giving is in proportion to the welcome a gift receives. To insure appreciation we must give wisely. There is no safer course than to select practically your *entire list* from the great metropolitan assortments of **Jewelry : Diamonds : Silver : Sheffield or Peacock Plate : Cut Glass : China : Leather** and high class Imported Novelties, so easily accessible in the historic house of

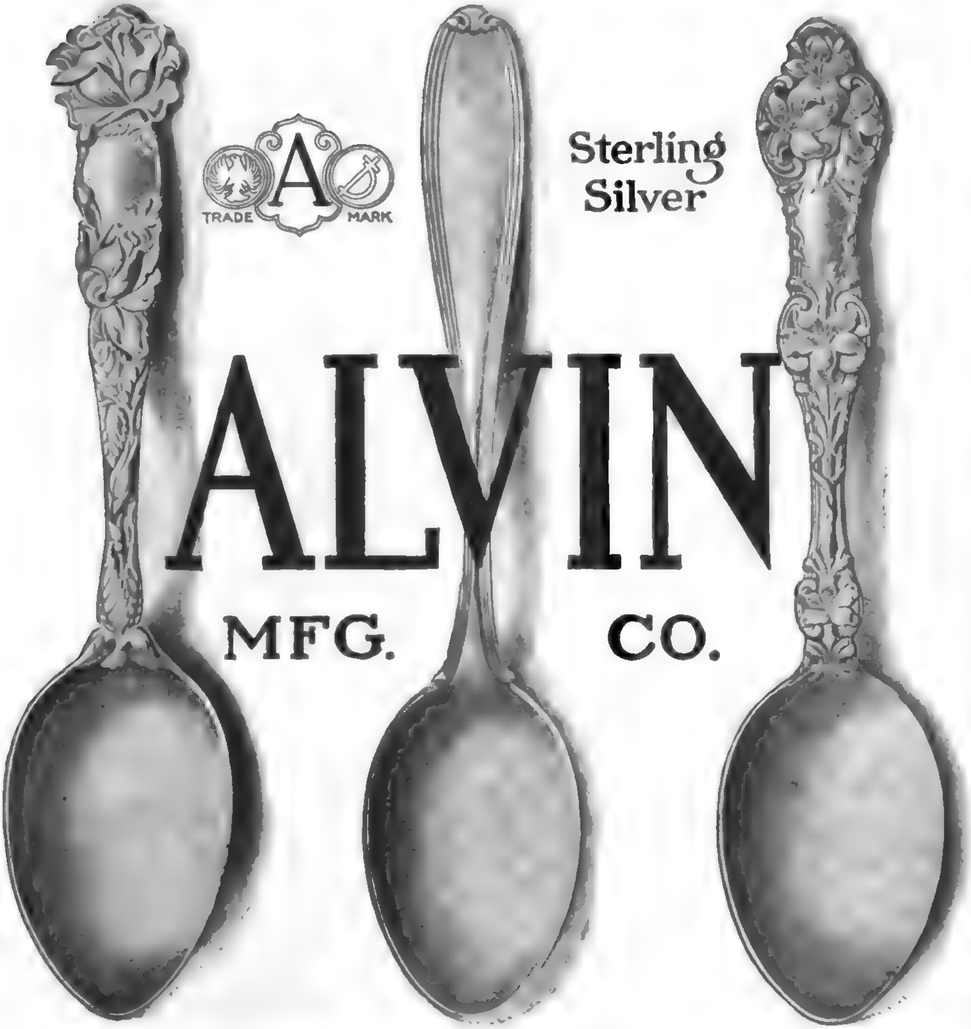
"PEACOCK : CHICAGO : ESTABLISHED 1837"

Our Entirely New **SHOPPING GUIDE No. 5** *places City Prices* and every convenience of selection and purchase within reach of our thousands of patrons at every point in the known world. It is not only a striking example of fine printing, but is "the most complete, most authoritative and most frequently referred-to book of its kind yet published," and the *integrity of its descriptions* renders it an absolutely *safe* guide at any distance. It is **enlarged to 224 pages** and contains more than 6,000 "portraits from life" of superior things for every imaginable gift occasion. They are reproduced *photographs direct from the goods—not* clever drawings. It exhibits items ranging from 25 cents to $1,200—*every article* guarded by the famous "Peacock Guaranty," for 70 years inviolable. **Write at once for New "Shopping Guide No. 5"**; it will go promptly and without charge to any point in the world. A postal suffices.

Importers and Mastercraftsmen in Gold and Silver : **C. D. PEACOCK** *Merchants in Diamonds : Stationers : et cetera*

STATE STREET, at Adams CHICAGO ESTABLISHED in 1837

BRIDAL ROSE WILLIAM PENN ORANGE BLOSSOM



Sterling Silver

ALVIN
MFG. CO.

JEWELERS throughout the country, whose patronage represents the most discriminating taste in Silverware, have long been handling Alvin Sterling Silver and have to-day in their Christmas Stock a good assortment of which the above patterns are representative. Anything bearing the Alvin trademark is artistic in form and thoroughly reliable in workmanship.

Ask your dealer for these and for other patterns of Alvin Silver. Send for Pamphlets

FIFTH AVENUE *at* 35th ST.
NEW YORK CITY

FOR ANY
PAINTING
INSIDE—OUTSIDE

PAINTS
ENAMELS
THE
ACME
QUALITY
KIND
STAINS
VARNISHES

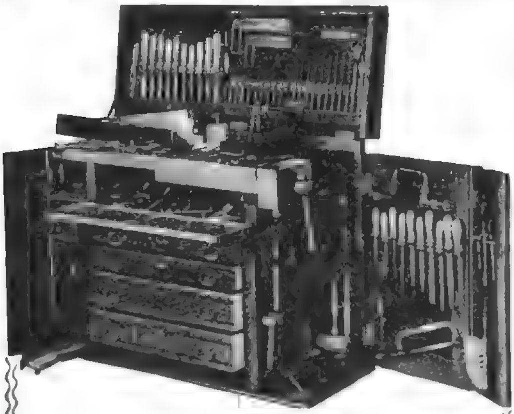
It matters not *what* is to be painted, varnished, stained, enameled—perfect work demands perfect paint—the

ACME QUALITY

kind—that makes wear, beauty and economy a certainty anywhere. Always insist that the "Acme Quality" mark is on the label.

FREE BOOK of practical explanation on "The Selection and Use of Paints and Finishes" for every surface and every purpose, will be sent you on request.

Dept. B, ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Mich.



Tool Cabinets
for
Christmas Presents

Fine polished oak cabinets containing high grade standard tools, identically the same as we have sold in our store to mechanics since 1848.

Outfit	No.	47 -21	Tools,	$7.50
"	"	52 -24	"	10.00
"	"	53 36	"	15.00
"	"	54 40	"	20.00
"	"	100—96	"	85.00

Further details in Catalogue No. 2327.
(Automobilists should send for Circular No. 2328 of the "TOURIST AUTOKIT.")

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO.
Hardware, Tools and Supplies
New York, Since 1848. 4th Ave. & 13th St.

TOM L. JOHNSON
PRESIDENT

OUR BANK MONEY-ORDER PLAN OF BANKING BY MAIL

is the safest, most convenient and fairest to depositors ever devised. From the moment your Money reaches us

Four Per Cent. Interest

is paid upon it. Your funds are always on deposit, always working for you, yet when you need money you can have our

Bank Money Orders

CASHED ANYWHERE—AT ANY TIME, with interest added. The plan is new, the latest and best idea known to modern banking practice. Our Booklet "B" tells all about it. *Write for one today.*

THE DEPOSITORS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
TOM L. JOHNSON, President
CLEVELAND, OHIO

WINSLOW'S Skates

The standard for over fifty years.

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Made in all styles and grades.

Our new illustrated catalogues are free. Write for a copy, and let us know whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.
THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.,
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.
84-86 Chambers St., New York. 8 Long Lane, E. C., London.

Reverend Sam Jones's Widow Gets $1,000 per Year for Life

The name and the fame of Rev. Sam P. Jones have gone over the nation. While the noted evangelist preached the Gospel with great power, it now transpires that he provided for his wife with great good sense. As a result of this foresight and self-denial

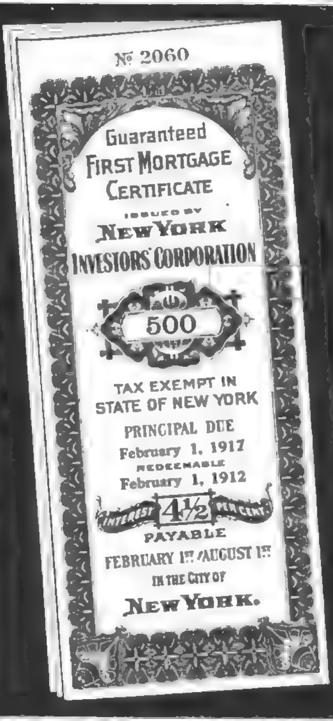
The Mutual Life Insurance Company

is now paying Mrs. Jones $1,000 per year, and will continue to do so during her life. In a recent letter Mrs. Jones thanks the Company for the way in which this matter has been handled. This is all good for Mrs. Jones, but how about the woman yet unprotected and the man yet uninsured? The need is great and certain. The Company is strong and ready. Write and learn more about how such protection can be secured.

The Time to Act is NOW.

For the new forms of policies, write to

The Mutual Life Insurance
Company of New York,
N. Y.



№ 2060

Guaranteed
FIRST MORTGAGE
CERTIFICATE
ISSUED BY
NEW YORK
INVESTORS' CORPORATION

500

TAX EXEMPT IN
STATE OF NEW YORK
PRINCIPAL DUE
February 1, 1917
REDEEMABLE
February 1, 1912
INTEREST 4½ PER CENT
PAYABLE
FEBRUARY 1ST / AUGUST 1ST
IN THE CITY OF
NEW YORK.

200 MILLION DOLLARS in mortgages have been sold by us in 3 years. They are all worth par and every investor is *glad he bought.*

3 BILLION DOLLARS have been lost during the same period by those who bought stocks and bonds instead, and every buyer *wishes he hadn't.*

You can invest from $500 up
Write for descriptive booklet

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO.

Capital and Surplus, $12,000,000

176 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY
or
175 REMSEN ST.
BROOKLYN

ADD TONE TO YOUR STATIONERY IN THE *OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL OR HOME* BY USING ONLY
Washburne's Patent

"O.K." Paper Fasteners

There is Genuine Pleasure in their use as well as PERFECT SECURITY

These Fasteners are in a class by themselves. There are no others like them, therefore they can not be compared with the ordinary paper clips which depend entirely on friction for their holding power.

The *"O.K." Paper Fasteners* have the advantage of a *tiny but mighty, indestructible piercing point* which goes through *every* sheet co-acting with a small PROTECTING SLEEVE which prevents any liability of injury.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG

NO SLIPPING, NEVER!

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and *"they always work."* Made of brass, 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.

All Enterprising Stationers

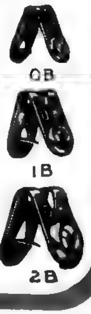
Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated descriptive booklet free.

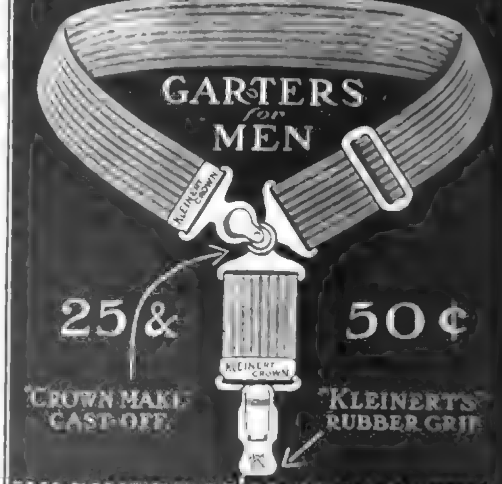
Liberal Discount to the Trade

THE O.K. FASTENER CO. Inc. Mfrs.

Dept. C SYRACUSE, N. Y.

NATURAL SIZES





"KLEINERT-CROWN"

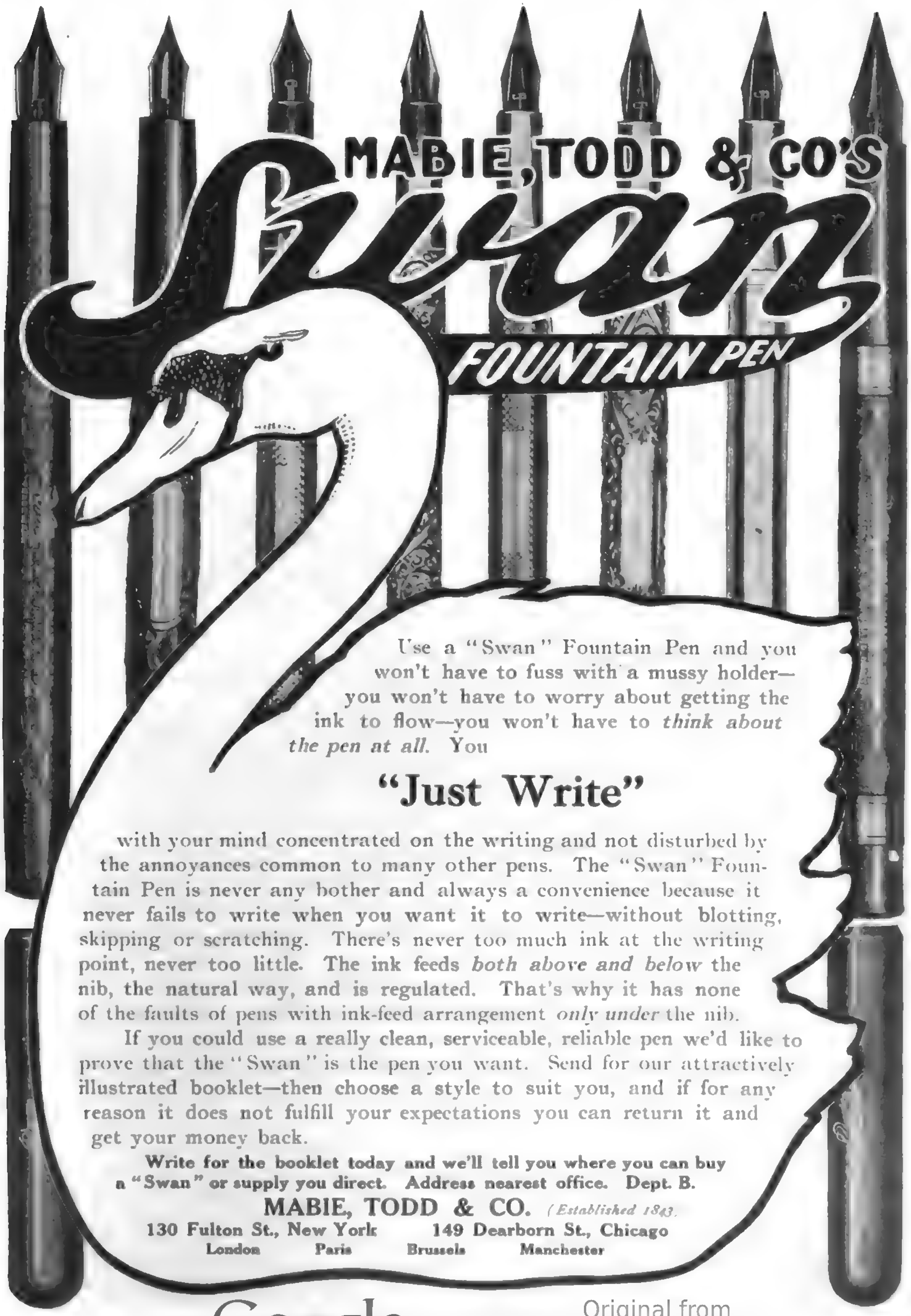
KLEINERT-CROWN GARTERS

Made with "KLEINERT'S" Flexible Rubber Grip and "Crown Make" patent stud (cast-off) fastener, the two most essential features of any good Garter.

No slipping. No tearing of Hosiery.
No unfastening of grip or Cast Off.

Sample Pair Mailed on receipt of 25c (State Color)

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO. *Dept.* [illegible]
721-723 [illegible] Broadway, New York.



Use a "Swan" Fountain Pen and you won't have to fuss with a mussy holder—you won't have to worry about getting the ink to flow—you won't have to *think about the pen at all.* You

"Just Write"

with your mind concentrated on the writing and not disturbed by the annoyances common to many other pens. The "Swan" Fountain Pen is never any bother and always a convenience because it never fails to write when you want it to write—without blotting, skipping or scratching. There's never too much ink at the writing point, never too little. The ink feeds *both above and below* the nib, the natural way, and is regulated. That's why it has none of the faults of pens with ink-feed arrangement *only under* the nib.

If you could use a really clean, serviceable, reliable pen we'd like to prove that the "Swan" is the pen you want. Send for our attractively illustrated booklet—then choose a style to suit you, and if for any reason it does not fulfill your expectations you can return it and get your money back.

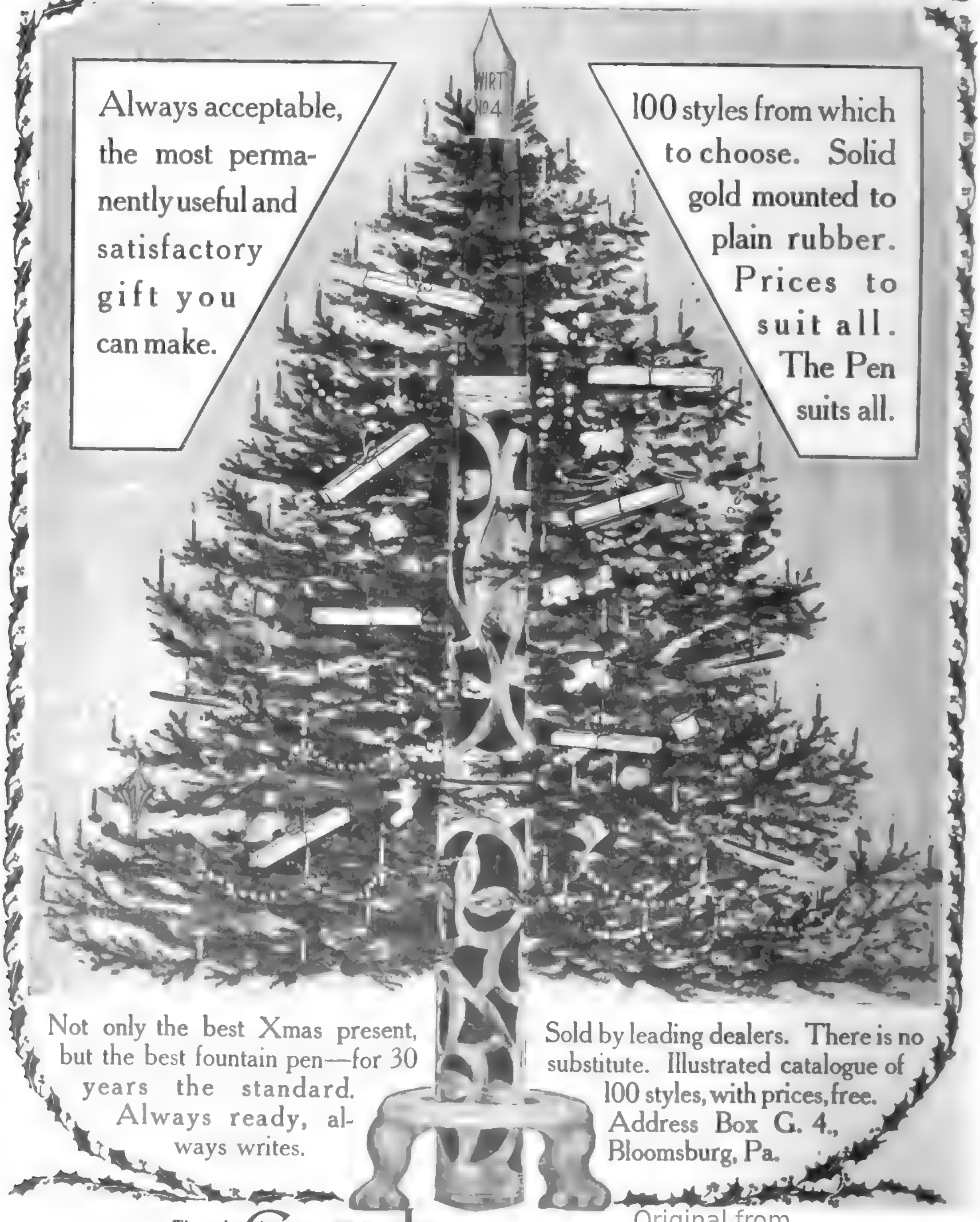
Write for the booklet today and we'll tell you where you can buy a "Swan" or supply you direct. Address nearest office. Dept. B.

MABIE, TODD & CO. *(Established 1843.*
130 Fulton St., New York **149 Dearborn St., Chicago**
London **Paris** **Brussels** **Manchester**

PAUL E. WIRT

FOUNTAIN PEN

The centre of interest at Christmas



Always acceptable, the most permanently useful and satisfactory gift you can make.

100 styles from which to choose. Solid gold mounted to plain rubber. Prices to suit all. The Pen suits all.

Not only the best Xmas present, but the best fountain pen—for 30 years the standard. Always ready, always writes.

Sold by leading dealers. There is no substitute. Illustrated catalogue of 100 styles, with prices, free. Address Box G. 4., Bloomsburg, Pa.

CHRISTMAS

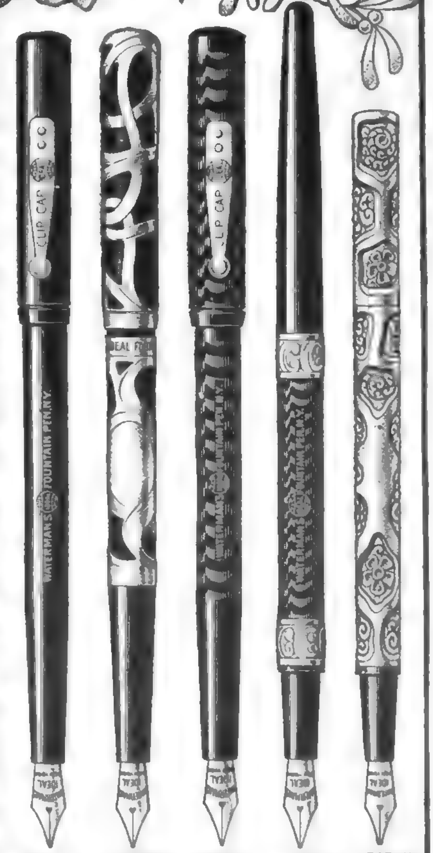
Greatest Pleasure is the giving of

Waterman's Ideal FountainPen

The Pen with the Clip-Cap

A gift more expressive of faithfulness and good feeling cannot be conceived. It is always at hand; the little Clip-Cap (costs 25 cents) fastens it to the vest or coat, so that it is ready when you want it. Like the friend who gives it, a Waterman's Ideal can always be depended on—at home or abroad, in office, school, store or street, it will serve you as long as there is a drop of ink in the reservoir.

It is a gift of beauty; Christmas styles are silver and gold mounted, and the stores are full of them. It can be exchanged to suit the pen habit of the user, whether man, woman or child. Beware of substitutes; buy only from responsible dealers.



PLAIN		FILIGREE		CHASED		GOLD MOUNTED		PATCH	
Nº12	$2.50	Nº412	$5.00	Nº12	$2.50	Nº22	$3.50	Nº402	$7.50
" 13	3.50	" 414	7.00	" 13	3.50	" 23	4.50	" 404	10.00
" 14	4.00	" 415	8.50	" 14	4.00	" 24	5.00	18 KT. GOLD FILLED Nº 0504	$15.00
" 15	5.00	" 416	9.50	" 15	5.00	" 25	6.00		
" 16	6.00	" 417	11.00	" 16	6.00	" 26	7.00		
" 17	7.00	" 418	12.00	" 17	7.00				
" 18	8.00			" 18	8.00				

L.E.Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N.Y.

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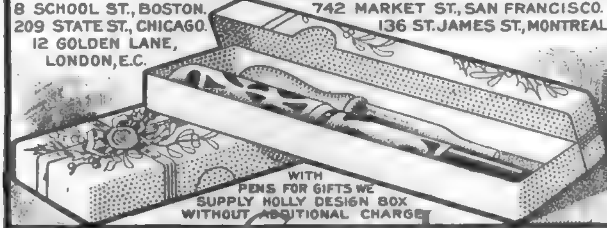
209 STATE ST., CHICAGO.
12 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.
742 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO.
136 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL



WITH PENS FOR GIFTS WE SUPPLY HOLLY DESIGN BOX WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE

IMPORTED
D. WOOD & CO. NEW YORK

SANTA CLAUS HAS SOMETHING NEW AND IT IS THE BIGGEST THING IN HIS PACK

The RED DWARF INK PENCIL is the only SATISFACTORY fluid pencil. The RED DWARF INK PENCIL is the only fluid pencil that is ABSOLUTELY LEAK PROOF and can BE SAFELY CARRIED IN ANY POSITION. IT ALWAYS WRITES AT THE FIRST TOUCH, with the ease of a lead pencil.

The RED DWARF INK PENCIL is the only fluid pencil that is NOT AFFECTED BY THE ACIDS OF INK. It is the only fluid pencil really "FAST" and "SURE" enough for important quick writing for the home, business or professional men.

The RED DWARF INK PENCIL is the only fluid that ALWAYS MAKES PERFECTLY LEGIBLE CARBON COPIES.

The "feeder" of the RED DWARF INK PENCIL is made of Platinum. The "writing point" is made of "Iridium" (the hardest known metal). The cap and body are made of Polished Red Vulcanite, and very attractive in appearance.

The RED DWARF INK PENCIL is simple; nothing to get clogged, lost, broken or out of order. Made in two sizes:

Number 1 (4½ inches long } PRICE, $2.50 EACH
Number 2 (5¼ inches long }

Can be carried in purse or bag, and is therefore especially suitable for use by women and children.

RED DWARF INK PENCILS can be obtained at all leading stationers or direct from

D. WOOD & CO.
Sole Agents for the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba
SUITE 45 90 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK

CAUTION:—The phenomenal demand for the Red Dwarf Ink Pencil since its introduction in the United States, has caused it to be widely imitated in general shape, color and construction. For your protection against these unscrupulous imitators, be sure the pen you buy is stamped "Imported Red Dwarf Ink Pencil—D. Wood & Co., New York," same as pen illustrated above.

Red
THE INK PENCIL
Dwarf

Is the only fountain pencil—
—absolutely guaranteed as to
Material, Construction & Operation

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3

A Pen That's Never Hard Up For Ink

DRINKS INK LIKE A CAMEL

See the Crescent-Filler

Some fountain pens are like some people—look good to the eye but when you need them they're empty. A cheap lead pencil is better than a fountain pen that runs dry when the filler is left behind. Use the pen that needs no separate filler—the pen that's never hard up for ink—the pen that you can load at any inkwell by a mere touch of the thumb—

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

Just dip it in—press the Crescent-Filler and it sucks in the ink like a camel slaking its thirst. Then your pen is immediately ready to write. Any inkwell—any ink. The feed is perfect. Can't clog, choke, or flood. Just enough ink on the end of your pen every writing minute. No balks, skips or blots. Fill it anywhere—on the train, boat, at the hotel desk—wherever there's ink. No bothersome dropper—no inky hands—just COMFORT. Leading dealers everywhere sell the Conklin. If yours does not, order direct. **Prices, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 to $15.00.** *Send at once for our handsome new catalog.*

The Conklin Pen for Christmas

THE CONKLIN PEN CO., 174 Manhattan Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

JOHN HOLLAND FOUNTAIN PEN With HOLD-FAST CAP

The Gift that Pleases the Most

GLAD memories of the holidays will be recalled all thru the year by the fortunate ones who, during the season of giving, receive **John Holland Fountain Pens.** Fitted with the John Holland Gold Pen and Patent Elastic Fissured Feed—it is a present which will afford pleasurable service and lasting satisfaction. Over 200 beautifully finished gift styles to suit all tastes and fit all pocketbooks. Prices from $2 upward.

The fissured feed prevents flooding and spattering. A free and even flow of ink is assured—not a drop more than required. An automatic triumph—the greatest in nearly 70 years of pen invention.

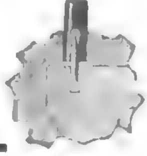
With the HOLD-FAST CAP (Patented) a clasp-like device attached to pen that holds tight to the pocket, you can be INSURED AGAINST PEN LOSS at an additional cost of 25 cents. May be applied to any John Holland Fountain Pen.

If your nearby dealer does not handle, we will gladly serve you direct. Our FREE Catalog will be sent to your address. Filled with Christmas suggestions.

THE JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN COMPANY

Established 1841. CINCINNATI

Hold-Fast Cap



BECOME A NURSE

WOMAN'S MOST CONGENIAL AND LUCRATIVE PROFESSION

BY our ideal method of training at home, we have enabled thousands of women to earn **$10 to $25** per week.

¶ If you desire to become a nurse, or if you are a practical nurse and do not know of the remarkable work carried on by this school, you owe it to yourself to learn all we can tell you of the method by which we have opened a new sphere of opportunity to hosts of women through our training. A graduate writes:

> **"I have found the course very practical and helpful. I have acquired confidence in myself, for I have been taught how to nurse to the satisfaction of physicians and patients. I receive $3.00 a day and am busy all the time. All I am, as a nurse, the school has made me."**

¶ We know of no school that has so successful a plan by which the pupil's interest is stimulated and maintained. Our success is shown by the fact that we have graduated more nurses in the past twelve months than in the four years previous. We seek the enrollment of no student whom we cannot benefit.

From a Hospital: *"We desire to give our nurses advantage of the best training possible and have decided to have all of them take your course."*

Write for our explanatory "blue book"

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING

201 Main Street, Jamestown, New York

HOSPITALS, SANITARIUMS, AND PHYSICIANS IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD SUPPLIED WITH WELL-TAUGHT NURSES, EXPERIENCED OR JUNIORS.

No 4711
A NUMBER of REASONS
WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP

HERE ARE A FEW of the many reasons why you should always say—"4711 White Rose" when you buy soap.

It is real, pure glycerine soap—not glycerine in name only—and you do not need to be told the soothing and beneficial effect of glycerine on the skin.

Its perfume has no equal and leaves behind a very delicate and refined odor.

FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany.
U. S. Branch,
MÜLHENS & KROPFF,
298 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Send 15 cts. in stamps for full size sample cake.

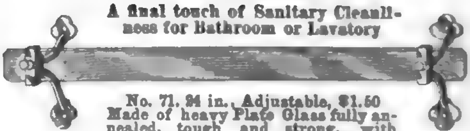
MENNEN'S
Borated Talcum
TOILET POWDER

As a Champion
protector of the skin and complexion of particular men and women, **first** comes
MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
a safe and pure healing and protective powder, the merits of which have been recognized and commended by the medical profession for many years. Winter winds have no ill effects where **Mennen's** is used daily, after **shaving** and after **bathing.** In the nursery it is indispensable. For your protection--put up in **non-refillable** boxes--the **"box that lox."** If **MENNEN'S** face is on the cover it's **genuine** and a **guarantee of purity.** Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25c
Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.
Try MENNEN'S Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder.
It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.

TRADE MARK

GLASS TOWEL BARS AND SHELVES

A final touch of Sanitary Cleanliness for Bathroom or Lavatory



No. 71. 24 in., Adjustable, $1.50
Made of heavy Plate Glass fully annealed, tough and strong, with polished edges and smooth antiseptic surface that leaves no lurking place for dirt or germs. Bronze fittings, extra heavy nickeled. Adjustable and can be put in place by anyone. Large line of styles and sizes. Special shelves for China Closets, Desk Tops, etc., made to order. Satisfaction or money back.

No. 77, 24 in. long, 6 in. wide, 3-4 in. round glass rod. Price, $4.00
GEO. H. ANDERSON & CO., (Est. 1885) 231 W. Superior St., CHICAGO, ILL.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Winter Festivities

Cause every woman to wish to look her best. **LABLACHE** will efface any harm her complexion may have suffered by exposure to sun and wind. Use this wonderful beautifier and your skin will be soft, velvety and free from wrinkles, and without the tendency to become red, rough or chapped.
Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50c a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c for sample.*
BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. S, 125 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

I Need A
TRAINED
Man

"Yes, I'm sorry, too, that you cannot fill the position, but what I need is a trained man—a man who thoroughly understands the work."

"No, there's no other position open—we've hundreds of applicants now on the list waiting for the little jobs. This position calls for a trained man. Good day."

That's it. There's a big call for the trained man—the man who can handle the big things—the man who is an expert.

You can easily receive the training that will put you in the class of well paid men. You can't begin to understand how quickly the little coupon below will bring you success. Already it has helped thousands of men to better paying positions and more congenial work. It will cost you only a two cent stamp to learn how it is all done. Just mark the coupon as directed and mail it to-day. The International Correspondence Schools have a way to help you.

The sole object of the I. C. S. is to help poorly paid but ambitious men and others who wish to better their positions. It is the largest and most wonderful institution of its kind the world has ever known. Mark the coupon and learn how the I. C. S. can help ***you.***

During September **202** students reported better positions and higher salaries secured through I. C. S. training.

Place of residence, occupation, or lack of capital need not prevent you from becoming an expert. The I. C. S. makes everything easy. You don't have to leave home or your present position. You can qualify *in your spare time.* Mail the coupon and learn all about it.

Don't fill a little job all your life when you can so easily move up in the world.

The Business of This Place
Is to Raise Salaries.

NOW is the time to mark the coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1269, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked **X**

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
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Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Mechan'l Draftsman
Telephone Eng'eer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
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Architec'l Draftsman
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Structural Engineer
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Mining Engineer

Name____________________
Street and No.____________________
City____________ State________

No Honing—No Grinding

RAZOR FLASHES
No. 3

"A. L. S. from G. A. T."

Have his initials with yours etched upon a Carbo Magnetic blade. Doesn't this solve the haunting question "What shall I give him?"

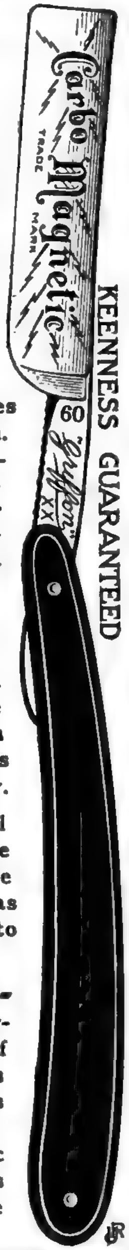
There are a thousand pleasing gifts for a woman to one for a man. He wants something exclusively masculine and practical enough to be a daily reminder of the donor.

"Oh, he has razors," or "He goes to the barber shop!" you exclaim. All the more reason for a Carbo Magnetic razor—he knows from experience the difficulty in securing a razor that will give satisfaction every day without periodical honing and grinding.

When you buy a precious stone you either secure an expert to select it or go to a well established firm that will unconditionally guarantee its purity. Razor steel requires even more care in selection. It varies more than a precious stone in quality.

The Carbo Magnetic razor has all the good qualities a razor should have with the annoyances left out. One of these razors given as a Christmas present will prove a lasting joy to the recipient.

You can buy this ***unconditionally guaranteed*** Carbo Magnetic razor from your dealer, and if you order in time he will have us etch on the blade any desired initials without extra charge. If your dealer does not keep the Carbo Magnetic razor write us at once, giving us his name, and we will see that you are supplied.



HOLLOW GROUND AS ILLUSTRATED $2.50 DOUBLE CONCAVE FOR HEAVY BEARDS $3.00	THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR	SET OF TWO IN LEATHER CASE $5.50 CARBO MAGNETIC STROP $1.00

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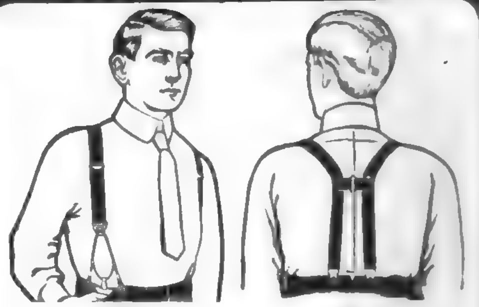
Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 469 Broadway, N. Y.



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"COMMON SENSE" SUSPENDERS

Do not slide from shoulders.
Latest invisible drawers supporter.
Long, Medium and Short lengths.

Sold everywhere, or by mail **50c.**

IN ELEGANT CHRISTMAS BOXES — Ideal Presents —	60c. & $1.00
Packed 2 pairs in box,	$1.00 & $2.00

Send Today

Common Sense Suspender Co.
Dept. A., Morristown, N. J.

Get the Genuine

Look for the *Shur-On* tag to make sure of *Shur-On* quality—firm hold, neat appearance, perfect comfort, strong construction—and be protected by our guarantee. Backed by 43 years' reputation that we can't afford to trifle with. Any broken part of **mountings replaced** free within one year, by any optician in the United States.

Shapes to fit any nose.
Ask your optician. Book free.

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Established 1864 Rochester, N. Y.

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FOUNDED 1888

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AMERICAN
REAL ESTATE COMPANY
INCORPORATED

A Stable 6% Bond Investment

THE present condition of the stock and bond market gives particular emphasis to one very important feature of A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds which should appeal to every investor conservatively inclined—and that feature is their stability of value. They're worth exactly the same this year as they were last year, and will be next year—from date of issue to maturity, they never fluctuate.

THE shrinkage in value of standard securities during the past year should impress upon investors the advantages afforded by a security which not only does not fluctuate in value, but which has for nearly twenty years regularly paid 6% to thousands of shrewd investors, returning a total of more than $3,000,000 in principal and interest.

A-R-E SIX'S are sold at par and the 6% interest they pay is a net return. By investing in them you get fixed value, certain earning power and cash availability—all important considerations in determining the value of an investment. Compare them with any industrial or railroad bond issue earning a lower rate of interest and fluctuating widely in value, and you will readily realize the unusual advantages afforded by these Bonds. They are issued in either of two forms:

6% Coupon Bonds—For Income Earning, issued at par in multiples of $100.

6% Accumulative Bonds—For Income Saving, purchasable on installments during 10, 15 or 20 years.

IF you are receiving anything less than 6% on your money or have your funds invested in securities of uncertain value, you surely owe it to your own interests to investigate thoroughly A-R-E Six's and the sound business upon which they are based.

LITERATURE fully explaining the nature and advantages of A-R-E Six's in greater detail—and MAP OF NEW YORK CITY showing the location of the Company's properties, their extent and importance—will be sent FREE postpaid to any address on request. Write to-day for it.

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501 Night and Day Bank Building **5th Ave. and 44th Street, New York**
Founded 1888 Assets $9,446,095 89 Capital and Surplus, $1,519,518.20

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Specimen 6% Specimen

Paint
That Wears
is paint based on

Oxide of Zinc

The New Jersey Zinc Company
71 Broadway, New York

We do not grind zinc in oil. A list of manufacturers of zinc paints sent on application

CREDIT GIVEN TO EVERYBODY

STOVES Our new 48-page Catalog 63 just out. Get it now—FREE.

This great original house-furnishing concern with a record of every promise fulfilled for the past twenty-five years, will ship goods any place in the United States, giving credit on terms of paying as you desire. We save you money on Furniture, Stoves, Carpets, Rugs, Sewing and Washing Machines, Talking Machines, Pianos, Organs, Crockery, Silverware, Office Desks, Etc.

Our Great Catalog FREE for the asking. You must have it to get the official information about house furnishings. It also includes reproductions of carpets and rugs in colors.

Send a postal now; it's FREE

Baby Carriage Catalog 63 FREE

Send us $1.50 Cash and we will ship this elegant, massive, Morris Chair, upholstered with best Boston leather, arms, ruffle tufted, firmly secured with button nails; has handsome carved claw feet. A most comfortable, serviceable and beautiful chair.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Order chair No. 63-35. Price only . . $10.95 Pay $1.50 Cash $1.00 Monthly

We sell Victor Talking Machines

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An Even Temperature In Heating Your Home—

SANITARY HEATING AND COAL SAVING IN YOUR HOME IS IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT THE

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR

This device maintains a uniform temperature; relieves you of all care and attention; saves coal and prevents any possible accident from sudden changes in the weather. Does its work automatically (which means accurately) and a change of one degree in the temperature of the room operates the dampers. Used with hot water or steam boilers, furnaces or natural gas. All adjustments made instantly from the living room. Has proven its merit for a quarter of a century. Lasts a lifetime. Time set attachment if desired.

Sold on 60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Recommended and sold by all first-class dealers in heating apparatus.

Free illustrated booklet.

WM. R. SWEATT, President

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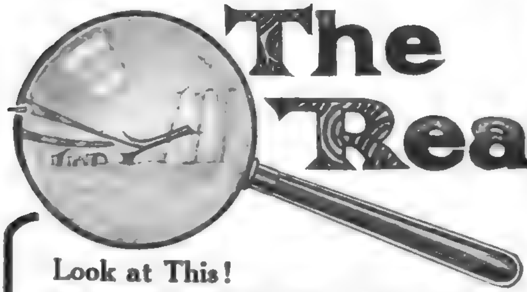
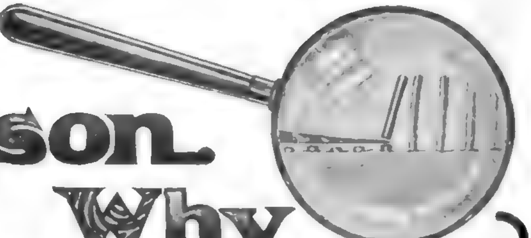
606 Court St., Syracuse, N. Y.

ADJUST HERE
IT'S AUTOMATIC



The Reason Why



Look at This!

This cut shows a magnified section of the edge of an ordinary safety razor severing a hair. Notice the angle of the blade and the straight, hoe-like stroke that bends the hair in a long "splitting" cut leaving the sharp pointed stubs to make the face rough and cause ingrowing hairs.

Then at This!

This shows the edge of the Ward Safety in the correct position **perfectly flat on the face.** The blade is brought down with the **Natural Sliding Stroke,** severing the beard at right angles and perfectly even with the surface of the skin, clean and smooth. Result—no irritation.

Ward Safety-Razor

Natural Sliding Stroke

The Perfection of Simplicity ***Only Two Parts—Handle and Blade***

SNAP! and the blade is instantly and rigidly adjusted.

THE NATURAL SLIDING STROKE—impossible with other safety razors, gives smooth satisfying shaves.

The Ward In a handsome velvet lined case, has a triple silver plated handle and 12 incomparably keen, double-edged blades **$4**

Dulled Blades are thrown away—new ones only 60 cents a dozen. Ask your dealer or write direct to us, concerning 30 days' Free Trial.

THE WARD SAFETY RAZOR CO., 725 Star Building, 356 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

To "Her"

Everwear Hosiery

To "Him"

6 Pair Guaranteed
6 Months No Holes

A box of Everwear Hosiery would be a nice Xmas present for your wife—or for your husband; wouldn't it? Don't you think a present that would be really a new gift every day for 183 days would be appreciated?

A box of **Everwear Hosiery**—the much advertised Guaranteed hose for men or women—contains six pair and each box is guaranteed to last for twenty-six weeks or we will replace them absolutely free with new hose.

Everwear Hosiery, seamless, shaped to the foot, and non-irritating to the most sensitive skin, is made from the finest Egyptian Cotton, flawlessly knit in fast colors. **Everwear,** strictly antiseptic, wears like iron, yet is as soft as kid. Washing does not affect **Everwear Hosiery**—water won't harden it in the least.

If your dealer has not **Everwear** in stock, write us color and size you want and order direct.

If, during Christmas season, you want to send a box to a friend, enclose us your card with your remittance, write us the size and color desired, and we will see that the order goes forward correctly.

The best dealer in each town sells **Everwear** at **$2.00** a box of six pairs, packed one size in a box, for either men or women. Women's hosiery is made in black, tan and black with white feet. Men's socks are made in black, black with white feet, blue and steel gray, and also in light and dark tan.

NOTE TO DEALERS: We want retailers to handle EVERWEAR HOSIERY wherever we are not already represented and offer exclusive privileges in each city. We are running a large advertising campaign and furnish other advertising matter that is of great value to EVERWEAR HOSIERY dealers. Write for our dealers' special introductory proposition.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., 558 STATE STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

White's Colonial Portiere

The New Hanging for Modern Interiors

The straight-lined, rich simplicity of White's Colonial Portiere carries out the effect of Colonial and Mission interiors with a perfect harmony and consistency never before obtained in hangings.

White's Colonial Portiere

is made of Chase leather, rough grained and flexible, in soft, dull tones of brown, green and red.

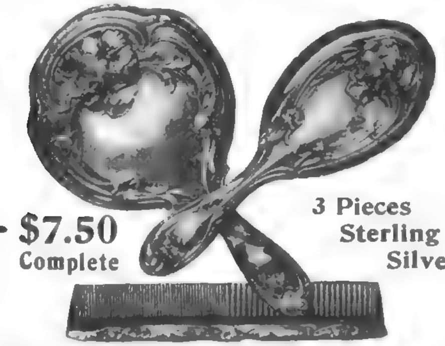
For library, den, reception hall, living room or club it is positively the most satisfactory and artistic hanging obtainable.

Beautiful, durable and practical, it will never wear out, never soil, fade nor lose its symmetry. This exclusive design can be purchased only from the maker, and we have reproduced it for some of the most elegant homes in the country.

White's Colonial Portiere

is made to your order **only**—no stock sizes or stock patterns. Write today for samples of material, and when ordering mention size of opening for which it is desired. Address

White Draperies Co. 2501 4th Avenue
Rock Island, Ill.



$7.50
Complete

3 Pieces
Sterling
Silver

Pansy pattern, latest creation of master artisans, solid silver (925-1000 fine), gray finish, backs and handles strengthened, best bristles and French beveled mirror; put up in green leatherette case, white cloth lined; complete for $7.50, illustrates the bargains to be found in

The Pierik Catalogue

that contains over 7,000 half-tone and full color illustrations of *Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silver, Art Wares, Cut Glass, Leather Goods*, etc.

15 minutes with this catalogue will show you more to select from than would four days spent in shops.

The 1908 Catalogue, 200 pages, and 60 page supplement sent free, postpaid, upon request.

260 pages of bargains

John C. Pierik & Co.
Gold and Silver Smiths
116 Pierik Bldg.
Springfield, Ill.

We guarantee the Toilet Set cannot be purchased at as low a price in any retail store in the United States.

Delivery of Toilet Sets after December 15th NOT guaranteed.

Strauch Bros

The Wear of a Piano

falls heaviest on the action — that delicate mechanism which conveys the touch on the keys to the wires. Beyond the freedom, lightness and elasticity of touch and accurate repetition afforded by

Strauch Bros. Piano Actions

is the kind of material and workmanship which makes these results permanent. No piano but a high-grade piano has the Strauch action.

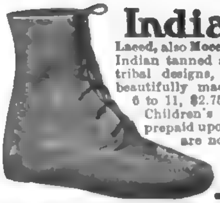
We send free a little booklet on piano actions which will aid you in selecting an instrument.

STRAUCH BROS.
30 TENTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Do Your Own Printing

$5. press prints cards, labels, etc. Circular, book, newspaper press $18. Money saver, maker. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.



Indian Moccasins

Laced, also Moccasin Slippers, made of Genuine Moosehide, Indian tanned and elaborately embroidered with Indian tribal designs, make sensible Christmas presents, beautifully made and very comfortable. Men's sizes, 6 to 11, $2.75; Ladies' and Boy's sizes, 2 to 5, $2.25; Children's sizes, 5 to 10, $1.50. Either kind sent prepaid upon receipt of price. Money refunded if they are not satisfactory. Send for free catalogue.

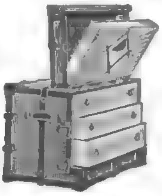
METZ & SCHLOERB,
108 Main St., Oshkosh, Wis.

Incorporate in Arizona

The laws are *the most liberal*, the expense is *small*. Can hold meetings, keep books and transact business anywhere. Territorial Officials prohibited from serving corporations. By-Laws free with each incorporation.

Blanks and full particulars free on request.

STODDARD INCORPORATING COMPANY PHOENIX, ARIZONA



Stallman's Dresser Trunk

Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C. O. D. with privilege of examination.

2c. stamp for Catalog.

F. A. STALLMAN, 48 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

Look for name "Congress" on every box.

Soiled napkins are not more out of place than soiled playing cards. Players appreciate snow-white, immaculate, new

Congress Cards (Gold edges)

a different design on every table. It is a pleasure to feel the springy vitality of them. Smooth as ivory. Backs are pictorial gems in colors. Sold by dealers, 50c. per pack.

Send 2c. stamp for rules of new fascinating game of Quinto—four-handed. 192-page book of rules of all card games for 10c. stamps, or 3 green stamps from Congress transparent wrappers.

A beautiful enlargement of George or Martha Washington, Rose or Colonial Girl back, 14 x 21, in colors, for framing, sent postpaid, for 3 green stamps from Congress wrappers; or the set of four for 12 of the Congress wrapper stamps.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.,
1003 Congress Court, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

WINCHESTER

Repeating Shotguns and Shotgun Shells

make the most satisfactory combination for field, fowl or trap shooting. They are used and endorsed by representative sportsmen the country over. Shoot them if you want to shoot well.

FREE: Our large illustrated Catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE "BEST" LIGHT — THE "BEST" LIGHT

MAKES AND BURNS ITS OWN GAS!

A Safe, White, Powerful, Steady Light. Brighter than Electricity or Acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. Over 100 different styles for in and outdoor use. **No Grease, Dirt, Smoke, or Odor.** Write for Catalogue and Price List.

Owners of Original Patents.

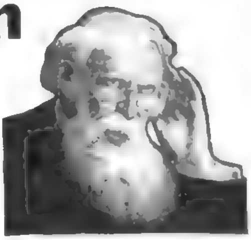
IN USE ALL OVER THE WORLD!

Produces 100 to 2,000 candle power. **All kinds of Fixtures and Lamps for all purposes--in and outdoor.** It has stood the Test of Time. Every Lamp Warranted. Agents Wanted

THE BEST LIGHT CO.,
86 E. 5th ST., CANTON, OHIO.

Marvelous New Ear Drum

Inventor of Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums PERFECTS NEW DEVICE which Excels anything Ever Invented to Restore THE HEARING



For fourteen years Common-Sense Ear Drums have been looked upon as almost miraculous in their power to restore hearing.

Their only disadvantage was that the wearer was forced to *listen closely* in order to hear dim sounds.

Now comes a new drum, which is *ten times* more wonderful than Common-Sense Ear Drums. Its power to collect, magnify and focus sound waves is ten times greater than that of the old style drums.

It relieves one of all the mental strain of *extra attention*. The new device actually *listens*.

It makes one hear even the slightest sounds *perfectly*, without effort.

These "listeners" are almost microscopically small, and so soft and light that one never feels them, day or night. They are *invisible*, and so *comfortable* that, once in place, the wearer forgets all about them.

They are *self-adjusting*, and fit evenly into *perforations* in the natural drums.

If natural drums are *wholly destroyed*, they take their place.

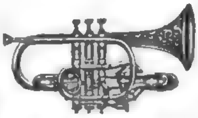
Our new book tells all about the new drums, and contains a large number of letters from people who state that our drums restored their hearing after they had been given up as incurable. It is FREE.

If you have the forceps and drum inserter belonging to Common-Sense Ear Drums, you can get a pair of the new drums at a discount of one-fifth off the original price.

Send postal—NOW—for the *Free Book*.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 298 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

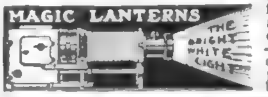
Let Us Send You This Superb Lyon & Healy OWN-MAKE CORNET ON SIX DAYS' FREE TRIAL



Also a special offer in regard to easy monthly payments. Bandmasters and Teachers particularly requested to write. They will learn something new greatly to their advantage. Address,

LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

Moving Picture Films Sole American Agents for the finest imported films. Our films are running in over 500 Amusement Halls and Theatres. Exhibitors and dealers supplied. Oxediums—The brilliant light for stereopticons and moving pictures. Complete outfits for lecturers and exhibitors. Lists and instructions free.



WILLIAMS, BROWN & EARLE, 918 CHESTNUT ST., DEPT. 48 PHILA., PA.

"HAIR AND ITS GROWTH"

A copyrighted book—new. Particularly interesting to every person troubled with dandruff, falling of the hair or baldness. Edition limited. Write for free copy today.

THE MODERN VACUUM CAP CO.
601 Barclay Block Denver, Colo.

M. & M. PORTABLE HOUSES

Special Open Air Cottages for Tuberculosis Patients Summer Cottages, Automobile Houses, Children's Play Houses, Hunters' Cabins, Photograph Galleries, Etc.

THE ORIGINAL AND RELIABLE

Made by automatic machinery where the wood grows. Better built and better looking than you can have constructed at home, and at much less cost. Wind and water tight. Artistic in design. Constructed on the *Unit System*. (Panels interchangeable.)

Houses shipped complete in every detail. Can be erected and ready for occupancy from 6 to 24 hours after arrival at destination, according to size of house.

NO NAILS **NO STRIKES**
NO CARPENTERS **NO WORRY**

Everything fits. Any one can erect them.

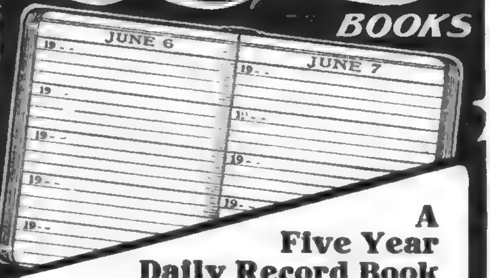
Write to-day for catalogue. Tell us what you want and we will give you a delivered price at once. Please enclose 2c. stamp in your inquiry for our Handsome, Illustrated Catalogue.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

MERSHON & MORLEY COMPANY, - - 611 Broadway, Saginaw, Mich.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

A Line A Day
BOOKS



A
Five Year
Daily Record Book

A space every day for any five years, for recording happenings at home, school or college, accounts of travel, anniversaries, social events, bright sayings of children, the weather, etc. 28 styles, 60c to $5.00.

Three popular styles are:
No. 100, beautifully bound in Red Art Cloth $1.00
No. 108, Genuine Leather, Black Seal Grain $1.50
No. 109, Genuine Leather, Long Grain (Green) $2.00

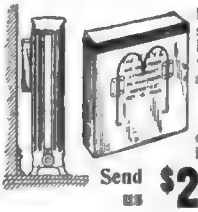
Ask your dealer, or sent postpaid. Send for Ward's illustrated Red Book free, describing the "A Line a Day" books, Ward's Photo and Postal Albums, Expense Books, Address Books, "Wardwove" Writing Paper, and "Sawaco" Papers, etc., all marked with the "Ward" guarantee trade mark as shown herewith.

Your dealer should have these goods. If not, send us your order, together with his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

TRADEMARK WARD'S STATIONERY BOSTON

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY,
57-63 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE FAYE AIR MOISTENER



keeps the air moist and wholesome where steam and hot water heating is used. The greatest invention of the age. Prevents colds and improves health generally.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

Hangs on back of radiator, out of sight. You cannot afford to be without one.

Send us $2.00 use it 30 days. If not more than satisfactory, money cheerfully refunded.

Descriptive Booklet No. 110 FREE

ORR & LOCKETT HARDWARE CO.
Dealers and Agents Wanted. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

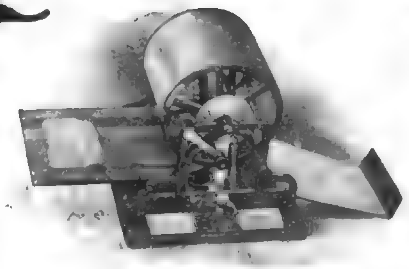
XMAS
SUGGESTION!
BUY A
Typewriter

for your son or daughter; a standard machine; one that is easy to learn, and will last a lifetime.

We have all kinds for every possible purpose. Write at once for illustrated catalog. It will save your dollars if you need a typewriter. If you think you can't afford one, it may tell you how you can. Sent free.

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE COMPANY
343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK Branches in all large cities

The
Rotary
Neostyle



turns out
Neat, Clear
Copies
at the rate of 60 or more a minute.

It is the most satisfactory, rapid and economical method of duplicating hand or typewriting.

One copy is written on the typewriter or by hand like an ordinary letter except on specially prepared paper.

This stencil is put on the Neostyle which prints as many copies, all exact duplicates of your original, as you wish.

The work is merely turning the crank and feeding the paper—the Neostyle prints, counts and discharges the copies automatically at the rate of 60 to 100 a minute, without fuss and without delay.

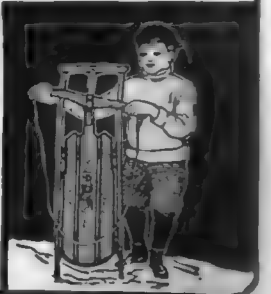
Will you give us your address on a postal so we can send our booklet?

Neostyle Co.
30 Reade St., New York
109 Franklin St., Boston
219 Randolph St., Chicago

FLEXIBLE FLYER

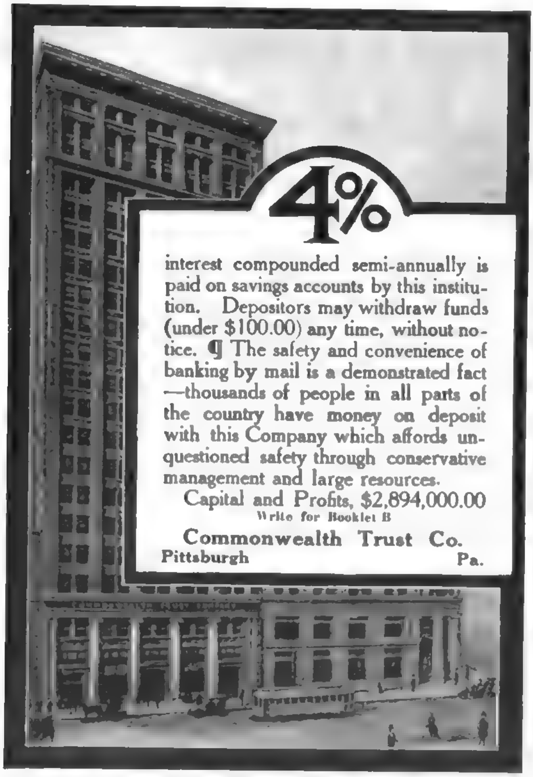
THE SLED THAT STEERS

With 1907-8 improvements. The swiftest, safest, strongest sled ever invented. The fastest sled for boys. The only sled girls can properly control. Steering without dragging the feet lets it go full speed—saves its cost in shoes the first season—prevents wet feet, colds and doctor's bills. Made of second growth white ash and steel—built to last.



MODEL SLED FREE. *Write for cardboard model showing just how it works; sent free with colored Christmas booklet and prices.*

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1101 T, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS



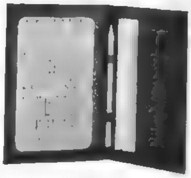
4%

interest compounded semi-annually is paid on savings accounts by this institution. Depositors may withdraw funds (under $100.00) any time, without notice. ¶ The safety and convenience of banking by mail is a demonstrated fact—thousands of people in all parts of the country have money on deposit with this Company which affords unquestioned safety through conservative management and large resources.

Capital and Profits, $2,894,000.00
Write for Booklet B

Commonwealth Trust Co.
Pittsburgh Pa.

DILWORTH ADDER

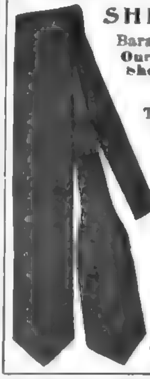


Just the Size of Your Pocketbook

$1

A practical **Pocket Adder** that saves tedious memorandum work, and is used to great advantage many times during the day. Sent postpaid for **$1.00.** Made of very durable material, is enclosed in neat case with full instructions and hardwood pointer for operating. Has no mechanism and is operated with the point of a pen or pencil. Nothing like it on the market. Used for totaling miscellaneous items from books or bills, cross adding, trial balances, checking, etc. Saves a large amount of tiresome calculation; is practical, simple, compact and cheap. Capacity, $9,999,999.99.

DILWORTH ADDER CO., 1217 Fulton Building, PITTSBURG, PA.



SHIBBOLETH NECKWEAR

Barathea Cravats of pure dye silk, woven on **Our Own Looms** and fashioned in **Our Own Shops** into "Quality" neckwear.

The only neckwear in the world sold **"Direct from weaver to wearer."** That's why you can save money and get ties equal to those retailed for 50 to 75 cents each. We positively stand back of this assertion. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

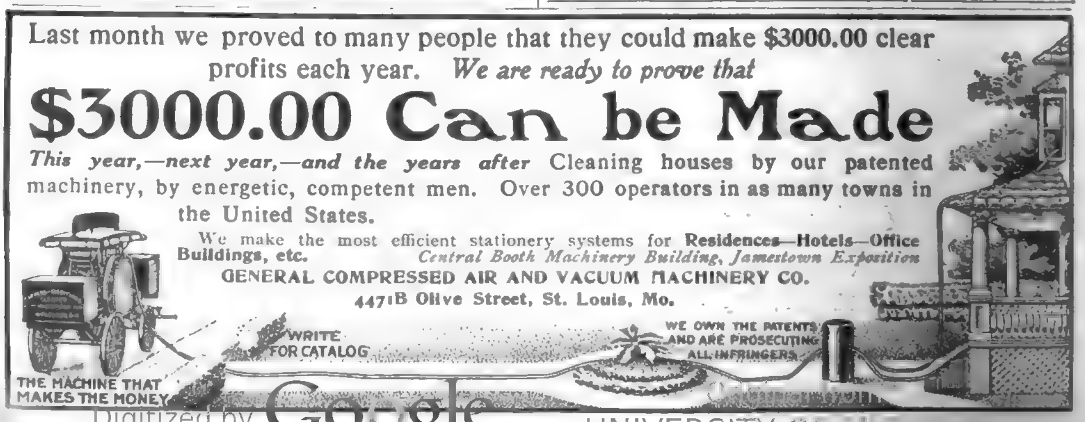
SPECIAL HOLIDAY ASSORTMENT
SIX TIES—SIX SHADES

Black, navy, garnet, purple, brown, white, in solid colors. Handsome reversible four-in-hands 2 inches wide, 47 inches long. By mail prepaid

$2.00 the Half Dozen

In black or white we make all shapes—35 cents each—3 for $1.00.

SHIBBOLETH SILK CO.
469 Broadway • New York
Send money order, check or two-cent stamps.
Write for Catalogue "H."



Last month we proved to many people that they could make $3000.00 clear profits each year. *We are ready to prove that*

$3000.00 Can be Made

This year,—next year,—and the years after Cleaning houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men. Over 300 operators in as many towns in the United States.

We make the most efficient stationery systems for **Residences—Hotels—Office Buildings, etc.** *Central Booth Machinery Building, Jamestown Exposition*

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR AND VACUUM MACHINERY CO.
4471B Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

WRITE FOR CATALOG
WE OWN THE PATENTS AND ARE PROSECUTING ALL INFRINGERS
THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

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The Incarnation of Efficiency

Thanks to the Oliver Typewriter, the word "Efficiency" is not a mere symbol, but *a living thing.*

The Oliver is the embodiment—the very *incarnation* of *efficiency.*

It came into being little more than a decade ago—born of the resistless spirit of Chicago's great "*I Will!*"

It bloomed into perfection in the electric atmosphere of "*Do It Now!*"

Deep rooted in the soil of Practical Experience, it drew to itself the best thought and highest skill of men of genius and originality, hence its inherent ability to "*Do It Right!*"

The outward symmetry and beauty of the New Model Oliver No. 5 are reflected in its inner mechanism.

In the simplicity, precision and perfect unison of its working parts lies the "open secret" of the Oliver's world-wide fame.

"Comparisons are odious"—to competitors—but we must make them, because the Oliver is the *standard* of comparison by which all typewriters are judged.

It stands, in splendid isolation, apart from all other writing machines both new and old.

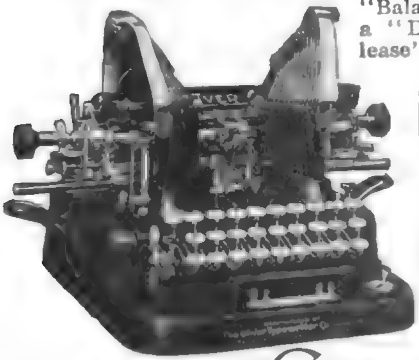
From the tip of its U-shaped type bars to its non-vibrating base it is *different* and *better.*

Who ever heard of "Visible Writing" until the Oliver made it a *reality*?

Who ever thought of a "Disappearing Indicator" until the advent of Oliver No. 5?

Where else will you find a "Ruling Device"—a "Balance Shift"—a "Double Release"—an "Automatic Paper Register" on a typewriter?

Who ever dreamed that a mere *machine* could do all that the Oliver does?



The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

is first of all a Correspondence Machine, but it does the work of many others.

It has no "speed limit." You can tell a letter written on the Oliver by the "watermark" of *neatness.* There's *style* and *character* in every line and *beauty* on every page.

Its "carbons" are clear and readable, and it prints up to 20 copies at a time.

The business whose typewriting needs are most exacting is the one that most needs the Oliver.

Any employer or operator desiring a free demonstration of the Oliver Typewriter can secure same, without obligation of any sort, by communicating with any of our Branch Offices or with the General Offices in Chicago.

Christmas Souvenirs FREE

The carnation is the official flower of the Oliver Typewriter Company. Our appreciation of the record-breaking business of the year, expressed in the form of illuminated copies of "The Symphony of Success" (suitable for framing) with carnation decoration will be mailed to any address, postpaid, upon request. Address promptly—

The Oliver Typewriter Company
66 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

THE MOST ACCEPTABLE
XMAS PRESENT
FOR OLD & YOUNG

A
ROUND OR SQUARE
BOX OF
Huyler's
DECORATED
WITH
HOLLY WREATHS & SPRAYS.
FULL VARIETY OF OTHER FLOWERS.
Heads by Wenzell, Keller, Fisher & others.
1 lb. Size, filled, Fine Mixed or Chocs 1.00
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ON SALE AT ALL *Huyler's* STORES
& AUTHORIZED SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

JONES DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGES

Good, pure, old-fashioned sausage made from dairy-fed little pig pork, pure spices and salt only—absolutely nothing else. It's the kind of sausage every one wants, and but comparatively few have known where to get it heretofore. Where dealers cannot supply, I make a

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER:
4 lbs. $1.00 Express Prepaid
and you may have your money back if not satisfied.

Please note that this offer is good only east of Colorado and north of Alabama—outside this territory, add 40c. for additional express charges. Repeat orders at regular prices. M. C. JONES.

JONES DAIRY FARM
Box 601, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
VISITORS INVITED

Arcadian
Arcadian
WATER

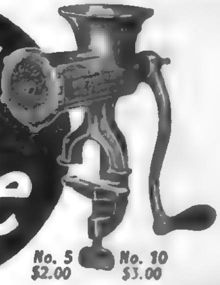
Pleasure and sparkle are added to Yuletide Cheer with the opening of every bottle of

WAUKESHA
Arcadian
WATER

The pure, healthful beverage that punctuates the feast with periods of delight.

Waukesha Ginger Ale is made from this world-renowned water.

Waukesha Arcadian Company
Waukesha, Wis.



Right Here

Right here is the *cutting* end that makes the Enterprise Meat and Food Chopper so vastly superior to all others. It consists of a razor-edged, four-bladed steel knife that revolves rapidly against a perforated steel plate. It *cannot* crush the food, but *cuts* it, so that each minute piece loses none of its natural goodness. An

"ENTERPRISE"
MEAT and FOOD Chopper

may cost a trifle more at the outset; but in the time it saves, the work it saves, the *food* it saves, it is far cheaper in the end.

Enterprise Choppers last a lifetime. Knife and plate can be replaced at small cost if they become worn.

Made in 35 sizes and styles for Hand, Steam, and Electricity. No. 5, small family size, $2.00. No. 10, large family size, $3.00. We also make cheaper Food Choppers, but recommend the above for the reasons given.

FREE—The *Enterprising Housekeeper*, a valuable book containing hundreds of special recipes and kitchen helps, sent free on application.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.,
2209 N. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

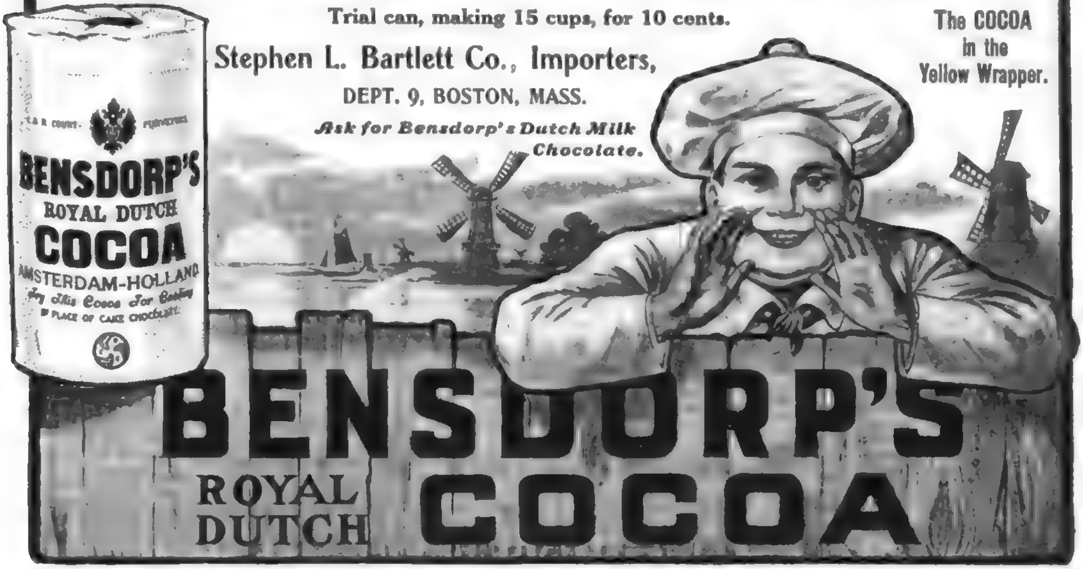
Harken! It's the DOUBLE STRENGTH of BENSDORP'S which saves ½ your cocoa, and there's no better cocoa made. Will you prove it?

Trial can, making 15 cups, for 10 cents.

Stephen L. Bartlett Co., Importers,
DEPT. 9, BOSTON, MASS.

Ask for Bensdorp's Dutch Milk Chocolate.

The COCOA in the Yellow Wrapper.


BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND
Try this Cocoa for Baking in place of cake chocolate
BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA

A Christmas Treat

Surprise your friends on Christmas Day with a gift of **Tro Tro Chocolate Krunch.** It's a new confection that makes friends everywhere. Dainty, golden taffy 'neath a creamy jacket of the most delightful chocolate.

Sold everywhere in ten, twenty-five and fifty cent packages. If you cannot secure them, a ten cent package will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Made by the Originators of Trowbridge Chocolate Chips

TROWBRIDGE CHOCOLATE CHIP CO., MEADVILLE, PA.

Tro Tro Chocolate Krunch

Tro Tro
Chocolate Krunch

Die in
Open Air
Seeking
Water.

Rat Bis=Kit

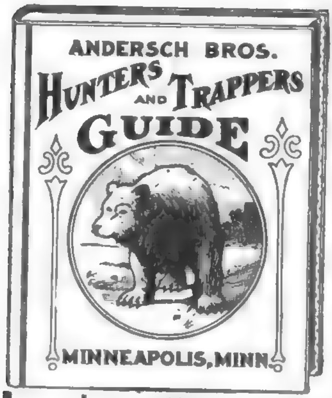
Get's them all

Packed in Boxes, Ready for Use

Has cleaned out the worst infested "rat-holes." Rats and mice leave choicest food and grain for it. Dry, clean; never leaves a mark.

At Druggists—15c. a box. If yours hasn't it, send us 25c. for one or 60c. for three boxes, express prepaid. Also ask your druggist for **Yankee Roach Powder** or send us 25c., we'll mail direct to you. "Never fails."

The Rat Biscuit Co., Dept. O, Springfield, O.


ANDERSCH BROS.
HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS GUIDE
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

This $10,000 Book for $2.00

This second revised edition of our Hunters' and Trappers' Guide, the acknowledged Encyclopedia of Hunting and Trapping North American Animals, contains 450 pages, handsomely bound in Leather and Gold, 250 illustrations true to nature.

Book is endorsed by sportsmen of national reputation, also by both young and old trappers. Positively the best book on the subject ever written. Thousands of testimonials. It reveals Trappers' Secrets; How to make Decoy, Bait, Traps; Lightning Method of Skinning; How to Handle Skins, but chiefly How and Where to

Hunt and Trap Successfully

It illustrates and describes all animals, their geographical locations, habits, mode of living, propagation; Game Laws; detailed description of **Skunk, Mink, Fox** and **Opossum Farms**, and how to raise them for profit, breeding, etc. Price, $2.00, express or postpaid.

We are the largest buyers of Hides and Furs. We buy one skin or a car load. Ship to us and obtain 10% to 50% more money than by selling at home. Hides tanned into beautiful robes; also other tanning. Our Magnetic Bait and Decoy attracts animals to traps, price $1.00 per bottle, postpaid. We sell Steel and Wire Traps. Write for Hide and Fur price list; shipping tags sent free. Get copy of our Hunters' and Trappers' Guide today.

Andersch Bros., Dept. 14, Minneapolis, Minn.

"The Whole Thing in an Egg Shell"

200 Eggs a Year Per Hen

HOW TO GET THEM

The sixth edition of the book, "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," is now ready. Revised, enlarged, and in part rewritten. 96 pages. Contains among other things the method of feeding by which Mr. S. D. Fox, of Wolfboro, N. H., won the prize of $100 in gold offered by the manufacturers of a well-known condition powder for the best egg record during the winter months. Simple as a, b, c—and yet we guarantee it to start hens to laying earlier and to induce them to lay more eggs than any other method under the sun. The book also contains recipe for egg food and tonic used by Mr. Fox, which brought him in one winter day 68 eggs from 72 hens; and for five days in succession from the same flock 64 eggs a day. Mr. E. F. Chamberlain, of Wolfboro, N. H., says: "By following the methods outlined in your book I obtained 1,496 eggs from 91 R. I. Reds in the month of January, 1902." From 14 pullets picked at random out of a farmer's flock the author got 2,999 eggs in one year—an average of over 214 eggs apiece. It has been my ambition in writing "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen" to make it the standard book on egg production and profits in poultry. Tells all there is to know, and tells it in a plain, common sense way.

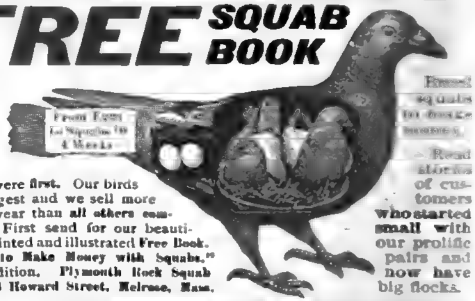
Price 50 cents; or with a year's subscription to the AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, both for 75 cents; or given as a premium for two yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Our paper is handsomely illustrated, 44 to 80 pages, 50 cents per year. 3 months' trial, 10 cents. *Sample Free.* CATALOGUE of poultry books free.

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE

130 Hogan Block Syracuse, N. Y.

FREE SQUAB BOOK


From Eggs to Squabs in 4 Weeks

We were first. Our birds are largest and we sell more every year than all others combined. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated Free Book. "How to Make Money with Squabs." New Edition. Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 308 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

Breed squabs to make money.

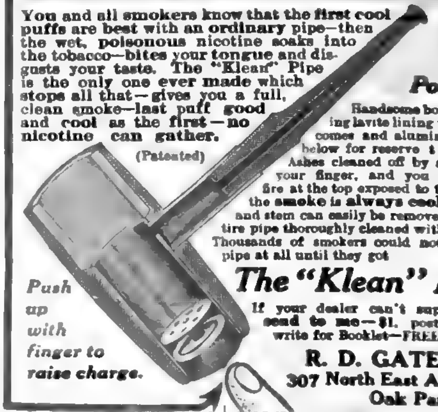
Read stories of customers who started small with our prolific pairs and now have big flocks.

Smoke the "Klean" Pipe

Enjoy a Smoke Without Nicotine

You and all smokers know that the first cool puffs are best with an ordinary pipe—then the wet, poisonous nicotine soaks into the tobacco—bites your tongue and disgusts your taste. The "Klean" Pipe is the only one ever made which stops all that—gives you a full, clean smoke—last puff good and cool as the first—no nicotine can gather.

(Patented)



$1 Postpaid

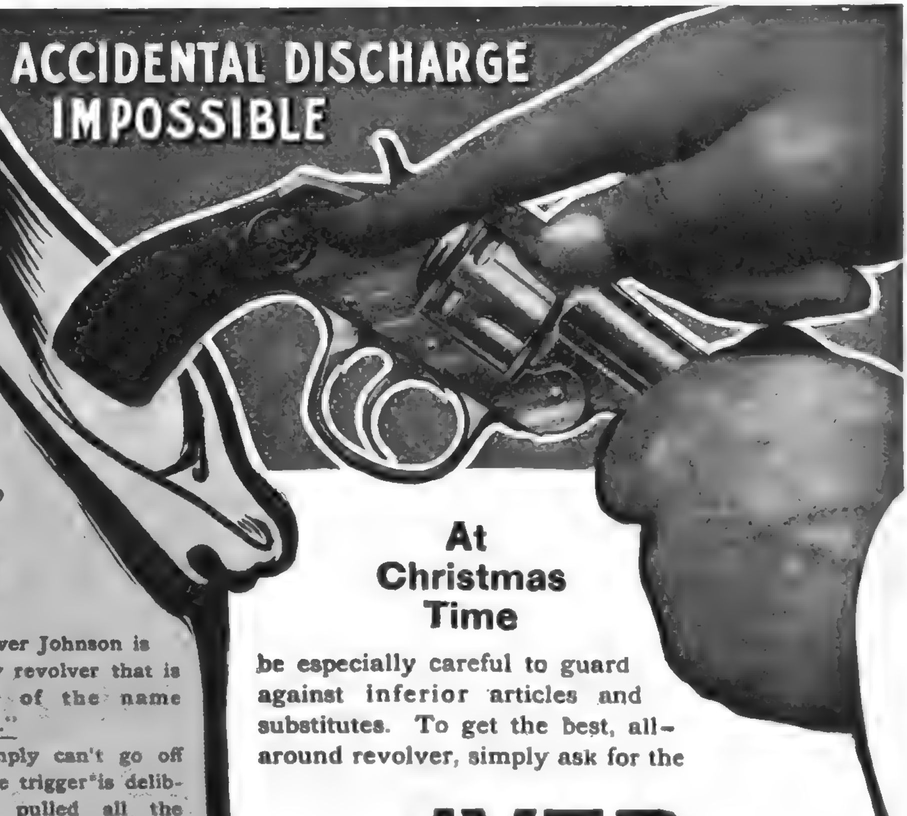
Handsome bowl encasing lavite lining where fire comes and aluminum tube below for reserve tobacco. Ashes cleaned off by a push of your finger, and you keep the fire at the top exposed to the air, so the **smoke is always cool.** Bottom and stem can easily be removed and entire pipe thoroughly cleaned with a cloth. Thousands of smokers could not stand a pipe at all until they got

The "Klean" Pipe

If your dealer can't supply you, send to me—$1. postpaid—or write for Booklet—FREE

Push up with finger to raise charge.

R. D. GATES,
307 North East Avenue,
Oak Park, Ill.



Hammer the Hammer
Accidental Discharge Impossible

At Christmas Time

be especially careful to guard against inferior articles and substitutes. To get the best, all-around revolver, simply ask for the

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

And to be sure that it IS a genuine Iver Johnson, look for the Owl's Head on the grip.

The Iver Johnson is the only revolver that is worthy of the name "Safety."

It simply can't go off until the trigger is deliberately pulled all the way back.

It can be safely dropped, thrown against a wall, or you can

Hammer the Hammer

It won't go off. When you pull the trigger, it shoots straight and hits hard.

Our Free Book, "Shots," tells in detail why the Iver Johnson is the best revolver for the pocket, the desk and all-around use. Handsome in design and perfect in construction. Our catalogue, also free, shows all the mechanical details.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickeled, 3-in. bbl., 22 rim-fire, 32 center-fire, or 3¼ in. 38 center-fire cartridge **$6**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
Richly nickeled, 3-inch barrel, 32 center fire, or 3¼ inch 38 center-fire cartridge. **$7**

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street.
Pacific Coast: 1346 Park Street, Alameda, Cal.
Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.
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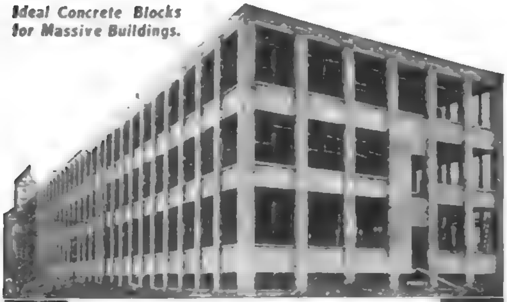
Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles

TRADE MARK IVER JOHNSON



Ideal Concrete Blocks for Massive Buildings.

For ALL Construction

Ideal Concrete Machines have furnished the material for many of the largest factory buildings in the country, where heavy loads and enormous strains are features to be contended with. Above illustration shows a portion of one of the fifteen buildings of the Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., the entire plant being constructed of blocks made with

IDEAL

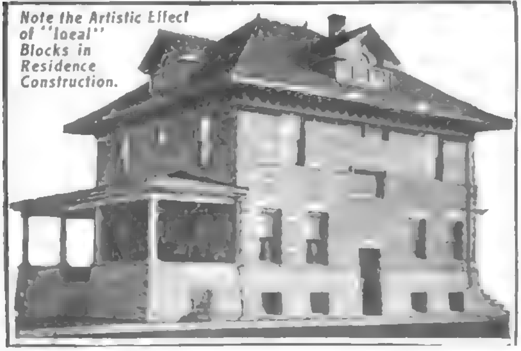
Face Down, Interchangeable

Concrete Machines

The interchangeable features of the Ideal Machine allow the rapid and profitable production of concrete blocks for every building purpose, from the most massive construction to the most daintily beautiful styles of architecture. The same machine makes blocks of any length within capacity, any angle, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 inch widths, 4, 6 and 8 inch heights, and any desired design of face. The interchangeable and adaptable features found in the "Ideal" *alone* save the cost of a great number of special machines, and allow the establishment of a profitable manufacturing business on moderate capital.

Our catalogue shows a complete line of concrete machinery, including Mixers, Brick Machines, Sill and Lintel Machines, Column, Spindle, Ball, Sidewalk, Step and Sill Moulds. It is a reliable guide to success in the concrete industry, and is sent **Free on application.**

IDEAL CONCRETE MACHINERY CO.,
108 Mill St., South Bend, Ind.



Note the Artistic Effect of "Ideal" Blocks in Residence Construction.

Vose PIANOS

The VOSE UPRIGHT PIANO

is a remarkable example of the artistic in tone, combined with the beauty in casing. This piano is especially appreciated by those who desire to harmonize the furnishings of their parlors or music rooms.

We Challenge Comparisons

During fifty-six years the Vose Piano has been purchased for use in nearly 60,000 homes and its popularity is attested by the continually increasing demand for home use.

We make a liberal allowance for old instruments and, if desired, offer liberal arrangements for deferred payments, and deliver piano at your home.

Send for catalogue

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
Vose Bldg. Boston, Mass.

1908 REO

The Car that shows why

Every REO shows why from beginning to end.

The big, handsome, powerful touring car; the swift, sporty, gentleman's roadster; the natty little runabout—all are strong, simple, able and sensible; easy to manage; speedy; smooth-running, comfortable; free from complications; full of style; and doing the work of cars that cost twice the money to buy and to operate.

Their inmost mechanism, down to the smallest detail, shows why these qualities are there; and the incomparable REO performances, both public and private, show why every REO will make good every time.

REO 5-passenger Touring-car $1250; REO Gentleman's Roadster $1000
REO 4-passenger Runabout $650
Prices f. o. b. Lansing

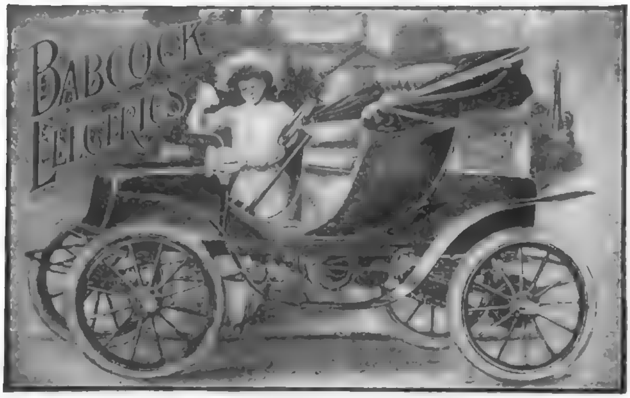
Write for the REO "Show Why" catalogue.

R M Owen & Company, Lansing Mich.
General Sales Agents for the
REO Motor Car Co.

The New REO Roadster

Touring-car chassis. 32-inch wheels. 45 miles an hour. 2-passenger seat, with trunk box in rear, convertible into a passenger seat. $1000 f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

FOR WIFE OR DAUGHTER



MODEL 6, VICTORIA, PRICE $1700

MOTHER OR SISTER

What More Acceptable Gift Than A

Babcock Electric

The Automobile That Women and Children Can Operate With Ease and Safety.

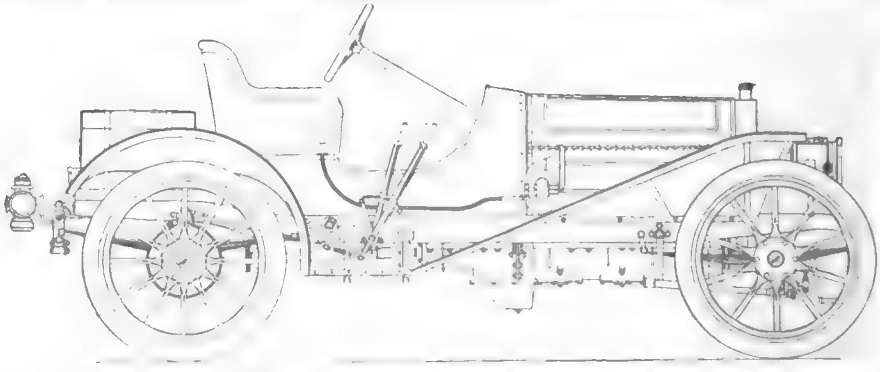
Adapted for any Kind of Service in City or Suburbs

" When You Build Right, IT IS Right and Works Right."—*Babcock*

Five Models *Send for Catalogue*

BABCOCK ELECTRIC CARRIAGE CO., Builders

New York Branch, 1591 Broadway, Cor. 48th St. **240 West Utica St., Buffalo, N. Y.**



Mora

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Six Cylinder

¶ Unit mud proof power plant. F. & S. Annular ball bearings on crank shaft, cam shaft, transmission shaft and engine gears.

Racytype Six

¶ Full floating type rear axle, also double independent ignition system. Mora platform spring suspension. Drop frame.

A "Vanderbilt" Racytype the "All Admired" at the "All America Show."

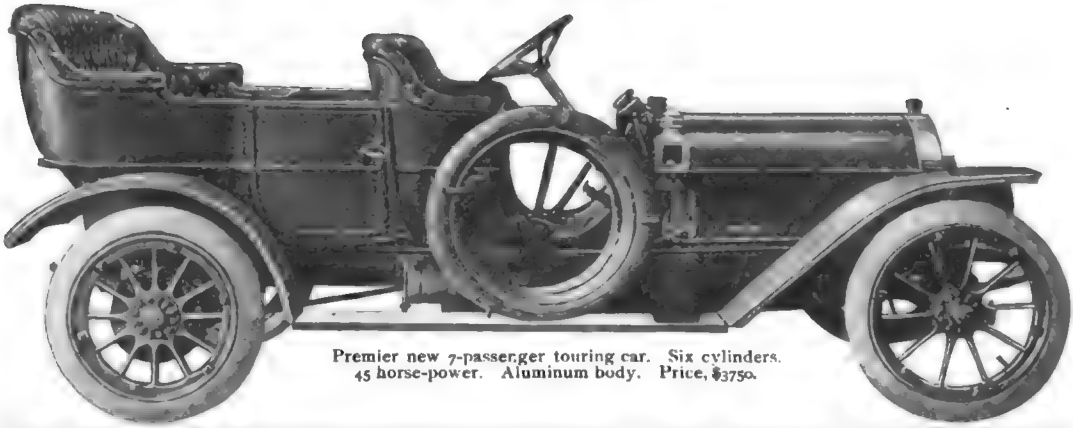
Light weight, 2250 lbs. Price, $3500. Rumble, double seat, or trunk equipment as desired.

ASK FOR DETAILS.

MORA MOTOR CAR CO.

3 Mora Place, NEWARK, New York

1908



Premier new 7-passenger touring car. Six cylinders. 45 horse-power. Aluminum body. Price, $3750.

PREMIER

No other car at anywhere near its price ever did what the 1907 Premier has done with only 24 horse-power:

Broke the non-stop Record by going 4906 miles, with a continuous run of the engine—1300 miles farther than the car of almost double its price which made the best previous non-stop run.

Finished with a perfect score in the last great Glidden Tour—the only four-cylinder car within a thousand dollars of its price to make such a record.

Made a new Boston-to-New York record—8 hours 31 minutes, actual running time—with sealed bonnet and high-speed gears intact.

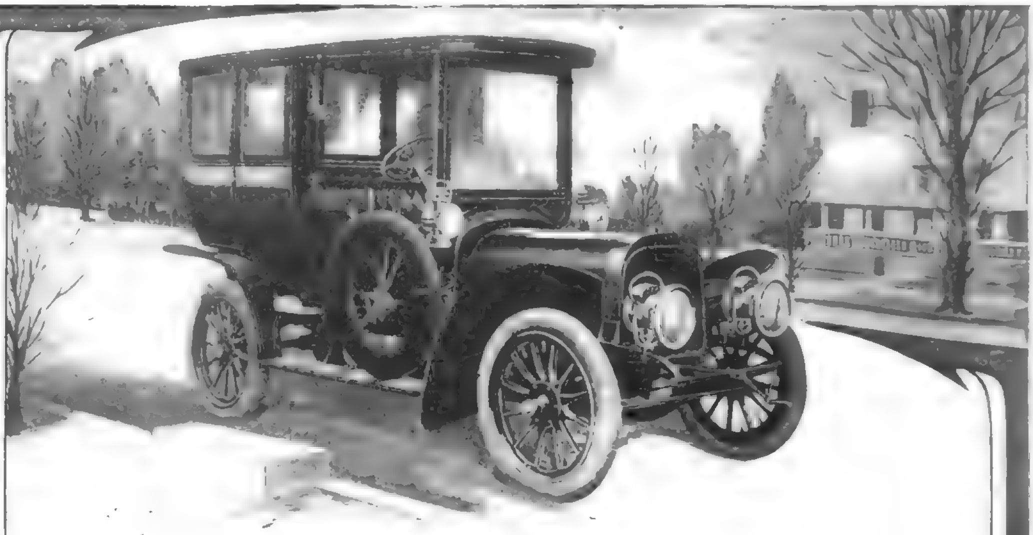
What do you suppose this brand new 1908 "45 horse" will do—the same substantial construction and thorough refinement, with more power and many improved details?

Crowning its wonderful ability (already shown in the last Glidden Tour) is superb style; and its big roomy appearance and fleetness of lines, makes this car look the big things it does.

Write for full information about all the 1908 Premier models.

R. M. Owen & Company, Gen. Sales Agents **Lansing, Mich.**

Manufactured by Premier Motor Mfg. Company, Indianapolis, Ind.



Advanced Ideas of Design

Ever since 1893, when Elwood Haynes built the first American gasolene car (now in the Smithsonian Institute), the Haynes has always held the leadership in invention—not in passing freak devices, but in those features such as the magneto, the side entrance, large wheels, aluminum alloy, etc., etc., which have since become permanent features of all cars.

In the present year the leadership of the Haynes in correct invention is still unchallenged. These are the unique features of the 1908 Haynes:

1. *The roller-pinion-and-bevelled-sprocket direct drive.* This device replaces the troublesome bevel gears and reduces rear axle strains. It makes shaft drive possible even in our high-powered (60 H.P.) Model U, and this model is practically the only high-powered car which does not have those noisy and mechanically incorrect side chains.
2. *The unique Haynes Master Clutch.* This clutch works like a band brake, metal to metal. It takes up the load smoothly and gently without jerking.
3. *The Haynes Change Gear System.* This embodies a rachet and pawl device which makes the burring and stripping of the gears impossible and entirely prevents shock to the mechanism when changing from a high to a lower gear.
4. *The Haynes Unbreakable Universal Joints,* the wear on which is by large flat surfaces instead of light pins.
5. *The Roller Bearing Power Route* all the way from piston stroke to the hub of the road wheel.

The Haynes is made in three models, all embodying the above advanced devices.

Model S, 30 H.P., $2,500
Model W, 45 H.P., $3,000
Model U, 60 H.P., $3,750

HAYNES

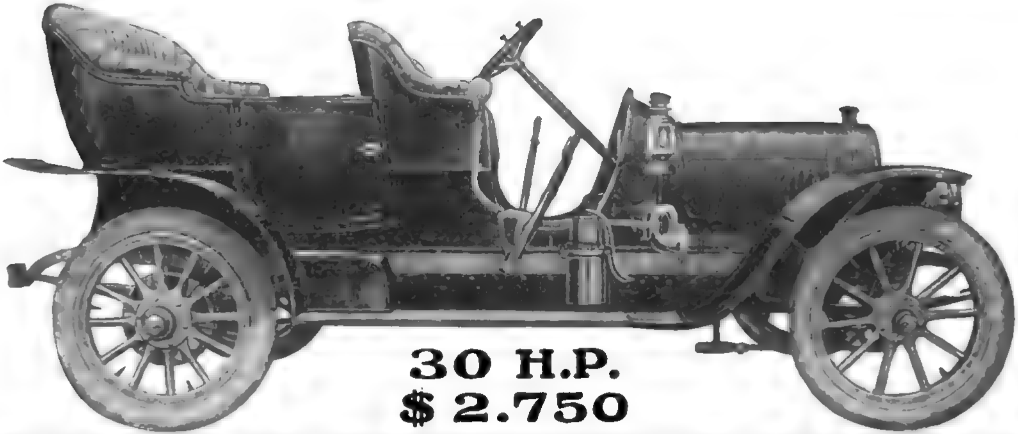
For catalogue, address Desk P 5

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND.

Oldest Automobile Manufacturers in America - - - - - - - *Members A. L. A. M.*

NEW YORK: 1715 Broadway CHICAGO: 1420 Michigan Avenue

The POPE-HARTFORD FOR 1908



30 H.P.
$ 2.750

Changes in design and construction of the Pope-Hartford for 1908 are not of a revolutionary character.

The 1907 Pope-Hartford was right. It made hill climbing, touring, track and reliability history.

The 1907 Model L is admittedly and unquestionably the speediest, most powerful, most popular and highly endorsed car in its class of the year.

Model M, its successor, has been put to every conceivable road, hill climbing, speed and reliability test.

SOME NEW FEATURES FOR 1908 ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Selective change speed gear. Gears of Chrome nickel steel. Road wheels, 34 x 3½ and 34 x 4, respectively. Wheel base, 112 inches.

New carburetor giving all the flexibility of the multiple jet vaporizer. Quietness of operation of all gears. Radiator is now located directly over front axle.

The Clutch same as Model L, excepting cork inserts to the number of 34 have been added. Rear axle is now of the clutch drive type, rather than the semi-floating variety as used in the 1907 car.

The breaks, both internal and external, have been increased in surface, width and diameter. An important detailed improvement of rear breaking construction is the taking of the driving and breaking torque by the same member of the hub construction.

The steering column has been given a larger rake, and a much larger hand wheel is supplied.

The 1908 body has convex lines, is decidedly more roomy. Front springs are 2 x 38 and the rear 2 x 52.

Aluminum guards with patent leather apron.

Ask us to do any "stunt" you want; ask us to go where any car will go irrespective of make, price, horsepower or *number of cylinders.*

THE POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Members A.L.A.M. HARTFORD, CONN.

POPE BICYCLES FOR 1908

"Better Than Ever"

The Advance Favorite

CADILLAC

Model G

$2,000

Four Cylinders—25 Horse-power

Every day of service adds emphasis to the fact that the chief difference between Cadillac Model G and cars of the most expensive types is in price, not performance. Time after time it has proven its superiority over competitors of double its cost and thrice its rated power. Let a demonstrator convince you of this by actual tests; then observe the long, rangy lines of the car, its simplicity and strength, its racy, "thoroughbred" appearance, and you will appreciate why Model G is the advance favorite for 1908.

Speedy, silent, responsive, always dependable. Twenty-five horse power (A. L. A. M. rating); sliding gear transmission; shaft drive; 100-inch wheel base. Described in catalog G 42.

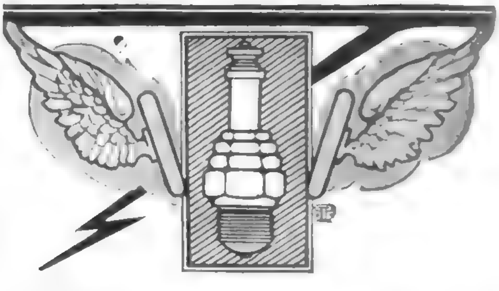
Cadillac Model H, a luxurious four-cylinder touring car, also commends itself to your attention. Thirty-horse power; 50 miles an hour; $2,500. Described in catalog H 42.

The Truth About the Automobile and What it Costs to Maintain One

is the title of a 64-page booklet of actual facts and figures compiled from sworn statements of a large number of users of the sturdy single-cylinder Cadillacs. Get a free copy of this valuable brochure, asking for Booklet No. 42. It contains many surprises for those who have been misled into believing that *every* automobile is an expensive luxury.

These smaller Cadillacs—Model S Runabout, $850, and Model T Touring Car, $1000, both greatly improved, are described in catalog T 42.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Member A. L. A. M.



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¶ The only *perfect Spark Plug* on the market. The gap may be adjusted down to 1/1000 part of an inch.

¶ Practically self cleaning.

¶ Porcelain will not break.

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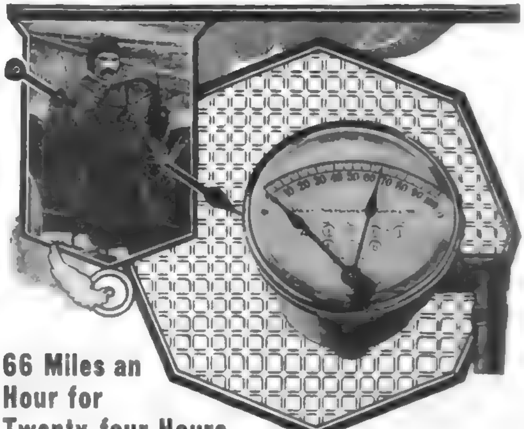

66 Miles an Hour for Twenty-four Hours

The most strenuous test ever given to a speed indicator was on S. F. Edge's Napier Car when he made the World's record for 24 hours on the Brooklands Track, London, England. The

JONES SPEEDOMETER

shaft revolved 4,039,200 times in 24 hours and came through the test perfectly.

Why not a "JONES" for your automobile friend this Xmas? Write Dept. 24 for catalog.

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Franklin
Type G

4-cylinder 16 h p, $1,850.

High power with light-weight makes an automobile "do things".

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The Franklin cuts out all the weight of water-apparatus and the extra material necessary to carry that weight. By close study of design, materials, and construction, every part of the Franklin is made light-weight but strong.

The Franklin engine is smaller because it works at the temperature of the highest efficiency, 350° or more. A water-cooled motor can't keep up to this temperature, the water would boil away. This is why the Franklin went 95 miles on two gallons of gasoline in the great Efficiency Contest, while the nearest water-cooled machine stopped at 48 miles.

Type G, the light family touring-car, is a striking example of high power with light-weight and perfect strength. It does more and lasts longer than any machine at or near its price. It is the easiest on tires, fuel, and repairs, and gives the most service, dollar for dollar.

You'd better look into this matter of light-weight and the Franklin.

The 1908 Franklin catalogue goes very fully into the subject.

1908 Franklin Models

16 h p Touring-Car	$1850	28 h p Touring-Car or Runabout	$2850
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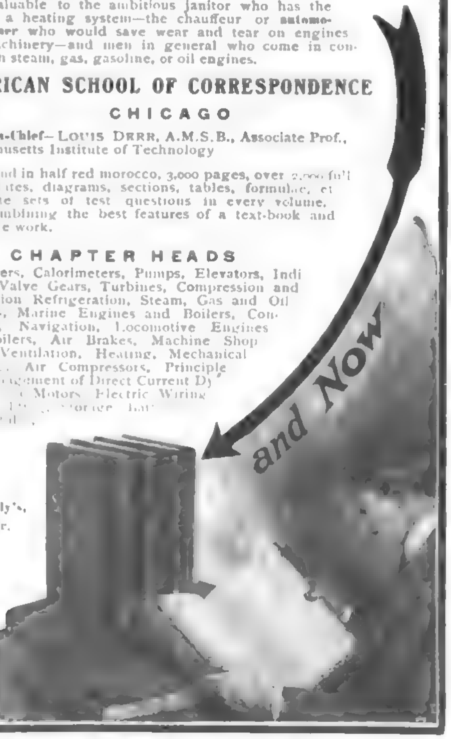
Mention Everybody's, December, '07



REV. H. B. BOWDEN, Minister of the Wheeling District
Wheeling, West Virginia

October 28, 1907.

Gentlemen:

"After a few months' patient efforts with your Evans Vacuum Cap, I have now been rewarded with a good, healthy growth of hair. When you take into consideration the fact that there was no hair at all on the top of my head, and that the loss of hair had been going on for a number of years, the results in my case may be regarded as something remarkable. I had practically given up all hope of regaining my hair, until your Vacuum Method was brought to my attention.

"This principle appealed to me as being the correct solution, and having faith in the method, I purchased a Cap; used it regularly and persistently, and it was not long before I could see that my hair was actually beginning to grow. In fact, when I attended conference all of my ministerial friends expressed much surprise, and made many comments on the marked change in my appearance, due to the growth of hair on my head.

"In the light of the visible results I have derived from the use of your Cap, I can see no impropriety in my giving to you, and others who may be interested, the benefit of my experience. I do not wish to be annoyed by promiscuous inquiries from those who are disposed to treat this subject with levity, but to anyone who is at heart interested, I shall be glad to confirm my experience as here given. Should you give publicity, therefore, to this communication, I will request that you use only a high class magazine, of established reputation.

"Very truly yours,
"H. B. BOWDEN."

The Hair Problem Has Now Been Solved Conclusively and Forever

In all the world, there is but one thing that will maintain life in the hair, and cause it to grow, and that particular substance exists *only* in the *blood*. The problem therefore has been, how to obtain a normal flow of blood in the scalp, without causing irritation, and without diluting the blood or impairing its natural hair growing properties. These obstacles have been effectively overcome by the simple application of a *vacuum*.

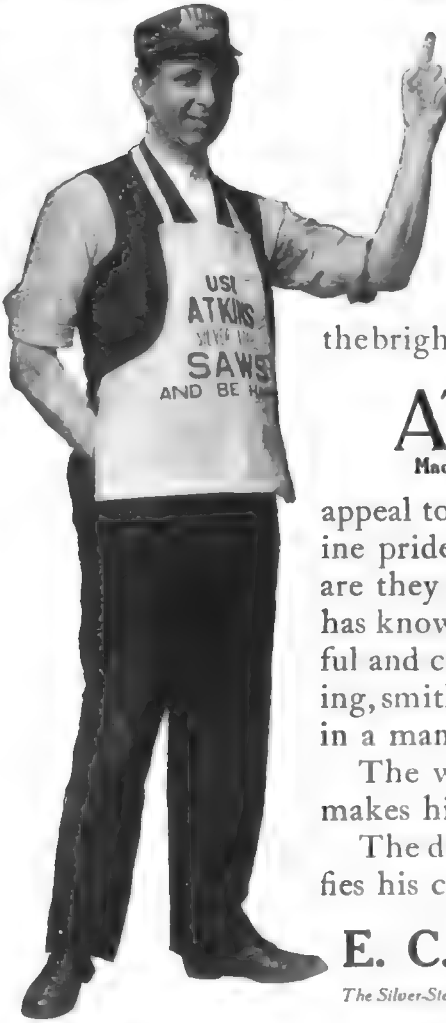
By this method the blood is made to circulate freely throughout the entire area of the scalp, and by irrigating the roots of the hair with fresh blood—Nature's formula—a complete and healthy growth of hair will inevitably follow, provided, of course, the hair roots are not totally destroyed.

Let us send you an Evans Vacuum Cap for sixty days' trial, and if you do not see a material improvement in the growth of your hair, our Bankers (The Jefferson Bank) will refund your money in full.

Write for our new book, "Theory and Facts Regarding Hair."

EVANS VACUUM CAP COMPANY

No. 18 Evans Cap Building ST. LOUIS, MO.



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There is beauty, as well as utility, in an Atkins Saw. Just as the fine appearance of his "car" appeals to the automobilist, so do the beautiful mirror polish or damaskeen finish, the bright screws, and the finely carved handles of

ATKINS SILVER STEEL SAWS

Made For Good Mechanics Who Want The Best Tools

appeal to the expert workman who takes genuine pride in having the finest tools. Not only are they made of the finest saw steel the world has known—Silver-Steel—with the most skillful and conscientious workmanship in tempering, smithing and grinding, but they are finished in a manner to bespeak their high grade.

The workman prefers the Atkins because it makes his work much easier.

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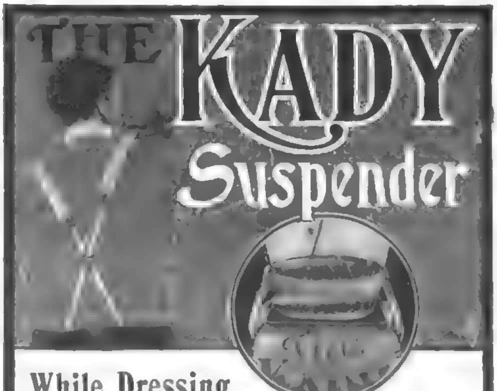

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—in the act of drawing it over your shoulders—you have pleasing proof of the absolute absence of strain in THE KADY SUSPENDER. The Patent Double Crowned Roller in the back gives it the sliding ease of action of a ball-bearing, following your slightest movement.

Look for this feature—no other suspender can have it, nor the comfort it gives.

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Be sure you get the genuine—THE KADY—trade mark on every pair and sold under positive guarantee.

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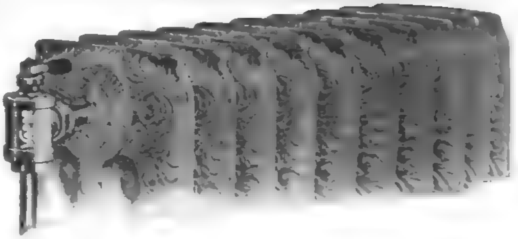

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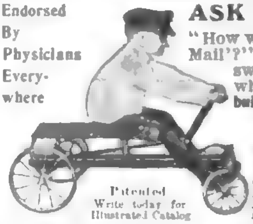

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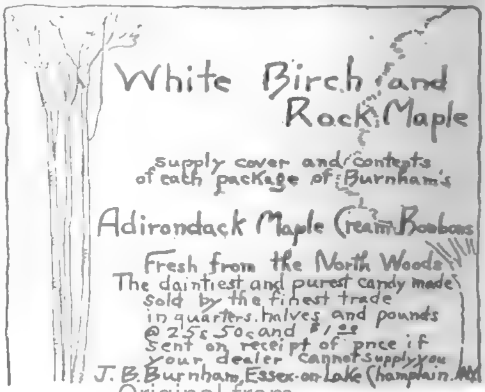

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Do you want this handsome Soap Box?

If so, all you have to do is to save the Cows' Heads from four Jersey Cream Soap wrappers, mail them to us with 4 cents in stamps to cover the cost of mailing, and we will send you the box, postpaid. This traveler's soap box is a little beauty, it is heavily nickeled, gracefully shaped, strongly made and should last a lifetime. If you do not need it yourself, it makes a most acceptable present for some friend.

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Our made-to-order furs and fur garments have a distinctive and exclusive style; fit well, sit well and have that comfortable, snug feeling that cannot always be claimed for ready-made furs. They are handsomely trimmed and thoroughly well made throughout.

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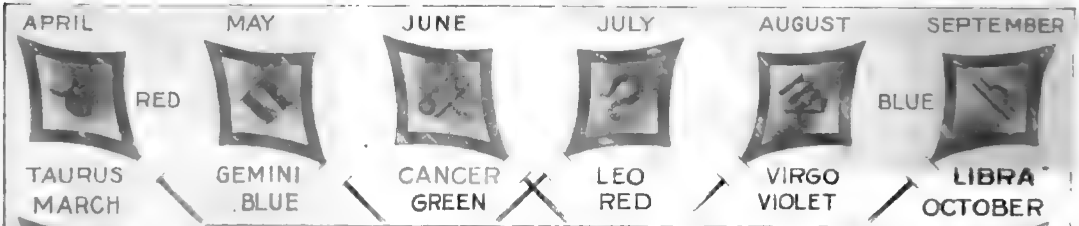

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The Pins are made in a beautiful oxidized Roman Gold finish, showing the Zodiacal sign and true astral color for each month.

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Both shapes in either Clasp or Stick Pin.

Oval shape especially for women.

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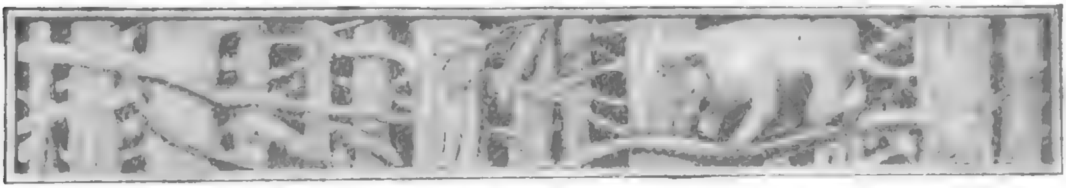

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Quality is more than a matter of *genuineness.*

Furs vary widely in grade—in fineness, in uniformity, and in lasting lustre.

And these are things you cannot judge by the *looks* alone.

But you can be absolutely certain of these things if you buy of a dependable Fur House.

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For more than twenty-five years Plymouth Furs have been known as standard for Fur-quality.

They are from the plumpest and sleekest pelts.

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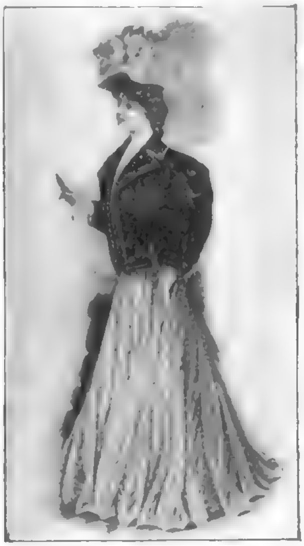

Style F

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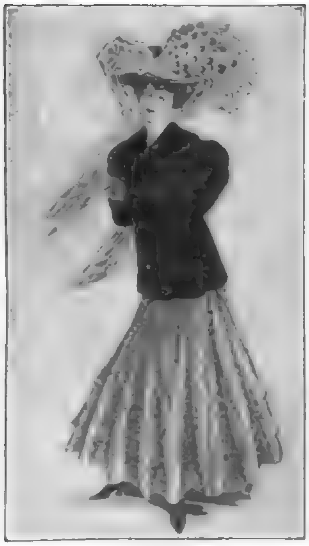


Style B

Fur Jackets—made in Sealskin, Hudson Bay Beaver, Natural Gray Squirrel, Russian Pony, Gray Krimmer, Aleutian Seal, Natural Mink, Plucked Otter, Black Caracul; Brown Blended Muskrat; cut 26 inches long, semi-fitted back with a generous shawl collar. Price $60 to $700.

Automobile Furs

In a special department we make most modish Automobile Garments in Fur for Men, Women and Children—priced from $25.00 to $5,000. These garments are exclusive in the extreme, rigidly adhering to the most recent European styles. These are described in detail in our regular Style Book mailed free on request—address herewith.

COLT
REVOLVERS

Acceptable for the reason that for over 70 years they have been

The Standard of the Firearms World
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Absolute Reliability at all times combined with accuracy and durability being the first consideration in their production.

Catalog "Military" describes all models. Mailed on request.

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MANUFACTURING CO.
HARTFORD, CONN. 15a Pall Mall, London, S. W.

There is Beauty in a Litholin Collar

as well as comfort and true economy. All of perfect cut in the latest styles—just waterproofed linen, and therefore look like linen—and, when soiled, a damp cloth will wipe them as clean and white as when new.

An outfit of Litholin Collars and Cuffs makes

An Ideal Christmas Gift

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

For automobiling, traveling, and for daily use they add comfort to life. Do not crack, wilt nor fray at the edge or button-holes.

If not at dealers, send style, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Catalogue of all the new styles, free on request.

The Fiberloid Co., Dept. 16, 7 Waverly Place, New York

LITHOLIN
WATERPROOFED LINEN

"A Hill Climber Built in the Hills"

Glide

Ride in "The Glide"

Model G, 1909— built for strength and speed, has [illegible] inches of braking surface on the GLIDE

THE CAR OF CONTROL

Nearly three times the braking surface claimed for any other car insures the maximum of safety. The ideal family touring car. Seats five to seven. Famous Rutenber motor, 40 H.P. [illegible] inch wheel base. High Road Clearance. Write for handsomely illustrated catalog.

Model G Glide

The Bartholomew Co., 307 Glide St., Peoria, Ill.

ROYAL GORGE TOURMALINE

Beautiful Colorado Gem

A desirable holiday or birthday gift. Genuine. Direct from our own mines. Colors pink or green. Mounted to order, any size or style. Sent for examination to responsible parties. Descriptive booklet free.

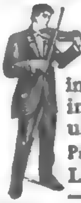
C. A. BECHTOL & CO., Canon City, Colo.

100 COPIES
ONE ORIGINAL

THERE ARE TWO REASONS

Why we send our Daus Improved Tip Top Duplicator on 10 days' trial. *First*—It proves OUR confidence in the machine. *Second*—By personal use YOU can positively tell, before buying, whether it meets your requirements. Each machine contains 16 feet of duplicating surface which can be used over and over again. 100 copies from pen-written and 50 copies from typewritten original. Complete Duplicator, cap size, (prints 8¾ x 13 in.) $7.50 Take advantage of our trial offer.

FELIX E. DAUS DUPLICATOR CO., Daus Bldg., 112 John St., N.Y.



Rare Old Violins

If you are interested in knowing the specimens now available in the largest collection in America, write for our new list. Several unusual opportunities at the present time.

Prices from $50 to $10,000. Monthly Payments may be arranged.

LYON & HEALY, 23 E. Adams St., Chicago

What do you think of Lawson?

Is Lawson an honest man, or a faker? A sober-minded seeker after truth, or a mere hare-brained ranter? A benefactor, or a charlatan? Frank Fayant has collected a great mass of facts about Mr. Lawson. Many of them—obtained from Mr. Lawson himself—relate to his early life of obscurity and poverty, his rise to a position of wealth and molder of public opinion. They deal intimately with Mr. Lawson's record as a speculator, promoter, publicist, and reformer. Mr. Fayant lays these facts before you as an unprejudiced measure of Mr. Lawson's character and place in American life. The series of articles is entitled "The Real Lawson," and is freely illustrated with many heretofore unpublished portraits and interesting photographs.

Now Appearing in

Success Magazine

"In the public service" characterizes, perhaps, stronger than any other phrase, the editorial and business policy of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Its great influence and prestige, the principle upon which it was founded, together with its enormous working forces, are employed in the interest of the public. In fact, it has been, and is to-day, a powerful dynamo, transmitting a mighty force that is deadly to all evil and helpful to all that is good in Amercan life. This, with the great array of good, wholesome fiction and humor, makes it one of the most interesting periodicals.

10 cents
1.00 a year

The Uprising of the Many

most of which was published in "Everybody's Magazine" under the title of "Soldiers of the Common Good."

By CHARLES E. RUSSELL

The result of Mr. Russell's investigations into trusts, railroads, and corporations in every part of the world.

"Mr. Russell's book is one to spur men onward . . . Every bit of information holds a lesson for the reader—a lesson and inspiration to keep moving."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

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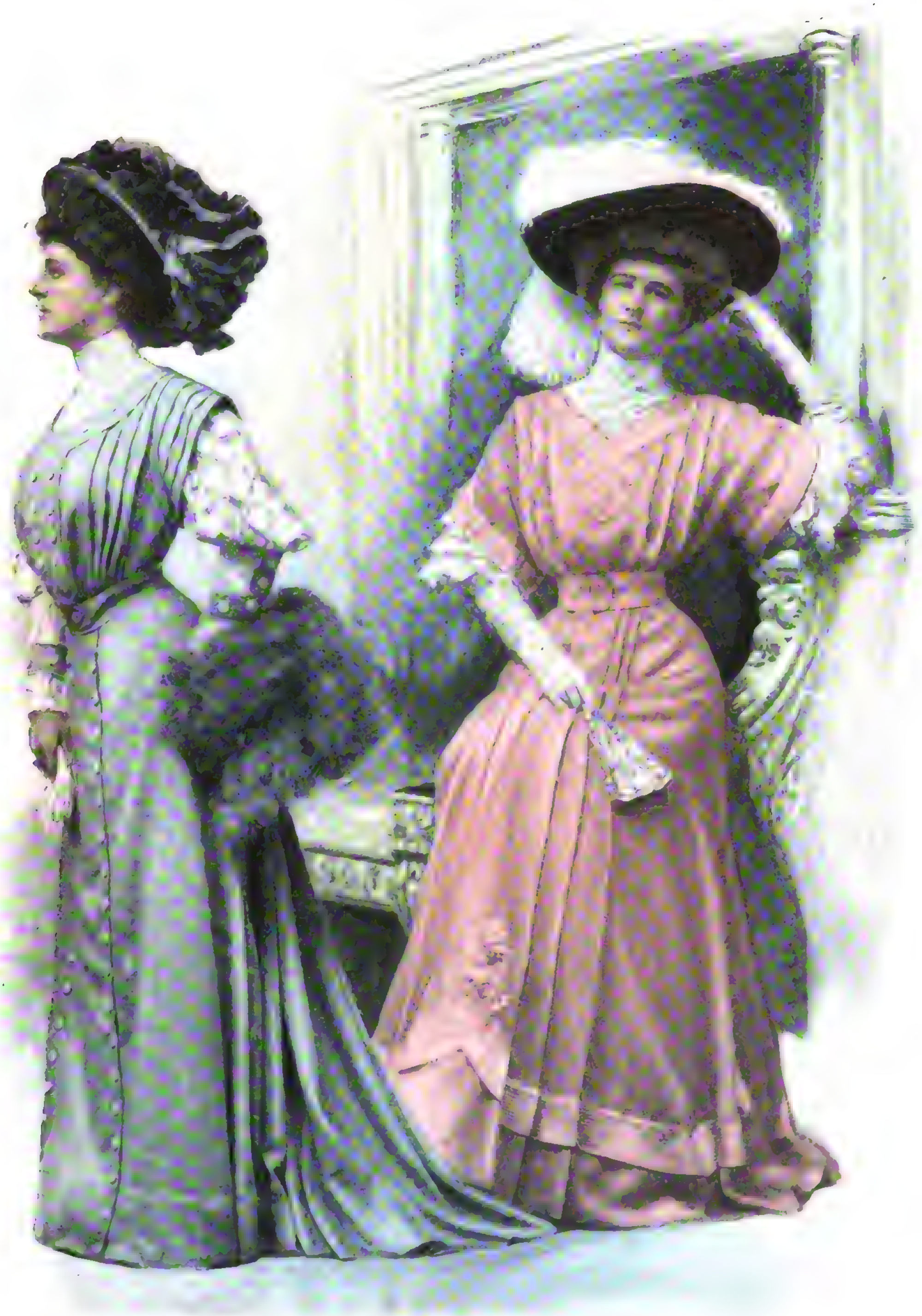

TWO BUTTERICK DESIGNS FROM THE DECEMBER NUMBER OF

THE DELINEATOR

ARE A HUNDRED OTHERS

SEE THE REVERSE SIDE

To America's Good Women:

With the November Delineator we started the "CHILD RESCUE CAMPAIGN"—the bringing into the home that needs a child the child that needs a home. There are 25,000 children in New York alone who do not know what Home means; there are 2,000,000 homes in America that do not know the joys that children bring. In the December issue are shown the second two, little, homeless children we are asking the great American womanhood to take into its heart.

We are proud of this December issue. It contains many notable features: "What Christmas Means To Me," a symposium by Edwin Markham, Madame Schumann-Heink, Eva Booth and the Rev. Charles F. Aked. It tells "How Santa Claus Comes to the Rich" with toys of fabulous price, and of "Christmas in Strange Places." Besides, it gives a generous list of fiction by well-known writers, Zona Gale, Owen Oliver, Ellis Parker Butler, Jean Dwight Franklin, Edith Fullerton Scott and Eloise Lee Sherman.

In fact we are proud of our record for the year. We have, of course, maintained our position as the greatest fashion authority in the world. This is acknowledged, and of it we presumably should be proud, as any one would be proud of leadership in anything. But, like most human beings who attain a recognized position, it is not on that position our pride rests.

During this past year we have given our readers some of the finest recent literature, for instance: the letters of Fräulein Schmidt to Mr. Anstruther, by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and "The Chauffeur and the Chaperon" by the Williamsons. We have had contributions from some of the most famous people in the country: Hon. David J. Brewer, Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court; Cardinal Gibbons; Richard Le Gallienne; Ella Wheeler Wilcox; Newell Dwight Hillis, the great divine; Agnes and Egerton Castle; Anthony Hope; David Belasco; Ida M. Tarbell; Judge Henry E. Shute; Carolyn Wells; Ellis Parker Butler; Lida Churchill; Edgar Saltus; Tom Masson; Gelett Burgess; Grace MacGowan Cooke; Lillian Bell, and a number of other writers. But it is not of these things we are the proudest.

The Child Rescue Campaign,—the homeless child, the childless homes—the bringing of these little ones into the homes where little ones are needed; this movement is of our pride and of our heart. Will you make it of your heart? Will you give us such assistance as you can?

THE DELINEATOR,

Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

"Retained when all other foods are rejected."

BENGER'S

For INFANTS
INVALIDS
And the AGED

When the Stomach Fails

in its important duties, milk is the first thought, as an easily digestible, nourishing food. But cow's milk, alone and unmodified, can never meet the demands of the body more than temporarily. It is always desirable to improve its digestibility and supplement its nutritive value.

This is the particular function of Benger's Food, which—through the exercise of its active, digestive properties—greatly increases the digestibility of the milk to which it is added, and, at the same time, properly supplies the additional constituents that are always needed to make a complete well-balanced food.

Benger's Food can be easily digested when other foods overtax the stomach, and its use assures vitality and strength when other forms of nourishment prove useless if not harmful.

TRY BENGER'S FOOD FOR YOURSELF AND BE CONVINCED

SAMPLE TIN SENT FREE ON REQUEST

Write to-day

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Dept. C, 78 Hudson Street, N. Y. City

LAMONT, CORLISS & COMPANY
Sole Importers

FOOD

Two Years of Classified Advertising

THIS—the Christmas Number—marks the close of the second year of Classified Advertising in Everybody's Magazine.

During these two years we have introduced to the magazine-reading public many new advertisers.

Those advertisers who have had the privilege of making their initial appearance in Everybody's have begun with a prestige that is of value to them, for he who thinks that all that is necessary to secure an entrance into Everybody's Classified Columns is $10, errs in his reckoning; a view of the large number of check stubs in our office, indorsed "Refund—account unacceptable copy," would promptly dissipate any such impression.

Were we to let down the bars there would be almost no limit to the size of this Department. Even now, in the face of our widely promulgated rule—No Stocks, No Mines, No Medical Notices, No Extravagant Claims, No Get-Rich-Quick Schemes of any kind—we are compelled to refuse, on an average, each month more than two pages.

Our restrictions have brought upon us argument after argument from advertisers who have rebelled at our ruling. Our consistency has repeatedly deprived our columns of advertising which, by "straining a point," we might have accepted without fear of criticism.

"Eternal vigilance is the price" of clean columns. And yet, in spite of our efforts, it is possible that occasionally an advertisement bearing the "ear marks" of good faith may conceal a hypocritical motive.

Fully alive to this possibility we have, from the very beginning, headed Everybody's Classified Department with these words:

"AS WE CANNOT KNOW EACH ADVERTISER PERSONALLY, WE REQUEST THE ASSISTANCE OF OUR READERS IN EXCLUDING FROM THESE COLUMNS ANYTHING QUESTIONABLE."

So that, should a "wolf in sheep's clothing" succeed in sneaking into the fold, he would be promptly stripped of his disguise and unceremoniously ejected.

On the other hand, it is a pleasure to know that the class of people who read Everybody's has such strong attractions for that class of advertisers who seek business legitimately.

We thoroughly appreciate the confidence our readers have shown in us through the patronage they have given our Classified Advertisers. That they have given this patronage liberally is proved, not only by the continued appearance of the advertisers in our columns, but by hundreds of testimonial letters from them.

None the less do we appreciate the confidence of our advertisers, and especially of those veterans who began with us and are still marching strong in the ranks.

To our readers and advertisers, one and all, we extend our Heartiest Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

❦

Forms for January—the New Year's Number—are scheduled to close November 30th. Indications are that the year 1908 will be a banner year in American prosperity.

Many a profitable advertisement has been written in a little space. Don't imagine because you cannot show your picture, or a cut of what you have to sell, no one is going to read your Classified Advertisement. People don't read Classified Advertisements because they look pretty. And that is really one of the best features of Classified Advertising. The bid is not made to the eye, but to the mind. The offering is the attraction.

Try a few lines of "straight truth," without flourishes, aimed directly at the mark.

10% discount for six insertions; see coupon.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
31 EAST 17th ST., NEW YORK ____________190___

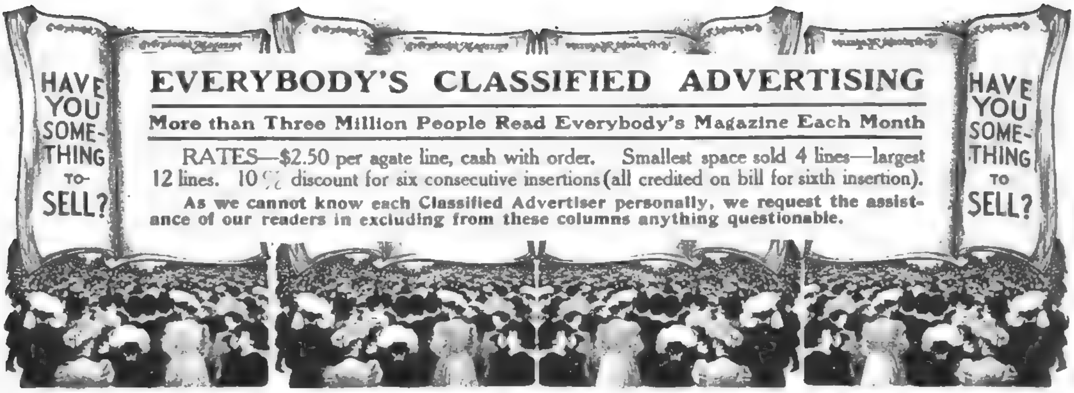
Enter my order for ________ lines space, six consecutive times, in the Classified columns of Everybody's Magazine, and run attached copy until I authorize you to change it. Enclosed find $________ in payment for first insertion. It is understood that I may change copy monthly, if desired, without extra charge. On the bill for the sixth consecutive insertion I am to be credited with a discount equal to 10% of the total charge for the six consecutive insertions. All payments are due monthly in advance.

Very truly yours,

____

Address ____________________

Rate, $2.50 per line. Smallest space sold 4 lines—largest 12 lines. Allow about 8 words of medium length to the line.


HAVE YOU SOME-THING TO SELL?
HAVE YOU SOME-THING TO SELL?

EVERYBODY'S CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

More than Three Million People Read Everybody's Magazine Each Month

RATES—$2.50 per agate line, cash with order. Smallest space sold 4 lines—largest 12 lines. 10 % discount for six consecutive insertions (all credited on bill for sixth insertion).

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable.

REAL ESTATE

ARKANSAS

THE POOR MAN'S PARADISE. $175 gives you a warranty deed to a tract of land and a home that will produce $2,500 a year for life; highly recommended by the U. S. Gov. agriculture and soil reports; write for our pictures, testimonial letter and government reports. 101 Nat. Ger. Am. Bnk. Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

CALIFORNIA

BRIGHTON BEACH, San Francisco's most attractive and unusual opportunity for investors; handled through California's most prominent trust company; free booklet and prospectus on application. P. T. Hannigan & Company, 20 Fifth Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA FOR 10c. Reliable information about California; invaluable to homeseekers. Subscribers' inquiries answered free. 6 months' trial, 10c. Western Empire Magazine, 225 Times Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

I AM MAKING MONEY for clients all over the country in Los Angeles Real Estate. What I am doing for others I can do for you. By my plan you can buy fine Residence Lots within 20 minutes of the business center for $15.00 a month. It doesn't take Los Angeles Lots long to double in value—if bought the Briggs way. Write for my references, prospectus, maps and plan. Briggs of Los Angeles, 506 Collins Bldg.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, the most progressive city on the Pacific Coast. Southern California is the ideal Summer and Winter Resort of the world. Information for 5c. postage. Dept. G. Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

SUNNY SAN DIEGO, THE MOST RAPIDLY developing city on the Coast, presents the investment opportunity of a lifetime. For $5 a month we offer a limited number of beautiful marine-view lots in the close-in suburbs. A square, safe proposition from thoroughly reliable people. Southern California's finest climate. Illustrated booklet free. Act promptly. J. Frank Cullen & Co., San Diego, Cal.

CALIFORNIA LAND $1.00 ACRE. Balance entire purchase $1.00 week for each 5 acres. No taxes. No interest. 5 acre tracts. Level, rich, clear. Ready to plow. Under irrigation. Perpetual water right. Immediate possession given. Particulars, Maps, Photographs for 2c stamp. Stevinson Colony, Room 21, 703 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

COLORADO

COLORADO IRRIGATED LAND yields biggest profits; bargains in farm land, garden tracts; potato and sugar beet land; big crop each year; cash market for all produce; near Denver. Dreier & Tucker, 608 Exchange Bldg., Denver, Colo.

IRRIGATED FRUIT AND GRAIN LANDS in S. W. Colorado offer rare opportunities for homeseekers and investors. Ideal climate. Rich soil. Phenomenal harvests. Reliable water. Prices low. Rapid development. Profits a certainty. Investigate. The Frank Eldredge Inv. Co., Durango, Colo.

DELAWARE

DELAWARE FARMS FOR SALE. Special bargains, fruit, truck, poultry, stock, grain farms, healthy climate, good markets, soil unsurpassed. Catalogue free, gives full descriptions. G. Chester Marshall, Milford, Delaware.

ILLINOIS

WE WILL PAY CASH for Chicago real estate either improved or unimproved. If you have Chicago property you wish to sell quick, write full particulars. We Buy. C. C. Mitchell & Co., 115 Dearborn St., Chicago.

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. For information and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid, or Investor address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort.

MONEY IN FLORIDA FARM AND FRUIT LANDS. We have hundreds of tracts of the choicest truck lands in Florida. Easy terms, small monthly payments. Write today for full information. Jacksonville Development Company, Jacksonville, Fla.

WHY LIVE NORTH? Freeze to death in winter. Die of sunstroke in summer. Long life at Jacksonville, the New York of the South. Don't scatter in wild southern towns. 5 acres, $250. Free maps. Half Million Club. C. L. Bonney, Sec.

FLORIDA. Why not spend the winter in Florida? Houses to rent, Boarding house rates, Real Estate bargains, Orange groves, etc. Copy weekly paper, Hunting, Fishing, any information. Write J. S. Crosby, San Mateo, Florida.

INDIANA

GARY, THE COMING STEEL CITY of the World. Over One Hundred Million Dollars in Steel Mills. Write for prices on Lots, Blocks and Acres. The Big Three Real Estate Co., Gary, Ind.

KANSAS

FOR SALE.—500 farms, stock ranches and timber lands, fruit farms, Kansas, Missouri. Write for free lists giving description, location and prices. F. H. Humphrey, Fort Scott, Kansas.

MASSACHUSETTS

$1 PER WEEK for 10 weeks will pay in full for 2,500 feet of high and dry land, 30 minutes from Boston, near depot and electrics, title guaranteed. Carlson & Porter, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

FOR PROFIT AND SAFETY invest your money near a great and growing city. We sell building lots in Boston's suburbs at $25 each and upwards. Boston Suburban Land Co., Dept. A., 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

MICHIGAN

FINE RESIDENCE CITY lots in any Michigan City. $1.00 down and 50c. a week. No taxes. No interest. No payments when sick. Perfect title, warranty deed and abstract. Write for illustrated booklet. Richard H. Post, Holland, Michigan.

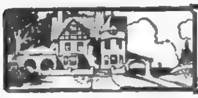
PENNSYLVANIA

BUY A FARM IN PENNSYLVANIA, New Jersey, or Delaware. Best States for profitable farming; farm lands my specialty—sold and bought; write for particulars. Raymond C. Frick, 1102 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

TEXAS

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES Pictured in our booklet of North Texas farm lands now selling rapidly at $30 per acre. Mailed free. Address Texas Farm Land Co., 277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL FARMS AND RANCHES, low prices and easy terms. In Western Texas where men make good. One dollar per acre cash, balance ten years' time. Write to The Halle Land Company, Brady, McCulloch County, Texas.



REAL ESTATE—Continued

TEXAS

LAND IN THE RAYMONDVILLE DISTRICT—Heart of Texas Gulf Coast Country—Offers greater opportunities for profit than any other locality in America. Best climate. Soil and Water; Schools and Churches. Cash or monthly payments. Booklet Free, E. B. Fletcher, Monadnock Block, Chicago.

$2.00 PER WEEK BUYS "A PARADISE FARM," Texarkana, Tex.-Ark. The garden of the South-land, the most famous fruit and garden belt in the United States. It will give you an income of $2,500 per year for life. Highly recommended by the U. S. Agricultural reports. Terms $10.00 down and $2.00 per week. Write, British American Land and Inv., 101-102 Ger. Am. Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

WASHINGTON

CAN YOU SPARE $10.00 A MONTH? Don't spend it. Become a Property Owner in Seattle, the most rapidly growing city in the United States. Your money will double in a short time. Let me show you how you can make money as well as the Capitalist. It costs only a postal for full particulars. James A. Gorman, 1016 American Bank Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

CANADA

MONEY IN mixed farming in Western New Brunswick, Canada, along line of C. P. and G. T. P. Railways. Finest land in the world. Improved farms. Low prices. Easy terms. Write for information. Winslow & Co., Woodstock, N.B., Can.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Wholesale and retail agricultural and stock-raising lands in the famous Bulkley and Nechaco Valleys—along the line of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Survey. Surrounded by mountains containing immense coal and other mineral deposits, development of which guarantees local market for years. Fine Climate—best of soil. Write for descriptive literature and maps. Kent Realty & Investment Corp., 213 Ry. Exch. Bldg., Chicago, Ill., 410 Manhattan Bldg., St. Paul, Minn., 14 Jones Bldg., Vancouver, B. C., Grand Forks, N. D. Write to nearest office.

CUBA

MOST ATTRACTIVE CUBA LAND OFFER; heart of famous tobacco and orange section. Values doubled last two years; redouble many times next ten years; our new proposition—250 acres oranges, etc., given free to next 500 buyers—Profit Sharing Gold Bond, value $100; given free with each five acres. Profits should equal entire first cost of land. On railroad—to New York 75 hours—New Orleans 39 hours. No clearing. No taxes. Book proving immense possibilities and great progress made by Americans, mailed upon request. United Newspapers Association, 1170 Broadway, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

BUSINESS WANTED—I CAN SELL ANY BUSINESS, Farm or Real Estate that is salable, no matter where located. I reach the people who buy. A trial will convince you. Established 1881. If you want to buy or sell, address, Frank P. Cleveland, Real Estate Broker, 1312 Adams Express Building, Chicago, Illinois.

WANTED: Unimproved land or lots in exchange for my interest in a reliable industrial corporation. Describe what you have and state value. Address, Mrs. M. A. Pound, Mechanicsville, Iowa.

CASH for your real estate or business no matter where located. If you want to sell, send description and price. If you want to buy, state your wants. Northwestern Business Agency, 334 Bank of Commerce Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF REAL ESTATE Instruction. Learn how to buy and sell real estate. We teach by mail how to become a successful real estate broker. Our course is under the direction of experts and has received endorsements of the highest character. "The best investment I ever made,"—"Worth many times its cost" are the frequent assurances of our subscribers. Write for free book. United States Real Estate Institute, 200 Broadway, New York.

5,000 MONEY-MAKING FARMS FOR SALE, 5 to 500 acres, $5 to $100 an acre; 14 States; Buyer's R.R. Fare paid up to 1,000 miles. Please write what State you wish to know about. Illustrated "List No. 19," describing improved, productive farms with reliable information of products, markets, climate, etc. mailed free by Dept. 80, E. A. Strout Co., 150 Nassau St., New York.

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PATENT YOUR IDEAS. $100,000 OFFERED FOR one invention; $8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 15 years. Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attys., 911 F St., Washington, D. C.

A CHEMIST CAN TELL YOU if the material is valuable, what it is made of and Solve Manufacturing Problems. Experienced Chemists, Mariner & Hoskins, 81 Clark St., Chicago.

NEW INVENTION DESIGNED, perfected, made meritorious and salable. Find parties to manufacture or finance. Examinations and reports on merits and value. Make drawings, etc. Add. Dept. E, Industrial News Bureau, Ithaca, N.Y.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS. SEND FOR MY FREE Book "How-To-Get-Them." Use Your Eyes and Brain. Invent something useful. Then send description for my free opinion as to its patentability. Advice free. Joshua R. H. Potts, Lawyer, 306 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.; 80 Dearborn St., Chicago; 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

COLLECTION AGENCIES

NO CHARGE UNLESS WE COLLECT. We have bonded attorneys everywhere to collect claims. Send us your claims, we'll get the money. Legal matters attended to. Collins, Cleland & Co., 363 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

ARCHITECTS AND BUILDING

DON'T USE WOOD PLUGS. Fastenings to brick, stone, marble, tile and concreting are made nowadays by men who know, with Star Expansion Bolts and Star Screw Anchors. Write for Catalog, samples, and name of nearest dealer. Star Expansion Bolt Co., Bayonne, N. J.

YOU CAN FIND OUT MUCH OF INTEREST about buildings of all styles by ordering our standard books, viz.: Modern Dwellings, $1.50; Supplement, with fine dwellings and public buildings, $1.00; American Homes, with barns, $1.00; Cottages, 50c; all for $3.00. Send check. Money refunded if not satisfied. Also first-class plans furnished. Barber & Kluttz, Architects, Knoxville, Tenn., Box F.

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MONUMENTS

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR THE BEST in art memorials in all kinds of granite and marble at manufacturer's cost, write The Temple Bros., Rutland, Vt. We can interest you. Reference, Rutland County Nat'l Bank.

This Department is indexed. Turn to page 3.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS under Arizona Laws. No annual tax. No public statements. Members exempt from corporate debts. Stock non-assessable. Capitalization does not affect cost. Cost small. Particulars and laws free. Southwestern Securities and Invest. Co., Box. B488, Phoenix, Ariz.

WHOLESALERS AND JOBBERS in dry goods, clothing, shoes, drugs, stationery, will learn of great opportunities at the best distributing point on the Pacific Coast by addressing the Chamber of Commerce, Stockton, California.

BE INDEPENDENT. START A MAIL ORDER business in your own home. We tell you how, and furnish everything needed wholesale. An honorable and profitable business for man or woman. Particulars free. Many make $3,000 a year. Murphy Mfg. Co., So. Norwalk, Conn. Nov. Dept.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS.—Many make $2,000 a year. You have same chance. Start a Mail-Order Business at home. We tell you how. Very good profits. Expert advice; everything furnished. No small, cheap catalog proposition. Write at once for "Starter" and free particulars. E. D. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

MAILING LISTS FOR SALE. We have every class of business in the United States classified, also Mail Order Buyers. We prepare Imitation Typewritten Letters. We have 50,000 Agents and Canvassers addresses; 1,000,000 Farmers; 200,000 Ladies names. Ask for Price List No. 24, it gives the number in and price of each list. Our Catalogue gives number in each line in each State, both free. Trade Circular Addressing Co., 123 South Clark St., Chicago.

GREAT OPPORTUNITY—Selling goods by mail; improved plan, new catalogue listing high-class merchandise. If you can invest $25 to $100, write us, we will show you an easy way. Milburn-Hicks, 707 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NO BETTER SIDE LINE ANYWHERE, Exclusive territory. Send 25c. for sample, prepaid. Prospects furnished. Write to-day. Universal Adding Machine Co., 87 E. Lake St., Chicago. Ill.

I WANT 1 or 2 high class men in each estate to give my proposition a thorough trial, contemplating opening office if satisfied. I manufacture a store necessity. Sells for $50 to $1,000. Ref. 1st Nat'l Bank, Chicago. M. W. Pitner, 183–189 Lake St., Chicago.

$50.00 WEEKLY AND INDEPENDENCE. 100 of our machines for vending salted peanuts yield $7.00 daily profit; any size investment. Hilo Gum Co. (Inc.), Dept. R, 49 So. Union St., Chicago.

A PERMANENT PROFITABLE BUSINESS open to one good representative in every town. Little time necessary. Our vending machines sell H. O. Wilbur & Sons highest grade chocolate, Tropico Chewing Gum and Chiclets. Exceptional opportunity. National Vending Machine Co., 32 S. Canal St., Chicago.

START A MAIL ORDER PICTURE BUSINESS. Enormous profits. I started 3 yrs. ago with 80c. advertisement. Today I operate largest retail mail order picture business in U. S., spending over $1,000 monthly for advertising. Let me start you. I furnish everything. Only few dollars required. Fred Armstrong, President, Gordon Art Co., Chicago.

BIG MONEY MADE MAKING CONCRETE BLOCKS. The Pettyjohn equipment is best. Write sure now for particulars. Pettyjohn Co., 696 N. 6th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

MAKE SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS a year right in your own locality. I start ambitious men in Collection Agency Business without Capital. Write for Free Booklet explaining plan. L. M. Whitney, Pres. Whitney Law Corporation, 98 William St., New Bedford, Mass.

WE WANT ENERGETIC SALESMEN EVERYWHERE to handle the new "Model" Safety Razor. Fifty Cents, including 7 blades. Quick sales. Big profits. Send Half-Dollar for Sample. Novitas Mfg. Co., 148 High St., Waltham, Mass.

BUILD A $5,000 Business in two years. We start you in the collection business. No capital needed, big field. We teach secrets of collecting money, refer business to you. Write today for free pointers and new plan. American Collection Service, 18 State Detroit, Mich.

FRESH MUSHROOMS profitably grown at home for the market. "Lambert's Pure Culture Spawn" is sold through dealers, but a sample brick, enough for a small bed, together with complete illustrated book on "Mushroom Culture," will be mailed upon receipt of 40 cents in postage. American Spawn Co., Dept. 3, St. Paul, Minn.

START MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS—Sell goods by mail, cash orders, big profits. Conducted by anyone anywhere; Our plan positively successful. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Write for Free Book "How to Make Money in Mail-Order Business." Central Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.

GO INTO THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS. Earn $5,000 yearly. We will teach you this profitable business by mail; appoint you agent of our Company in your town, and assist you to establish a splendid paying business of your own without capital. Write today for Free Booklet. Central Real Estate Co., 750 K. C. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$1,000 AT DEATH; weekly benefit $5, and our system of registration and identification with black seal wallet, all for $2 per year. Agents wanted. German Registry Co., 936 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

PATCHES OF TIMBER turned into big profits by our portable Beltless combined saw mill and engine. Small capital required. Glean your county for bargains in timber, Lumber prices rising. Wm. Bartley & Sons, Bartley, N. J., U. S. A.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS at home. By our method you can clear several thousand dollars a year on very small capital. We furnish printing, goods, etc., at low prices. Rejuveno Company, 1653 Wash. St., St. Louis, Mo.

RARE CHANCE FOR INVESTMENT. Brick Store and four flats. All improvements, Steam Heated. County Seat. All rented. Price $15,000. D. N. Messler, Somerville, N. J.

WE START YOU IN A PERMANENT BUSINESS with us and furnish everything. Full course of instructions free. We are manufacturers and have a new plan in the mail order line. Large profits. Small capital. You pay us in three months and make big profit. References given. Pease Mfg. Co., 233 Pease Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

I MADE $50,000 in five years in the mail order business; began with $5. Anyone can do the work in spare time. Send for free booklet; tells how to get started. Manager, Box 570, Lockport, N. Y.

THOUSANDS OWN GOOD PATENTS on which they often never realize a dollar. Let me sell your patent at a satisfactory price. I sell patents exclusively; United States or Foreign. J. Wetzler, 1123G Broadway.

LIMIT YOUR LIABILITY, protect your home and personal assets, by Incorporating Your Business. Companies organized, any State, lowest rates; New York, $36, including all expenses; can do business anywhere. We prepare all papers, minutes, by-laws, agreements, furnish supplies, simple forms for future guidance. Booklet, "Advantages and Cost of Incorporating," mailed free. Association of Registered Attorneys, 81 Nassau St., New York.

$1,000.00 FOR SIX MONTHS' WORK—Some of our agents make more than $1,000.00. Many make $500.00 and over—while others devoting their spare time to soliciting make anywhere from $50.00 to $300.00 and $400.00 according to their ability, and to the time, effort and enthusiasm which they put into the work. But the beauty of our proposition is this: It leads to something permanent and a larger income with each succeeding year. For particulars write to-day to Subscription Department, Everybody's Magazine, New York.

WRITE us today for free copy of Opportunities describing hundreds of positions now open. Service strictly confidential. Offices in 12 cities. Hapgoods, 305–307 B'dway, N. Y.

PATENTED KEROSENE INCANDESCENT BURNER. 70 candle power; used on any lamp; saves 50% Kerosene. Ready seller everywhere. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars. F. C. Gottschalk, 265 Broadway, N. Y. City

FINANCING AN ENTERPRISE. Practical 500 page book by Francis Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. The only successful work on promotion. Endorsed by business men all over country. Two volumes, buckram binding, prepaid $4. Pamphlet and list of business books free. Ronald Press, 228 Broadway, New York.

LET ME SELL YOUR PATENT. My Book explaining how mailed free. 16 years' experience. Patent sales exclusively. Call or write William E. Hoyt, Patent Sales Specialist 290 (V) Broadway, New York City.

I BUY LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES. Guarantee more cash than company. Get my price or advice on your policy or equity before you let it go. Circulars free. Wm. E. Rhodes, Life Ins. Lawyer, 1526 Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

"BELIEVE ME," Our representatives make $60 to $100 weekly. You can do as well Selling our $1,000 and $2,000 Accident Identification Contracts at $1 and $5 per year. A dignified business. Write The Federal I. & I. Co., Columbus, Ohio.

BIG MONEY in any locality operating our combined Mintalets and Crystalets Vending Machines. New Idea, strictly legitimate. Permanent business. Sole manufacturers and distributers. Crystal Vending Co., E. Monypeny Blk., Columbus, O.

CORBIN'S BUSINESS BOOK tells how to start any kind of mail-order or agency business without capital; many new, novel money-making plans; 1,500 suggestions; $2 prepaid; money back if not more than satisfactory; circular free. Hollis Corbin, 1344 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CIGARS. WE WANT A man in every county to handle our goods. Experience not necessary. Under our plan a splendid opportunity for making money is presented. Clark & Headley, manufacturers, 132 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW CIVIL SERVICE Book gives complete $35 special course and instructions as required by U. S. Government. Information is official and covers rules and methods of Civil Service Commission. Gives full information on all branches, list of positions and salaries paid. Handsomely printed and cloth bound. Sent prepaid upon receipt of $1. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Circular mailed free. Special terms to agents. R. W. Hutton, Pub., Philadelphia, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES—Continued

ACCIDENT INSURANCE. Policy $1 year pays $1,000 death, loss hands or feet. $5 weekly loss time. $1,000 H. & A., $1,500 and $2,000 Special $3. No assessment. Duquesne Registry Co., 310 Ferguson Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

MAKE $200 AND UPWARD MONTHLY. If you have spare time and a little cash write today for Book J. We will teach you thoroughly by mail, advertising, salesmanship and mail order business; assist you in business and help make you prosperous. Mail Order Lyceum, Scranton, Pa.

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS! South Dakota offers more advantages and at less expense than any other State. Blanks and particulars free. S. D. Corporation Charter Co., Hyde Block, Pierre, S. D.

$2,600 A YEAR, EASY WORK. 75 of our Salted Peanut Vending Machines will net $50 weekly. Automatic. Exclusive territory. Indestructible. Faust Maier Co., 29 Martin St., Milwaukee, Wis.

BONDS AND MORTGAGES

$1,000 IN BANK AT 3% pays $15 every 6 mos. My $1,000 mortgages at 8% pay $40 every 6 mos. I furnish absolute security and guarantee as good as any bank. Write for information. J. E. Bennett, 1724 3d Ave., Birmingham, Ala.

FOR SALE—Bonds—A limited amount of Industrial Bonds payable in Gold, which we recommend as Safe and which will net 9%. Ravenswood Exchange Bank, Trustee, Dept. A, Ravenswood Station, Chicago, Ill.

6% NET OBTAINED FOR YOU ON ANY AMOUNT above $1,000, secured by first mortgage on improved city real estate. The mortgage made payable to you and prompt payment of principle and interest are further guaranteed from our funds. Bank references. California Properties Limited, 1700 Call Building, San Francisco, Cal.

WE OFFER no speculative scheme but if you have $100 or more to invest at 8% on security 3 to 1, address "Hardware," Box 10, Pelham, Ga.

LITERARY—BOOKS—PERIODICALS FOREIGN ART—AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

"ONE OF THE PEOPLE." (H. E. Hayes, Hackensack, N. J.) 382 P. Postpaid $1.50. Better than any novel. Young and old are interested. Not a dull line. Send to B. B. Porter, Colton, California, or Hayes as above.

TO AUTHORS: I secured over $20,000.00 royalty in one year for one author. I sold one MS. for $15,000.00. I may be able to help you. Send for my plan. It is free. Henry Neil, Promoter for Authors, 323 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE VALUE OF SINCERITY AND CHARACTER. Mary M. Barrows, Editor, Introduction by T.W. Higginson. 2 colors, uniform with Value of Friendship, etc. Cloth $1.50. Ooze leather, $2.50. Send for catalog. H. M. Caldwell Co., Pub., Boston.

OLD MASTERS COMPLETE: I Raffael, 202 ill. $1.80.—II Rembrandt 405 ill. $3.—III Tizian 230 ill. $1.80.—IV Duerer 447 ill. $3.00.—V Rubens 551 ill. $3.60.—VI Velasquez 146 ill. $1.80.—bound 10 x 8. C. A. Koehler & Co., Boston, Mass.

FOR ONE DOLLAR we mail from the Humboldt Library of Science 7 complete books by 7 famous authors on 7 different subjects. Would cost 7 dollars elsewhere. 20th Century Publishing Co., 2 West 16th St., New York.

WANTED: Autograph Letters of famous persons; highest prices paid. Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City. Letters sold. Send for our price lists.

WRITING-TO-ORDER. REVISION. DISPOSAL. Lectures, speeches, papers, orations prepared. Novels, plays, stories, poems, etc., perfected, criticised, type-copied, placed on commission. Booklet. Authors' Revision Bureau, 2400-7th Ave., N. Y.

OFFICE EQUIPMENT—FACTORY SUPPLIES—TYPEWRITERS

TYPEWRITERS—THE POSTAL TYPEWRITER, Model No. 5, $30; Model No. 3, $25; Only real typewriter at a low price. Combines universal keyboard, strong manifolding, mimeograph stencil cutting, visible writing, interchangeable types, prints from ribbon, Imperfect alignment impossible. Will stand hard wear. Why purchase a worn out, rebuilt or second-hand machine, when you can buy a new machine for $25, with the same guarantee furnished with the $100 machines. Agents Wanted. Address Postal Typewriter Co. Dept., 10, Norwalk, Conn.

TYPEWRITERS, GOOD AS NEW, AT SAVING OF 50%; biggest bargains ever offered. 500 Smith Premiers at prices never before quoted. Machines shipped on approval for trial. We rent all makes at $3.00 per month, allowing rental on purchase price. Remingtons $20 to $60, Smith Premiers $25 to $55, Olivers $35 to $50, others $15 to $35. Send for catalogue and special bargain sheet. Write at once. Rockwell-Barnes Co., 1115 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WHY DON'T YOU BUY a time-saving, brain-resting "Locke Adder?" Rapid, accurate, simple, durable. Capacity, 999,999,999. Price only $5.00. Booklet Free. C. E. Locke Mfg. Co., 27 C St., Kensett, Iowa, U. S. A.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY SALE—We will send you a "time saving" Franklin Typewriter guaranteed in perfect condition for $10. Especially useful to those doing their own work. Send for bargain list. Cutter Tower Co., Boston, Mass.

TYPEWRITERS. Genuine bargains in high grade typewriters; $6 to $65; cash or monthly payments; machines fully guaranteed. Bank reference. Send for free catalog and bargain list. L. J. Peabody, 113 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

REBUILT TYPEWRITERS all makes $25 up. We sell reliable machines only. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Send for catalogue. Model Typewriter Inspection Co. (Massachusetts Corporation), 198 & 200 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

STANDARD CASH REGISTERS, $38.50. Guaranteed for three years. 25 keys. Detail Adders. Handsome, Simple, Accurate, Durable. Over 3,000 in use giving universal Satisfaction. Three Sizes. Standard Cash Register Co., Detroit, Mich.

TYPEWRITER BARGAINS.—All makes ¼ to ½ price. Lambert $5. Hammonds $12. Remingtons $15 up. Smiths $22 up. Get illustrated catalogue and bargain list. Minnesota Typewriter Exch., 317 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

WE HAVE A FINE STOCK of used typewriters for sale or rent at 20% to 50% of the new price. Send for "Special Price List." We ship on five days' trial. Kansas City Typewriter Exchange, 8th and Central Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

McLAUGHLIN TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE. All standard Makes, $15 to $65. Most of them but slightly used. Shipped on approval. Don't buy before writing us. No better bargains can be offered. 11th and Pine Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

THEY LOOK new—they work like new. No. 6 Remingtons, No. 2 Smith Premiers, $30. Year's guarantee. All makes thoroughly rebuilt $10 upward. Standard Typewriter Exch., 23 Park Row, New York.

THE SUN TYPEWRITER MARKS AN EPOCH in the writing machine business. If you do not know about it, write for information and trial offer. Sun Typewriter Company, 317 Broadway, New York City.

SLAUGHTER SALE: Bargains never equaled; high grade standard typewriters, rebuilt, $15 to $40; sent allowing trial; send immediately for price list. Consolidated Typewriter Ex., 243 Broadway, N. Y. Est. 1881. Reliable.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in Typewriters we can tell you how to save 25% to 75%. All makes, Sold, Rented, and Repaired. Write us for particulars. American Writing Machine Company, 345 Broadway, New York.

BEST TYPEWRITERS, Remington No. 2, Densmore, Jewett, Williams, $15.00; Remington No. 6, Smith Premier, Oliver, Underwood, $35.00 up; others, $10.00 to $60.00. Write for catalogue "B." Eagle Typewriter Co., 237 Broadway, N.Y.

TYPEWRITERS: Send for Bargain List No. 13. All makes rebuilt. Special offer: No. 2 Remington $17.50 rebuilt. Positively lowest prices. No misrepresentation. Shipped anywhere. Liberty Typewriter Co., 911 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

This Department is indexed. Turn to page 3.

HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, ETC.

WHOLESALE FROM THE FARM: California Ostrich Plume Co., 319 W. Third St., Los Angeles, Cal. Ladies can make big money selling Ostrich plumes. Write for samples black, white or colored.

MEN AND BOYS TO LEARN PLUMBING, Bricklaying, Plastering, and Electrical Trades. Positions secured. Free catalogue. Coyne Trade Schools, 236 Tenth Avenue, New York & San Francisco.

WANTED:—AGENTS IN EVERY SHOP IN THE world to sell Vanco hand soap. Send ten cents for full size can and particulars. Some agents make $50.00 per month in addition to regular work. Address The J. T. Robertson Co., Manchester, Conn. (Dept. E)

PHOTO PILLOW TOPS PORTRAITS, Frames, Sheet Pictures, etc. at lowest prices, 30 days credit. Catalogue and Samples free. Rejects credited. Work the year round. Experience unnecessary. Bailey Co., 81 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—We have new fast seller, Grab's Keyless Basket Bank. 44,000 sold in two towns in 60 days. Big profit, unlimited demand. Victor M. Grab & Co., 1155 Ashland Block, Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE 500% profit, and $5.00 per day. Easy selling our Novelty Signs and Gold and Silver Sign letters. Catalogue free. Send 25c. for Agent's Outfit and deal direct with Manufacturers. M. O. Sign Co., 4737 State St., Chicago.

AGENTS—Men or women, make $150 Monthly sure, selling No-Sew Hooks and eyes, Simple, quick, strong, 2 doz. 10c. 50 other fast sellers. Write for territory, special offer and catalog free. B. Miller & Co., 2066 Kenmore Ave., Chicago.

MEN AND WOMEN, make 100% profit, selling our Fancy Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes, etc. Best selling line on the market. Write for Catalog of Premiums and particulars. Crown Soap Works, 625 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS to earn more money? The Sheldon Course in Scientific Salesmanship has increased the earning power of 25,000 men from 10% to 100%, and more. Clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, correspondents, salesmen, managers and professional men can all earn more by knowing and applying Sheldon selling methods. All instruction by correspondence. Write for free booklet. The Sheldon School, 1098 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

SALESMEN WITH EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY to take orders for our fine Custom-made Suits, Overcoats, and Trousers. Suits and Overcoats from $12.00 up; Trousers from $3.50 up. 33⅓% commission paid. Large line of samples furnished free to those who can assure us that they mean business. Write at once with reference to A. L. Singer & Co., Dept. A, 173 Adams St., Chicago.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY FOR energetic solicitors with grit and selling power. Article absolutely new and guaranteed. Tremendous seller. Everybody buys if shown. 60c. to $2. profit each sale. Virgin field awaits hustlers everywhere. Write today. Sanitax Co., 2341 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

OUR HOLIDAY PROPOSITIONS ARE WINNERS. Exceptionally attractive 5, 6, 7 and 8 piece Soap and Toilet Article Combinations with valuable premiums. Wonderful 35c. to 50c. sellers. 200% profit. Crew Managers making $50 weekly. Davis Soap Co., 24 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

WE WANT HIGH CLASS men to handle our new store necessity. Sells better than cash register or scales, with greater profits. Exclusive territory. Full particulars upon request. The Pitner Co., 183–189 Lake St., Chicago.

GENTLEMEN over 25, of education and address, to learn our business. Will be thoroughly instructed as salesman, then advanced to Manager. Excellent compensation from start. Geo. L. Shuman & Co., Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BE A BUSINESS WOMAN. Our representatives make $25.00 and upwards a week. We establish you in a permanent business. Outfit prepaid. Write to-day. Women's Apparel Supply Co., Chicago, Ill.

REPORTER AND CORRESPONDENT wanted in every Town, Man or Woman, honest, intelligent, discreet. Good pay. Address at once, Bureau of Publicity, 3016 Groveland Ave., Chicago.

SALESMEN—The sale of our popular policies of accident and health insurance yields large returns to active and energetic agents. Exclusive territory; liberal commissions. Dept. B., Continental Casualty Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY selling the wonderful Readyfill Fountain Pen. Fills and cleans itself. Appeals instantly. Great Seller. Clean legitimate work. Fine profits. Season now opening. Geo. A. Goldsmith & Co., 34 Clark St., Chicago.

AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write to-day for a free sample and full particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 60 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE 500 PER CENT SELLING "Novelty Sign Cards," Window Letters and Changeable signs. Merchants buy 10 to 100 on sight. 800 varieties. Catalogue free. Sullivan Co., 406 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES, TO MAKE SANITARY BELTS, Material all cut ready to sew, $12 per hundred. Particulars stamped envelope. Mutual Specialty Co., Dept. E.D., Chicago.

AGENTS, PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, SHEET pictures 1c, stereoscopes, 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290–115 W. Adams St., Chicago.

EVERYBODY wants our Sanitary Aluminum Hose Supporters. Just patented. Hold up hose, sleeves and drawers. No straps, buckles, cords or elastic. Regular price 25c. Send 18c. for sample pair. Devereaux Mfg. Co., Monon Block, Chicago.

WE WANT MAN OR WOMAN MANAGER Worth $75 a month for local business. New proposition. Permanent, with increase if you're satisfied. References, not capital, required. C. W. Stanton Co., 985 Monon Block, Chicago.

I HAVE CALLS FOR OFFICE SALESMEN (correspondents), capable of earning $50 to $125 a week. If not now prepared, I will train you. Sherwin Cody, 1417 Security Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS make $3,000 yearly handling our gasoline lamps and lighting systems; write quick for particulars. Nat. Light, Heat & Power Co., 306 W. Lake St., Chicago.

$100.00 WEEKLY positively made selling and appointing agents to sell Hydro Carbon Lighting systems. Our demonstrating system makes failure impossible. A grand opportunity to make money. Wanted—good man in every village and city. Security Light & Tank Co., 152 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

SALESMEN—In New England and Middle Western States for standard religious work. New, unique and popular. Strongly endorsed by prominent clergymen. Liberal inducements to men who furnish satisfactory references. The King-Richardson Company, Springfield, Mass., and Chicago, Ill.

A NEW ART AND A FASCINATING, RAPID MONEY-MAKER. You can decorate china, glass, porcelain, pillow tops, anything, in colors or not, from photographs. No talent or experience required. More popular than hand painted china. Cost small, profits large. Send stamp for information. A. M. Vallance Co., Elkhart, Indiana.

ADD TO YOUR PROFITS WITHOUT ADDITIONAL expense by selling our Rotary Copying Presses. Possible sale in every office. Write at once for special proposition. Rotopress Mfg. Co., Willson Bank Bldg., Marion, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL VELVET TOOTHPICKS from house to house, and office to office. Two hundred per cent profit. Agents in Boston make from five to ten dollars a day. Cutter Tower Company, established 1845, 234 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

BOOKLET FREE ABOUT MUSHROOMS. Write for it and learn how everybody (both sexes) can grow them at home now for big profits in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc. Big demand. Eastern Importing Co., Dept. 79, Boston, Mass.

MEN AND WOMEN! Make money selling a line of unexcelled shoes. We want good reliable parties everywhere to act as salesmen for the Worth Cushion Sole Shoe. References. Address The Cummings Co., Dept.45, 406 Wash.St., Boston, Mass.

A MANUFACTURER'S permanent business offer. $50 to $150 per week operating direct sales parlors for the Best specialty dress shoe known for men and women. Outsells all others. Every person a possible customer. No Risk. Answer Now. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 55 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

GOOD SALESMEN wanted for a patented specialty selling for $50.00 and $75.00 needed in all manufacturing plants. Some of our representatives average $15 a day. Some more. Write at once to "Diamond" Power Specialty Co., 236 Fort St., W. Detroit, Mich.

SALES MANAGERS WANTED IN EACH STATE to organize a sub-agency force to sell our "Paradise Farms," Texarkana, Tex.-Ark. $10.00 down, $2.00 per week. One of these farms will produce an income of $2,500 per year for life. Proposition highly recommended by the U. S. agricultural and soil reports. Can easily clean up from $150 to $300 per week. Write 101–102 Nat'l Ger. Am. Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

WE WANT ABLE EXPERIENCED MEN CAPABLE of handling territory in the capacity of general agents, for first-class proposition. Great opportunity for efficient men. Only those who can prove ability need apply. Foster Holcomb Co., 439–440 New York Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SALESMEN WANTED:—You can earn from $2,000 to $10,000 a year and your expenses as a Traveling Salesman. We will teach you to be one in eight weeks By Mail and secure you a position with a reliable firm. Experience unnecessary. Salesmanship is the highest paid of all professions. Hundreds of calls for our graduates. Write for our free Catalogue, "A Knight of the Grip," today. National Salesmen's Training Association, 714 Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., or 714 Lumber Exchange Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, ETC.

Continued

WANTED CALENDAR SALESMEN, experienced, for extensive fine lines Advertising Calendars, Leather Goods, Novelties; Liberal proposition, exclusive territory; new line ready Jan. 1st. August Gast Bank-Note & Litho. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY selling my lady's Lotion—a toilet necessity. Quick sales. Big profits. Write today for full particulars. Household Lotion Company, 4571-a Rutger St., St. Louis, Mo.

STATE AGENTS DESIRED to sell our Roofing to jobbers and Dealers. Exceptional opportunity to men of ability; others need not apply; give references, present and previous occupation. Roofbestos Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

IF YOU'RE THE MAN we want, write right now. Make $70 commission weekly or start as side line. Well known staple sold by most lines every town. No samples to lug; season just opening; liberal datings. Manufacturer, Box 1198, St. Louis.

$350.00 MONTHLY EASILY Made Fitting Eyeglasses. Easy, pleasant work. Quickly learned, little competition. We start you. Write to-day for free "Booklet B." Tells how. National Optical College, St. Louis.

SALESMEN WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED territory to sell long established staple lines, used everywhere; technical experience unnecessary; pocket samples; permanent and profitable commission lines. Thomas Mfg. Co., St. Louis.

AGENTS—Make big money taking orders for Ladies' and Gents' Purses, also Tobacco Novelties; Exclusive Agency your city or country. Outfit 50 styles Absolutely free. Address Box 118, Gloversville, N. Y.

AGENTS MAKE 300% selling our fountain pens. Write for circular offering $4.00 pen free and many other quick selling Agents' specialties. Tisbest Supply Co., 26 East 21st St., New York.

POSITIONS open for Office, Advertising, Traffic, and General Managers, Buyers, Credit Men, Auditors, Secretaries, Treasurers, etc. Call or write, Hapgoods, 305–307 B'dway, N. Y.

STRICTLY HIGH CLASS LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES wanted in every locality to demonstrate and introduce Osol Alcohol lamps, stoves, heaters, smoothing irons, novelties, etc., and Osol (denatured) Alcohol. Better, cheaper, safer, cleaner than kerosene. Alcohol Utilities Co., Dept. C, 156 West 23rd Street, New York.

WANTED: Man or woman in every town. Wonderful invention. Every family needs one or more. No experience needed. Sells itself through merit. Voila Mfg. Co., 53 East 56th Street, New York.

IF YOU KNOW YOU ARE GOOD, an A1 salesman, a producer of results, we want you and money is no object. All we ask is, show what you are worth to us and we will pay it. Only high grade experienced salesmen need apply. Wm. Wood & Co., 51 Fifth Ave., New York City.

YOUNG MAN OF EDUCATION to act first as solicitor and when qualified as Manager of crew. Agreeable work along new lines. Not books. Commission or guaranteed salary. L. R. Bailey, 3 W. 19th St., New York.

MANAGER WANTED in every city and county to handle best paying business known, legitimate, new, exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Chas. Halstead, 35 West 26th St., N. Y.

MORE MONEY FOR SALESMEN: High grade positions for men no salary would ordinarily interest. Write us today, stating line and territory covered. Hapgoods, 305–307 B'dway, N. Y.

AGGRESSIVE MEN whose yearly earning power is $3,000 or over to train for Manager's positions in Pennsylvania and New York State. See our ad page 59. H. M. Echlin, 527 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

AGENTS WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN in every town in the Union to sell Dress goods, Woolens, Silks, etc., direct from our mills. $40 to $100 per week can be made. Samples free. The Eastern Woolen Co., 699 Broadway, New York.

THOUSANDS IN USE throughout the World. $15.00 "Gem" Adding Machine, very compact, elegant side line. Special Offer to high grade Agents. Automatic Adding Machine Co., Dept. 1, 332 Broadway New York.

A NUMBER TRAVELLING SALESMEN. Specialty salesmen only, or those experienced in mechanical lines. Liberal salary, expense and profit-participating arrangement. State experience, age nationality and line now engaged in and give references. Answer by letter. J. B. Colt Company, N. Y.

ONE OF OUR MEN AVERAGED $63.81 week and a lady $30.90 week, during the past year. Congenial, steady employment. Business established 1889. Write for our attractive proposition. Perry Company, Rochester, New York.

AGENTS EARN $75 to $250 a Month Selling "Novelty Knives." Your name, address, photo underneath handles; also emblems lodges, societies, etc. Finely tempered razor steel blades. Big profits. Good commission paid. Great special offer to agents. Novelty Cutlery Co., 20 Bar St., Canton, O.

WANTED—SALESMEN CALLING on the paint and varnish users. Excellent side or main line. A-1 men can quickly establish a good paying trade. Address Box 38 Collinwood, Ohio.

WANTED, CAPABLE AGENTS to handle new high grade up-to-date articles; lightning sellers in all homes, offices, stores shops; $3 to $10 daily guaranteed. Promotion assured. E. Thomas Mfg. Co., 41 E St., Dayton, O.

MEN OF ABILITY to handle high grade line of leather advertising goods. Liberal commissions. Big sales. The Consolidated Novelty Mfg. Co., Springfield, Ohio.

WANTED—Salespeople to handle Factory Furniture Polish and Rubbing Powder, Factory Floor and Mission Wax, and Factory Silver Polish. All new and the best in their line. Good Profit. Factory Polish Co., Springfield, O.

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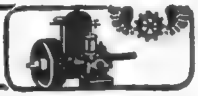
This Department is indexed. Turn to page

AUTOMOBILES—BOATS—ENGINEERS—MACHINERY



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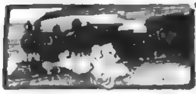

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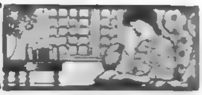
FOR THE HOME



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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

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SELECT YOUR CHRISTMAS gifts from our large 68-page catalogue of beautiful goods sent free. Prices lowest. Special value—12 imported embossed seasonable postal cards, 25c. prepaid. Hirst Dougherty Co., 1703 Wharton St., Philadelphia.

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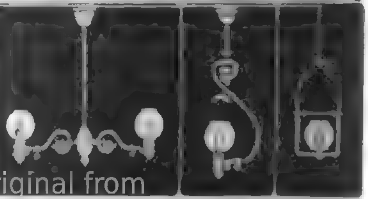

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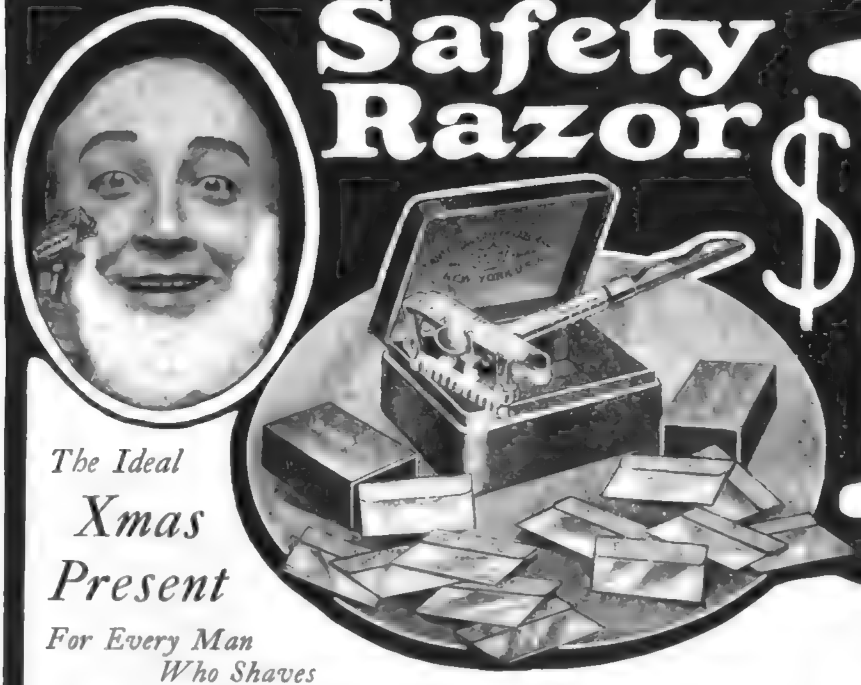

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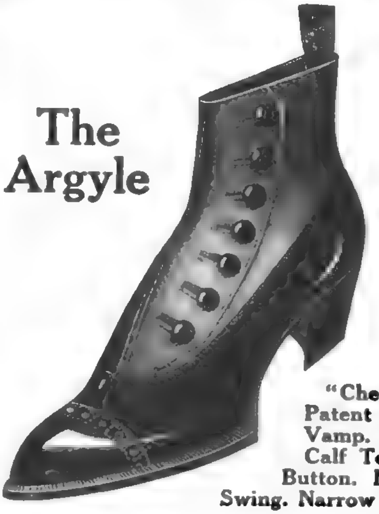

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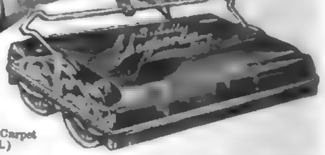
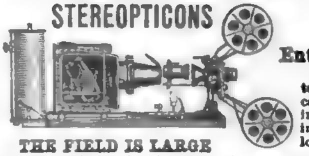
Buy a Bissell between now and January 1st, 1908, from your dealer, send us the purchase slip and receive FREE a good quality Morocco leather card case without any printing on it. Something any lady or gentleman would appreciate.



Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
DEPT. M
Grand Rapids, Mich.
(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

STEREOPTICONS



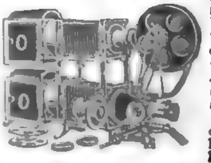
You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** and special offer fully explains everything. **Sent Free.**

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. 1 Chicago.

IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With **Motion Pictures**



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our Instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. **We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc.** Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. **Astonishing Opportunity** in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theaters, etc. and to operate **Five Cent Theatres** in store rooms. **Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented.** **Profits $10 to over $100 per night.** Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how. **Catalog free.**
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H.C.C.&CO.
CRAVATS

SUPERBA Silk Cravats

Present a man Superba Cravats for Xmas. They're the sort he insists upon having when he's the buyer. No other cravat possesses the "crushless" pin-hole proof silk of Superba Cravats. You can't get their quality-equal for the same money and you can't better their grace, style and colors at more price. Made in all possible, wantable shapes at 50 cents.

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You'll want our "Book of Cleverness"—it's free.

H. C. COHN & CO.,
216 Andrew St., Rochester, N.Y.

"STANDARD"
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Cravenette
TRADE MARK
OVERGAITERS
LEGGINS

"STANDARD Cravenette" OVERGAITERS

Rainproof, Snowproof, Dustproof

Many an illness is warded off by keeping the ankles warm. For this purpose there is nothing better than the "**Standard**" **Cravenette Overgaiters** for both men and women who desire to wear low shoes all the year round.

As these gaiters shed the water, they keep the ankles and feet *warm*, in coldest weather, rain or snow.

They are manufactured in Black only, but in three qualities, distinguished by White, Black or Blue silk labels; White label on the finest quality.

Accept no substitute, insist upon having the "**Standard**" **Cravenette Overgaiters** and **look** for label on each pair. Ask your dealer.

Ask for "**Standard**" overgaiters and leggins for men, women and children; we make them in many other materials.

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New York

The famous Turco-American GLASS PIPE

At last the perfect Pipe—the pipe that it is a delight to smoke—that never bites, and that is Free from the rank odors which women so detest about the house.

The man who says he cannot smoke a pipe CAN smoke this one—and with the keenest pleasure that tobacco ever gave.

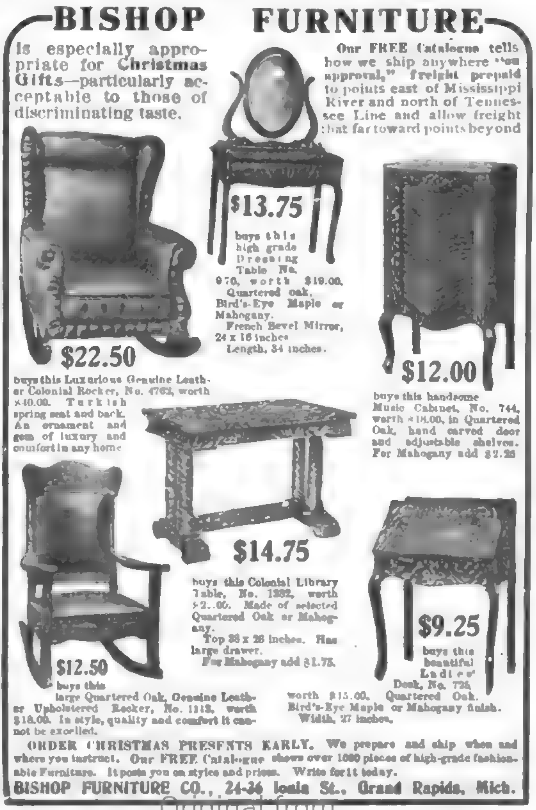
It is made of specially annealed Glass—Unbreakable, Non-Absorbent and readily Cleanable, with an inner vented bowl of ingenious construction, allowing every grain of the tobacco to be burned to a dry ash—and drawing the nicotine away from mouth contact. That does away with the nasty little heel of nicotine-soaked residue with its bad odor and tongue biting taste. It is the only pipe in the world that remains cool throughout—whose last whiff is as sweet as the first.

Smoke it for a week on trial. Your money back then if not satisfied. In ordering, state preference for straight or curved stem.

Price $1.50
(With Case $2.00)
Postpaid in U. S. and Canada—Foreign Countries add postage.

Send for free booklet "The History of Smoking."

Turco-American Pipe Co.
279 South Avenue, Rochester, N.Y.
Reference, National Bank of Commerce, Rochester



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is especially appropriate for **Christmas Gifts**—particularly acceptable to those of discriminating taste.

Our FREE Catalogue tells how we ship anywhere "on approval," freight prepaid to points east of Mississippi River and north of Tennessee Line and allow freight that far toward points beyond

$13.75 buys this high grade Dressing Table No. 970, worth $19.00. Quartered oak, Bird's-Eye Maple or Mahogany. French Bevel Mirror, 24 x 16 inches. Length, 34 inches.

$22.50 buys this Luxurious Genuine Leather Colonial Rocker, No. 4762, worth $40.00. Turkish spring seat and back. An ornament and gem of luxury and comfort in any home

$12.00 buys this handsome Music Cabinet, No. 744, worth $18.00, in Quartered Oak, hand carved door and adjustable shelves. For Mahogany add $2.25

$14.75 buys this Colonial Library Table, No. 1262, worth $2..00. Made of selected Quartered Oak or Mahogany. Top 38 x 26 inches. Has large drawer. For Mahogany add $1.75.

$12.50 buys this large Quartered Oak, Genuine Leather Upholstered Rocker, No. 1113, worth $18.00. In style, quality and comfort it cannot be excelled.

$9.25 buys this beautiful Ladies' Desk, No. 726, worth $15.00. Quartered Oak, Bird's-Eye Maple or Mahogany finish. Width, 27 inches.

ORDER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS EARLY. We prepare and ship when and where you instruct. Our FREE Catalogue shows over 1000 pieces of high-grade fashionable Furniture. It posts you on styles and prices. Write for it today.

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Wholesale Distributers

"Onyx" Hosiery

Look for this Trade Mark
Stamped on every pair.

Embroidered Silk Hosiery For The Holidays

The giver of a pair of "ONYX" Silk Hose gives twice—they serve a double purpose—they are both beautiful, as well as practical—there is no gift which makes a more lasting impression, or reflects so much credit on the sender.

One hundred and seventy-five new, beautiful and original designs are shown in Embroidered Silk Hosiery for Men and Women, ranging in price from $1.95 to $50.00 per pair.

In addition to the above we direct attention to the following items which we especially recommend.

The peer of all Pure Silk Hose is our—

No. 106. Pure Dye Thread Silk Hose, Double Sole, Spliced Heel, Full Length, durable and elastic—pure brilliant thread silk—every conceivable shade and color. Price, $2.25 per pair.

Silk Lisle Hosiery

For Women

409/K. Black silk lisle, gauze weight, soft, glossy, flexible, durable; double sole, spliced heel. 50c. a pair.

500/S. Women's "ONYX" Black Ingrain, Silk Lisle, double sole, High Spliced Heel, Elastic Top. Ingrain means, yarn dyed before knitting, therefore more wear, and elasticity; soft, luxurious silky texture. Price, 50c. a pair.

Out Size Silk Lisle Hose

Feels Like Silk—Looks Like Silk—Wears Better Than Silk

130/K. Women's "ONYX" Black Gauze, Silk Lisle, Double Sole, High Spliced Heel, soft, silky, extra wide and elastic. 75c. a pair.

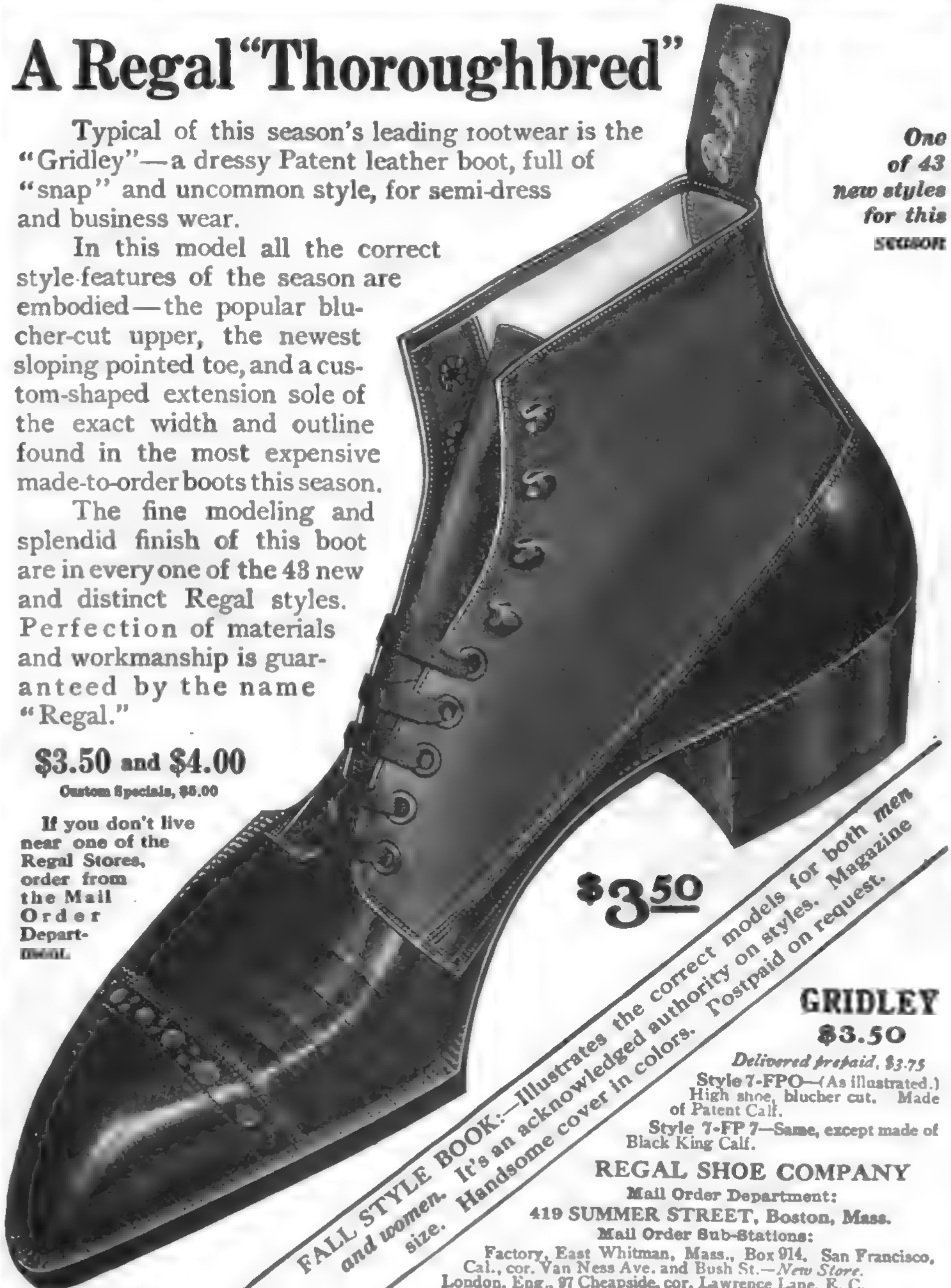
For Men

E/325. Men's Black and Colored Silk Lisle, every desirable shade, a soft, lustrous silky hose, very desirable. 50c. a pair.

E/310. Black and Colored Lisle, Six Thread Heel and Toe, Four Threads all over; known to all men as "the best I ever wore." The only Lisle Hose that will not burn nor is harsh to the feet. 50c. a pair.

Sold everywhere. Ask your dealer, or write Dept. J. We will direct you to nearest dealer, or mail postpaid on receipt of price any number as above stated.

Broadway New York



A Regal "Thoroughbred"

Typical of this season's leading footwear is the "Gridley"—a dressy Patent leather boot, full of "snap" and uncommon style, for semi-dress and business wear.

In this model all the correct style-features of the season are embodied—the popular blucher-cut upper, the newest sloping pointed toe, and a custom-shaped extension sole of the exact width and outline found in the most expensive made-to-order boots this season.

The fine modeling and splendid finish of this boot are in every one of the 43 new and distinct Regal styles. Perfection of materials and workmanship is guaranteed by the name "Regal."

One of 43 new styles for this season

$3.50 and $4.00
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If you don't live near one of the Regal Stores, order from the Mail Order Department.

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FALL STYLE BOOK:—Illustrates the correct models for both *men and women.* It's an acknowledged authority on styles. Magazine size. Handsome cover in colors. Postpaid on request.

GRIDLEY
$3.50
Delivered prepaid, $3.75

Style 7-FPO—(As illustrated.) High shoe, blucher cut. Made of Patent Calf.

Style 7-FP 7—Same, except made of Black King Calf.

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REGAL SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN
153 Stores and Agencies in All Principal Cities

Dioxogen

H_2O_2 3%

Bubbling Cleanser of Cuts

In the office, the home, the factory; on the farm, when automobiling, hunting, fishing, golfing, or yachting, scratches, cuts, and wounds should be cleansed at once with Dioxogen to remove septic substances and prevent infection. This is a very important prophylactic precaution. You can see and feel Dioxogen bubble as it cleanses.

Bubbling Cleanser after Shaving

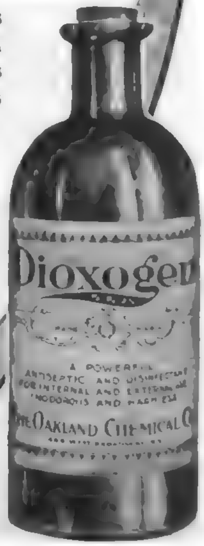
At the barber shop, the club, the hotel, the home, or when traveling, an application of Dioxogen after shaving cleanses the skin, pores, cuts, gashes, blemishes or tender surfaces of infection and septic substances. This is a prophylactic precaution which every man should observe. Thus used, Dioxogen imparts a most pleasing and delightful sensation to the skin. You can see and feel it bubble as it cleanses.

Bubbling Cleanser of Teeth, Mouth, Throat

The tooth brush cannot reach tooth cavities or spaces between the gums and the teeth, nor can it cleanse the tongue. Dioxogen bubbles all over the teeth, cleansing them of all infectious substances; it cleanses the cavities; it cleanses between the teeth; cleanses between the gums and the teeth; it cleanses the tongue and under the tongue; it cleanses the whole mouth and throat—a satisfying, aseptic, prophylactic cleanliness, good to the taste. Test Dioxogen. When the mouth is thoroughly clean, Dioxogen will not bubble. See if it bubbles in your mouth. That proves.

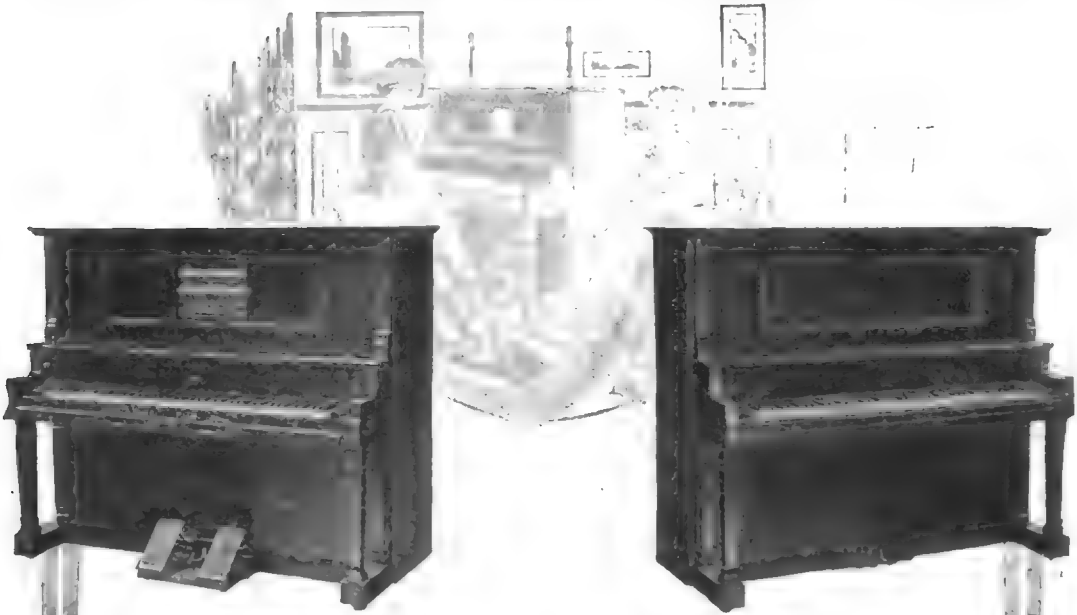
Dioxogen has no substitute, though many imitations. When anything is offered to you as "like" or "The same as" Dioxogen, refuse it and look out for the dealer who offers it. Call for Dioxogen by name always, and see the package. A very interesting pamphlet entitled "The Third Kind of Cleanliness" is wrapped in every package. It explains the hundreds of uses of Dioxogen as a prophylactic cleanser. Three sizes, 25c., 50c., and 75c. Sold at all good drug stores.

The Oakland Chemical Co.
NEW YORK


Dioxogen
A POWERFUL ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE INODOROUS AND HARMLESS
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO

THE ANGELUS PIANO

A Christmas Gift for Every Day in the Year



CHOOSE what you will, no gift within your power of giving can add one half so much to the joys of the coming Christmas as the ANGELUS PIANO. For all the household, young and old, on Christmas Day and every day throughout the year, the ANGELUS PIANO heralds a new era of enjoyment in your home.

Any one—musician or non-musician—can play the ANGELUS PIANO. It is an upright piano of the first grade with the world-famous Angelus piano-player incorporated within its case. The musician can play it by hand the same as any other piano, or, if you are unfamiliar with the technique of music, you can play as well or even better by means of the Angelus.

Remember, the ANGELUS PIANO is the only instrument in the world equipped with the patented expression devices, the wonderful MELODANT and the famous Phrasing Lever.

The MELODANT emphasizes the melody notes so that they come out clear and distinct above the accompaniment.

The Phrasing Lever provides you with absolute and instantaneous control of the time so that your music will not sound humdrum or mechanical.

Before investing in a piano—FIRST SEE AND HEAR THE ANGELUS PIANO. It can now be had on very easy terms in every important city in America. Write us *to-day* for descriptive literature and name of representative in your locality.

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The Story of Banking by Mail

and the reasons why this favorably known savings bank pays

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$3.85 by mail Prepaid
Jet Black, Warm,
Soft, Durable, Handsome

If you are interested in having Hides or Skins Tanned for coats, robes, rugs, gloves or neck wear, soft, light, odorless, moth-proof; or work requiring the taxidermist's skill; or if you want to buy an elegant Fur Lined Coat, or a Natural Black Galloway, Black or Brown Frisian, or Black Dog Skin Coat, fur outside; or Fur Robes, Gloves or Mittens, you should have our illustrated catalog.

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The Acme of Comfort Elegance and Ease

No. 256
$1.50
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Felt Romeos

FOR WOMEN

Made of fine, pure "Comfy Felt," richly fur bound. Soles of noiseless belting leather. Colors: Black, Red, Brown, Drab, Dark Green, Navy Blue, Gray, Wine and Purple.

Send for Catalogue No. 35, showing many new styles

Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.
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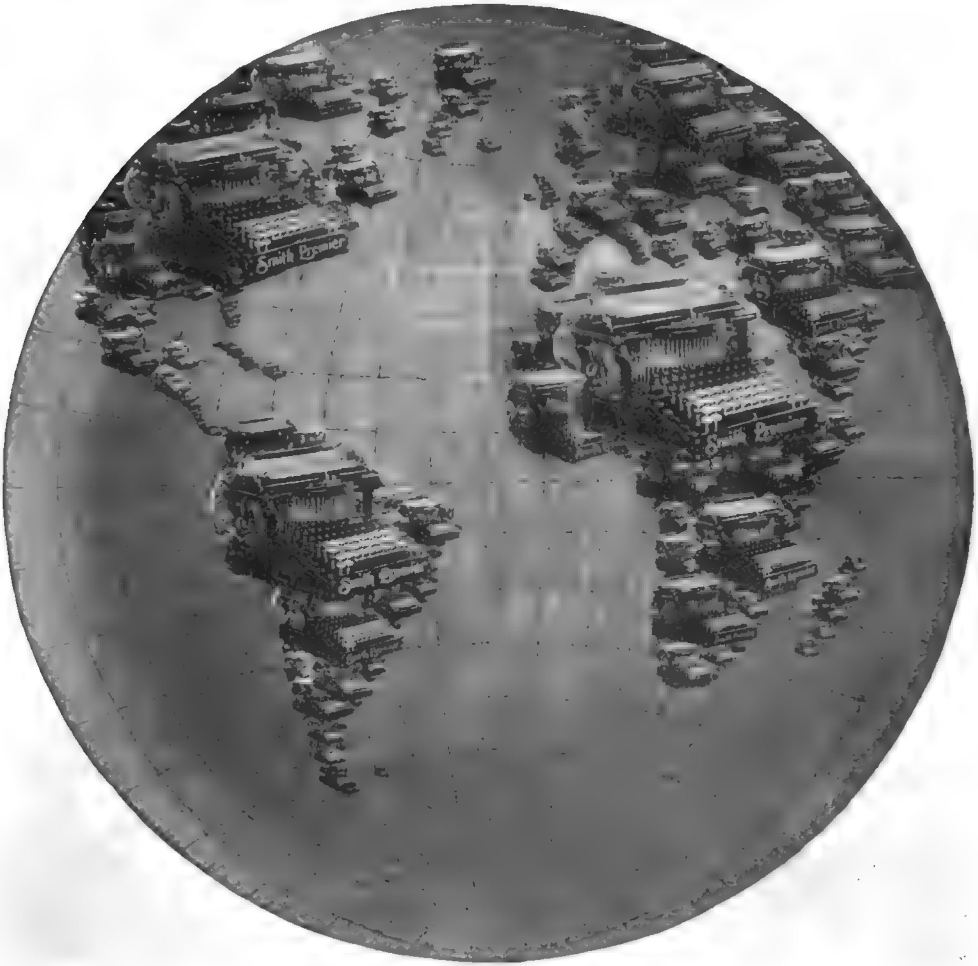

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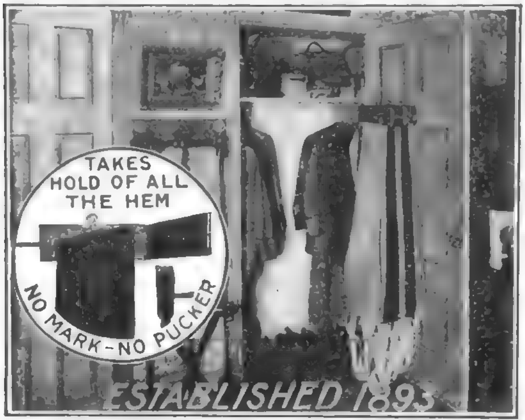

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there are who need, but don't use a trousers-hanger because of deep-rooted prejudice. Nevertheless, there are about **250,000** representative men who wouldn't be without the

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for ten times its cost. There's a reason why.

Our Guarantee is to return full purchase price any time within 60 days—goods returnable at our expense. A trial of the hanger will convince the most prejudiced as to its exceptional merit.

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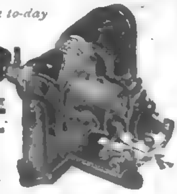

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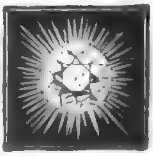
"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful **Genuine Topaz,** of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy. and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, I guarantee these stones to be **genuine.** Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to 2 carats. Free booklet. Address, with remittance,

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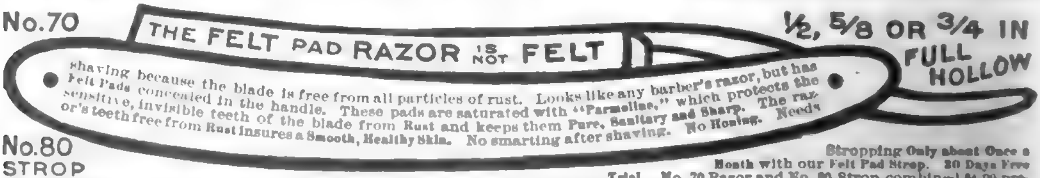
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STROP
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

"THE HURRY UP TOOTH BRUSH"

Number also printed on top of box. (The yellow box which protects and guarantees brush). Curved, bevel-pointed handle with bristles trimmed to fit and clean between the teeth. Hole in hande and hook to keep brush dry in your own place.

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Made under American sanitary conditions.
Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c.
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Send for our illustrated catalogue showing many patterns of unusual artistic merit.

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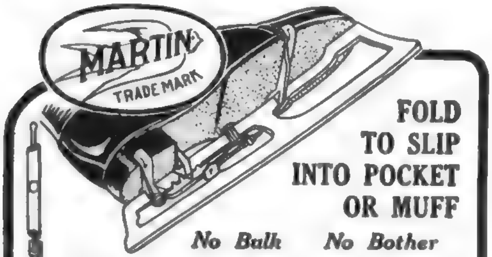
Sold by all leading dealers. This is the brand of silver plate that has been illustrated in this magazine throughout the year.
Ask for Catalogue "M-20" **MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.**, Meriden, Conn. (International Silver Co., Successor).



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No Bulk No Bother

Folding Pocket Skates

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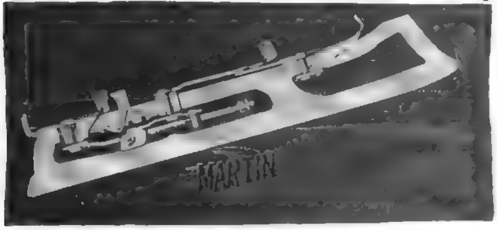
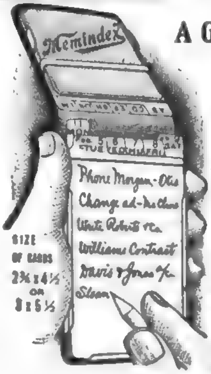
A pair in a wallet, an ideal Christmas gift. Ask your dealer or write us for free booklet E

MARTIN SKATE CO., Boston, Mass.





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No Other Device Answers Its Purpose

A fresh dated card comes to the front each day in the handy leather pocket case. Cards for the year make a convenient and valuable card index for desk use. Full instructions with each outfit. You decide which size and price will suit you—we do the rest.

Express prepaid on receipt of price.	Small	Large
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Genuine Morocco Case, quartered oak tray and cards	3.00	3.75
Genuine Sealskin Case, selected quar. oak tray and cards	3.50	4.50
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Your outfit shipped the same day that we get your check.

Cards for the rest of 1907 FREE with each outfit for 1908. ORDER NOW.

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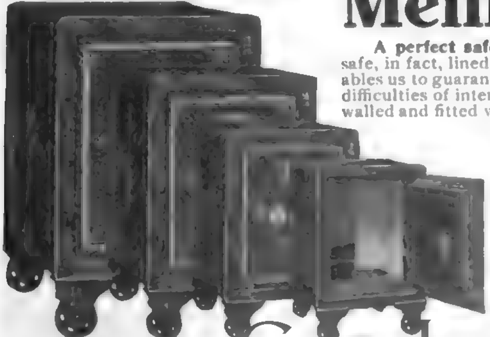
POCKET CARD CASE

Send for Christmas Bargain List



Meilink's Home Safe

A perfect safe and made for the home (or small office). Just as fire-proof as a big safe, in fact, lined with a much better filling—our **Cement Asbestos** filling—which enables us to guarantee what no other safe (large or small) can, viz.: Against the common difficulties of interior dampness, rusted bolt work and swollen walls. Double steel walled and fitted with the very highest grade combination lock (all brass). Sold for

$8 and up Fire Proof Document Silver Jewelry **Safe from Fire and Thieves**

Elegantly finished, adapted for any room; **30,000 in use;** cheaper protection than fire insurance.

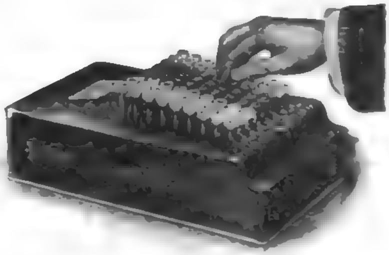
Send for Our Christmas Bargain List of 100 safes taken in exchange from customers desiring larger sizes and different styles. To be sold at once at cash bargain prices. We will also mail **Free** our

50-Page Illustrated Catalogue

showing entire new line of different styles House, Office and Wall Safes.

Meilink Manufacturing Co., [illegible] Jackson St., Toledo, O.

Do You Add or Multiply?



Isn't it drudgery? There is no reason why you should rack your brain or work overtime doing arithmetical work which should be done by machinery.

The Comptometer solves any arithmetical problem with the greatest ease and unfailing accuracy. Its speed is unlimited. The Comptometer makes knotty problems a pleasure. It is more helpful than an assistant. Saves two-thirds of the time.

Ferguson-McKinney Dry Goods Co., St. Louis, Mo., saved the price of their ten Comptometers during the first ninety days.

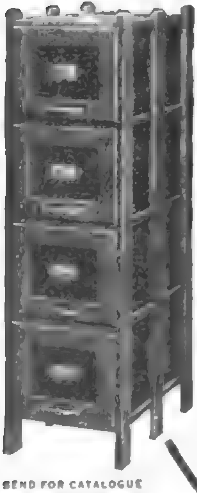
What Will It Do in Your Office?

If you want to keep abreast your competitors you will have to adopt adding machines as you did typewriters. Thousands of Comptometers are being used by the $5,000 concerns to the great corporations and governments. Write for pamphlet and special trial offer. Comptometer sent, express prepaid, on trial to responsible parties in the U. S. or Canada.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 862 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Holds 20,000 Letters

$12.00



Weis

Solid Weathered Oak
Roller Bearings
Oxidized Fittings
Patent Lever Locking Follow Block
Finished on all Sides

Great economy in design enables us to manufacture this handsome, high class, dust proof cabinet for the remarkable price, $12.00.

Made in three sizes
4-drawer, $12.00
3 " 9.75
2 " 6.75
All F. O. B. factory

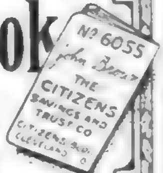
Inside drawer measure, 22½ inches long, 12 wide, 10⅛ high.

Shipping weight, 4-drawer, 100 lbs. Legal and invoice files at proportionate prices.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF WEIS CARD INDEXES SECTIONAL BOOK CASES. POSTAL SCALES. SWINGING TYPEWRITER STANDS. CLIPS. PASTE AND OTHER OFFICE SUPPLIES

Weis Mfg. Co.
10 UNION ST.
MONROE, MICH.

A Bank Book FOR Christmas


No 6055
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO

A well-established and popular custom is to open a savings account by mail with this bank and present it to children, relatives or friends as

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

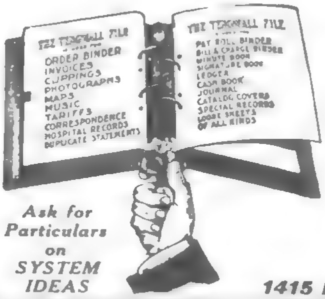
This plan will encourage the habits of thrift and economy by offering an inducement to deposit additional sums from time to time, thereby providing for the inevitable "rainy day." We especially solicit small accounts on which we pay four per cent. interest, compounded twice a year. You can begin with one dollar. ¶ If desired, we will place the pass book in a special holiday envelope and mail it with your card, so that it will be received on Christmas morning.

Send for our free booklet "E" explaining our system of Banking by Mail.

Assets over Forty-two Million Dollars

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ACCOUNTING RECORDS AND BINDING DEVICES


THE TENGWALL FILE
ORDER BINDER
INVOICES
CLIPPINGS
PHOTOGRAPHS
MAPS
MUSIC
TARIFFS
CORRESPONDENCE
HOSPITAL RECORDS
DUPLICATE STATEMENTS
THE TENGWALL FILE
PAY ROLL BINDER
BILL & CHARGE BINDER
MINUTE BOOK
SIGNATURE BOOK
LEDGER
CASH BOOK
JOURNAL
CATALOG COVERS
SPECIAL RECORDS
LOOSE SHEETS OF ALL KINDS

Ask for Particulars on SYSTEM IDEAS

Purchase Requisitions
Bill and Charge Systems
Monthly Statement Systems
Collection Records

Accounts Payable Systems
Duplicate Check Vouchers
Loose Leaf Ledger Outfits from $10 to $30

Complete Outfit, Size 11 x 8½, for $3.

Prepaid to any Express Office in the United States

$3.00

1 Tengwall File
Full Canvas 2 inch back
1 A-Z Manila Index
1 Single "A" Punch

$3.00

THE TENGWALL COMPANY
1415 East Ravenswood Park, Chicago 24 Thames St., New York

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Will You Try a Fox Typewriter

At My Expense

W. R. FOX, President Fox Typewriter Co.

I invented the Fox Typewriter and manufacture it to-day. I know just how good it is. I know that it is a better typewriter than any other typewriter ever built.

I know other typewriters of all kinds and I know that the Fox has every improvement and every feature that any of them has—and more. I want to place a Fox in your office at my expense and have you compare it part for part, feature for feature with any other typewriter.

I will let the typewriter speak for itself. All I say about it and claim for it will be demonstrated by the machine itself more convincingly than I could tell it.

Then I want to leave the decision to you. If you want it then I will either sell you one direct on favorable terms, or my nearest representative or dealer will do it for me. If you already have a machine we will take that in part payment.

All you have to do is to fill out the coupon below and mail it to me to-day.

The Test or Trial Will Not Cost You a Penny

This is the way I sell typewriters; it is a good, fair, honest way. It has not a weak link in the chain of fairness.

I do not belong to any trust and nobody dictates the price I shall sell at or how I shall sell.

That's my business.

I sell my machine strictly on its merits, not for what it used to be but for what it is to-day.

It is no joke to successfully sell typewriters in competition with a big trust. My machine has to be better than others (not simply as good) to stand a chance in competition. It is better.

If the machine is not as good as I say it is it would have been impossible for me to build up the enormous business I have, because to-day I am selling thousands of Fox Typewriters—in every civilized country in the world.

All the writing on the Fox is always in sight and directly in the line of vision, the writing line is indicated and the printing point is pointed out so that the Fox is just what I claim a perfect visible typewriter.

The typebar and hanger are the heart of a typewriter, that means they are the most vital part, a weak typebar means a weak typewriter. Show me a typebar-bearing that is narrow and has no wearing surface and it tells me that under hard wear such a typewriter will not retain its alignment and sooner or later get out of order.

On the Fox the bearing is wide and the bar heavy and will stand years and years of hard work.

Then again with the Fox, one machine is equipped to do all kinds of work—letter writing—invoicing—billing—tabulating figures—stencil cutting and heavy manifolding, anything any typewriter can do the Fox will do—and more.

You can buy one machine and two carriages of different lengths and change them at will.

You can lift the platen or writing cylinder right out and put in another in a second. You can write in two colors and you do not have to touch your ribbon from the time you put it on the machine till it is worn out.

You can do all these things and many more and do them better than you can with any other typewriter.

And remember this is the machine I want to place in your office for trial and examination at my expense. It doesn't cost you a penny to try it.

Will You Do This?

Let me appeal to you as a fair minded business man to at least be friendly enough to give me a chance to show you what I have. I am sure you would want me to give you such a chance if you had something to sell me.

All I want you to do is fill out and mail me to-day the attached coupon. Send it to me personally.

W. R. FOX, Pres.
Fox Typewriter Company
205 Front Street
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send for my catalog, which takes up the construction of the Fox in detail—it's Free.

Trade in your Old Typewriter to me

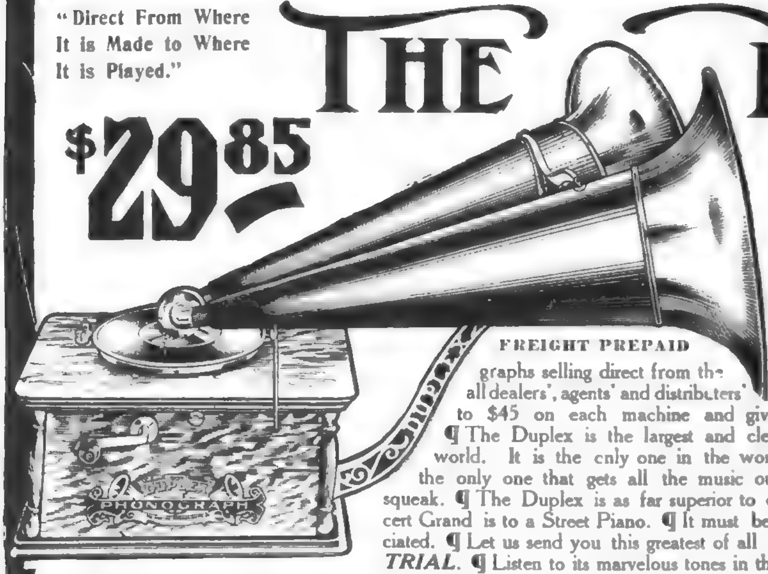
Please arrange for a free trial of a Fox Typewriter without any obligations on my part.
Name
Business
Street
Town
E.

"Direct From Where It is Made to Where It is Played."

THE DUPLEX

$29.85

SAVE 40%



FREIGHT PREPAID

WE are the only manufacturers of Phonographs selling direct from the factory to you. ¶ We save you all dealers', agents' and distributers' profits, averaging from $15 to $45 on each machine and giving you a better Phonograph. ¶ The Duplex is the largest and clearest toned Phonograph in the world. It is the only one in the world that has two horns. It is the only one that gets all the music out of the Record without the squeak. ¶ The Duplex is as far superior to other Phonographs as a Concert Grand is to a Street Piano. ¶ It must be seen and heard to be appreciated. ¶ Let us send you this greatest of all Musical Inventions on ***FREE TRIAL***. ¶ Listen to its marvelous tones in the quietness of your own home, then if you are not convinced that it is the best Phonograph you ever listened to, ship it back at our expense, and the Free Trial will not cost you a cent.

¶ Don't let anyone anywhere persuade you to buy a Phonograph at any price till you have received our Catalog.

¶ Write a Postal Card today for our beautiful Free Catalog and large colored Picture 42 inches long, showing the machine in full size.

THE DUPLEX PHONOGRAPH CO.
708 RIVER STREET KALAMAZOO, MICH.

FAY & BOWEN MOTOR BOATS

A 1908 WINNER

The Fay & Bowen 25-foot "Special" shown above is the handsomest thing in its class for 1908.

Copper riveted, all woodwork counterbored and plugged, entire top and interior finished in mahogany.

Fitted with a Fay & Bowen 7 H.P. double cylinder engine, it developes a speed of 10 miles an hour, and it *actually makes it*, over a measured course. Steering wheel both at bow and at side. Engine speed controlled both forward or aft of engine.

Photographs and blue prints sent on application.

Fay & Bowen engines are reliable, simple and not sensitive. The Chicago-Mackinac endurance race for 1907 was won by our engine.

If you want a motor boat or marine engine you owe it to yourself to write for our free catalogue.

FAY & BOWEN ENGINE CO.
109 Lake Street, GENEVA, N. Y.

MICROSCOPES

From $2.50 to $75.00. Powerful Field Glasses, Telescopes, Optical Instruments of all kinds

KAHN & CO., Opticians, 194 Broadway, New York

Send for **FREE** Catalogue

7% GOLD BONDS

These Bonds, secured by first mortgages on improved real estate worth four times their face value, are as safe as Government Bond and pay over twice as high a rate of interest

Please write for booklet "C"

EQUITABLE BANKING & LOAN CO.
GEO. A. SMITH, Pres. MACON, GA.

John Wanamaker

FREE CATALOGUES

Mark with an X the ones you desire. Cut out this advertisement to-day and mail with name and address.

No. 968	General Fall and Winter Catalogue
No. 964	Diamonds, Jewelry, Watches and Silverware Indicate what you are interested in
No. 965	Book Catalogue: also Magazine Clubbing List
No. 966	Christmas Catalogue
No. 968	Inexpensive Jewelry Book of Holiday Gifts
No. 969	Furs, Gloves, Waists and Handkerchiefs

JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia, Pa.

INDESTRUCTIBLE
RECORDS

Trade Mark

A Scientific Search for Pleasure

THE STORY OF A NEW ERA FOR THOSE WHO HATE TALKING MACHINES AS FOR THOSE WHO LOVE THEM

EVERY ONE loves music. Not every one loves talking machine music. The Indestructible Record makes *real music* come from the machine. Every one loves Indestructible Record Music, but the present users of machines naturally enthuse first over this new boon.

The Sweetest Tone, the clearest note, the most delicate modulation in song or concerto is perfectly reproduced only by the Indestructible Record.

The Faults of other records, their scratching, their frailty, their shortness in length and the few reproductions they give before losing their better qualities, *all* are overcome by the Indestructible Record.

We will show you why.

There are two classes of records—cylinder and disc. The cylinder records are shown by the microscope to have far more music recorded on them than is possible to find on the disc. But the soft wax (hard as it seems) could not stand the wear of a reproducing point forced against the record hard enough to bring out more than a fraction of what the record contains. The disc system, however, forces out all there is on the disc record. One cannot bring out enough. The other has no more to give.

The feature of the Indestructible Record (which is a cylinder record) is that it contains *all* the vibrations correctly, recorded in an indestructible material which permits the use of a sharper point and the force necessary to reproduce *all there is in the record.* Thus science, by searching out means to produce this perfect record, has added to pleasure—pleasure alike for lovers and haters of "machine" music.

A reproducer is in preparation to bring out to its fullest perfection the wonderful superiority of these records. Announcement will be made when it is ready for marketing.

But you will enjoy immediate improvement in your talking machine by using Indestructible Records with the same reproducer you now have.

This revolution has brought many other advantages with it:

1st. A record with gun metaled ends, so it goes positively in the same place every time on the cone-shaped mandrel, irrespective of temperature or other changes. Thus we can record music on the full length of the record, and, omitting "announcements," can give on the ordinary 4¼ inch 35c. record far longer selections than any other records sold for the price. They fit every make of cylinder machine.

2nd. A record that does not wear out. The 5000th reproduction is as clear and fine as the first—impossible with *any* other record, either disc or cylinder.

3rd. A record that you cannot accidently damage or destroy. Were there reason, you could paste on a stamp and address, mail it uncovered, wash off the paper and have an undamaged record to use.

Therefore, we are able to offer you immediate enjoyment of these records, sending one or more to you by mail direct, prepaid.

A word more about the musical qualities of the Indestructible Records. As records they are the finest ever produced, a necessity to those who love music but must have machines to make it. As performances they are equally superior. That there was room for great improvement in the rendering of selections no one doubts. We felt that only the highest order of performance was worthy of reproduction in such permanent form as the Indestructible Records, so have labored hard and long to produce that character of rendition which should be above criticism. Our process gave many opportunities for additional improvement.

The results are here for your enjoyment.

If your dealer has not yet secured a stock of Indestructible Records we will mail you our catalogue of selections (new lists monthly) and on receipt of price, 35c. each, deliver to your home direct by mail, anywhere in the U. S., the record or records you want, at our own risk and expense.

The Indestructible Phonographic Record Co.
236 Hamilton Street - - - - - - - - Albany, N. Y.

Sectional Bookcases

are rapidly replacing the old-fashioned solid bookcases. **They grow with your library—fit any space,** and promote more comfort in the home than any other piece of furniture; furnished with or without doors.

Per Section **$1.00** and Upwards

Freight Paid

Rigid economy, acquired by the manufacture of a single product in large quantities, and our modern methods of selling direct to the user, enable us to offer a superior article at a considerable saving in cost to the purchaser.

Shipped **On Approval**

The artistic appearance, solidity of construction, and practical features of this case have appealed to thousands of prominent users who have universally pronounced it **The Best**

Send for Our New Free Catalogue No. 44, which illustrates the different grades and finishes, from solid oak to solid mahogany, and offers many suggestions for building up the home or office library.

THE C. T. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y.
(Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets)
New York Office in Flatiron Building

BEST BIRDS—BEST EGGS—LOWEST PRICES

If you intend to start in the poultry business, get prices on my guaranteed stock from the Milhook Poultry Farm. Select your stock where you are fully protected.

SEND FOR OUR BIG BOOK

"Poultry for Profit." Handsomely illustrated. Contains valuable information you should have. Inclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. Write to

J. W. MILLER COMPANY, Box 360, FREEPORT, ILL.

BIG MONEY IN POULTRY

Our big Poultry Book with many new illustrations tells how to make it; also how to feed, breed, grow and market Poultry for best results. Plans for houses and a great mass of useful information. Tells how to start small and grow big. Illustrates and describes the largest pure bred Poultry Farm in the world; tells about our many varieties; quotes lowest prices on Fowls, Eggs, Incubators and Brooders. Mailed for 4 cts.

FRANK FOY BOX 65 - DES MOINES, IOWA

YOU FEEL SAFE WHEN WRITING A CHEQUE WITH

AROUND THE WORLD, BUT NEVER OUT OF INK

BLAIR'S FOUNTAIN PENCIL FOR WRITING RULING AND MANIFOLDING WITH A YEARS SUPPLY CARTRIDGE OF CHEQUE PROTECTING INK FREE

THE SMOOTHEST WRITING INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD

Prices no Higher than the old Stylographic Pen

No air tube to leak nor interfere with the filling of the pencil or displace ink. The drop needle clears the point. The indelible ink saves $5.00 cost of a check punch.

Holder needs filling with water only to produce the best ink. Writes fine ink originals and clean cut carbon copies. Point will last for years. Soon saves its cost. PRICES Plain, **$1.00**; Chased, **$1.25**; Chased and Gold Mounted, **$1.50**. By insured mail 8 cents more. New Ink Making Cartridges in green, blue, violet or black copying or red ruling, **10c**; by mail, **12c**. Ordinary ink may also be used.

BLAIR'S FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY - - 6 John Street, Suite 241, New York - - Get Agency

Coal Bills Reduced 25% Comfort Increased 100%

BY USING **The Powers Heat Regulator** ON YOUR furnace or boiler. Easily applied, fits any heater. Sold by all dealers or sent on trial. *Automatic.*

Send for FREE BOOK THE POWERS REGULATOR CO. 36 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO
106 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

XMAS GIFTS

Buy Your Christmas Gifts on Eight Months' Time

Use the Loftis System. It enables you to make beautiful and valuable presents without the outlay of much money. By giving credit and lowest prices we make $5 or $10 do the work that $50 does in a cash store. Don't make the mistake of buying something cheap or trashy, when the same money would make the first payment on a beautiful diamond ring, stud, brooch, locket, a pair of cuff buttons, ear rings, a fine watch or any other article of high-grade jewelry from our enormous stock. A diamond is the ideal gift for a loved one — it lasts for ever, and every day reminds the wearer of your regard and good judgment.

Make Your Christmas Selections Right Now—Pay Later—At Your Convenience.

Send for a copy of our beautifully illustrated Christmas catalog, and in the privacy of your own home select the articles you desire, and we will send them to your home, place of business or express office, for your inspection. If you like them, if they are all and more than we claim them to be, pay 1-5 on delivery and the balance in eight equal monthly amounts. We give a signed guarantee of value and quality with every diamond, also the privilege of exchange for full value at any time, for any other article of jewelry from our $1,000,000 stock. We take all risks and pay all express charges. You have absolutely nothing to lose and a great deal to gain. Don't delay. Write Today for Our Christmas Catalog.

LOFTIS Old Reliable, Original Diamond and Watch Credit House
BROS. & CO. Dept. P-[illegible] [illegible] State St., Chicago, Ill.

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A useful present is a thoughtful present

This is a gift that will wear

and bring pleasant recollections of your thoughtfulness for many months to come. It's not only useful but handsome as well—a gift certain of full appreciation by the recipient. We offer, for the holidays only, two assortments of the celebrated "Iron Clad" half hose in boxes decorated in natural colors which beautifully convey the Christmas spirit. Each box is daintily tied with a pretty ribbon and contains six pairs of "Iron Clad" half hose—each of a different pattern—and an exquisitely illuminated Christmas card.

$3.00 Box

6 pairs finest wool.

No. 114, Natural color worsted.
No. 118, Black, gray heel and toe.
No. 119, Black, blue mercerized heel and toe.
No. 117, Black leg, natural foot.
No. 123, Black, narrow red stripes.
No. 404, Black, gray split sole.

$2.00 Box

6 pairs cotton, finely mercerized, light and silky. Assorted colors.

No. 188, Solid black.
No. 188 D. T., Dark tan.
No. 400, Black, 3-ply white sole.
No. 490 M., Mode.
No. 490 D. G., Dark gray.
No. 490 O. B. Ox-blood.

"Iron COOPER WELLS & CO ST. JOE KNIT SEAMLESS HOSIERY ST. JOSEPH, MICH. Clad"

Either assortment sent, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price. We make this unparalleled offer just to introduce "Iron Clads" to you and your friends. Be sure to state size wanted, and enclose P. O. money order. Send your name as early as possible.

Cooper, Wells & Company
208 Vine Street St. Joseph, Mich.

"LINCOLN" Leather Garters

insure *perfect comfort* because they make no ridge in the flesh after the days' wear—they are adjustable and fit to the fraction of an inch; made of imported pigskin, *pliable, fine grain* and soft, yet very durable.

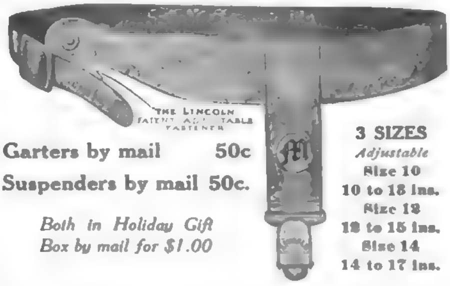
"LINCOLN" LEATHER GARTERS are *cut curved* so that they cannot slip down. They simply fit snugly over the calf, just as your collar fits your neck—they are the most comfortable garter that man can wear. They cost but 50 cents a pair.

"LINCOLN" LEATHER GARTERS have Snaps and Clasp Fasteners that *really fasten.* We guarantee to make good at our own expense every faulty Fastener—which shows our faith in them.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

Enclose a dollar and we will send a handsome gift box containing a pair of "LINCOLN" High Back Lisle Suspenders and a pair of "LINCOLN" Leather Garters.

For perfect comfort and long wear the "LINCOLN" Garters and Suspenders stand first as Christmas gifts.


THE LINCOLN PATENT ADJUSTABLE FASTENER
M

Garters by mail 50c
Suspenders by mail 50c.

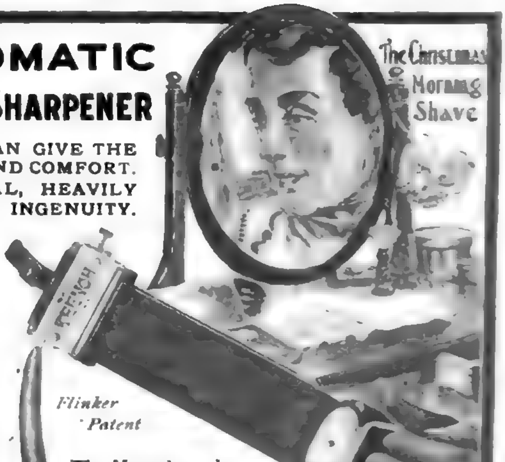
Both in Holiday Gift Box by mail for $1.00

3 SIZES
Adjustable
Size 10
10 to 13 ins.
Size 12
13 to 15 ins.
Size 14
14 to 17 ins.

The LOCKHART-MAC BEAN CO., Inc.
Makers of "Lincoln" Lisle 50c. Suspenders
1221 Market Street Philadelphia

KEENOH AUTOMATIC RAZOR SHARPENER

THE MOST ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT YOU CAN GIVE THE MAN WHO VALUES HIS PERSONAL WELL-BEING AND COMFORT. THE KEENOH IS A HANDSOME, SUBSTANTIAL, HEAVILY PLATED DEVICE. IT IS A MARVEL OF PRACTICAL INGENUITY.



ANY STYLE OF RAZOR BLADE

—ordinary or safety—is clamped securely in the mechanism and given the smoothest, truest edge ever produced. Only with The Keenoh are such results possible.

The Keenoh makes it a comfort to shave. It cannot be misused, and will keep in perfect order a lifetime. It renders honing needless.

Any hardware dealer, druggist or jeweler has full authority to sell you the Keenoh Automatic Razor Sharpener with the absolute guarantee that you may return it to him within 30 days and have refunded the price, $5.

Or you may remit $5 to us and we will forward The Keenoh, prepaid. If you do not wish to keep it, express it back to us, charges collect, and the full price will promptly be returned.

The Keenoh, and the principles of its remarkable efficiency, are fully described in

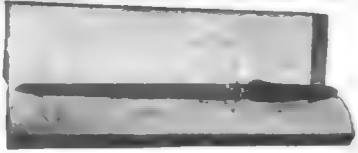
"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

which, we think, is the most interesting and instructive razor story ever published. Mailed free on request.

Agency Applications Wanted

Address Selling Dept. **Keenoh Sales Company** Pittsburgh, Pa.

CARBORUNDUM



The Carborundum Knife Sharpener is a solid stick of Carborundum with a steel rodrunning through it to give it strength—It has handsome nickel mountings and a buckhorn handle— It is indispensable to the man who loves sharp knives—Put up in handsome box—

FROM YOUR DEALER—
OR BY MAIL—75 CENTS

If you have anything to sharpen from a razor to an ax, Carborundum will do it better and quicker than any other sharpening agent—

The Carborundum Company
NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK

WE CAN TEACH YOU TO DRAW

You can earn $20 to $50 and upwards per week.

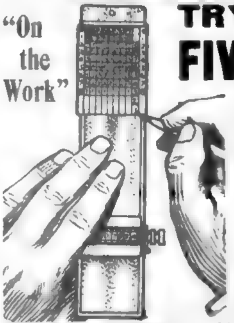
We have Successfully taught all branches of drawing by correspondence since 1898. Practical, personal instruction. Experienced teachers. Art Director educated in Europe. Positions guaranteed. Successful students everywhere. Illustrated Year Book free.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART,
102-113 Fine Arts Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

6%

Secured Certificates of Deposit, yielding six per cent. net, are issued by this bank, accompanied by the first mortgages on improved real estate by which they are secured. Write for booklet "E." Interest paid monthly, quarterly or semi-annually.

SALT LAKE SECURITY & TRUST CO.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS $300,000.00 SALT LAKE CITY.



TRY IT YOURSELF FIVE DAYS FREE

This simple, practical, accurate computer costs only a fraction of the price of key machines and does everything they do except print.

THE RAPID COMPUTER Adding Machine

works right on the books or on the desk. It's a wonder as a time-saver and result-getter. Capacity $9,999,999.99. If it doesn't "make good" you're nothing out. May we send it? Postal us for Free Catalog.

THE RAPID COMPUTER CO.
258 LAKE SHORE ROAD, BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

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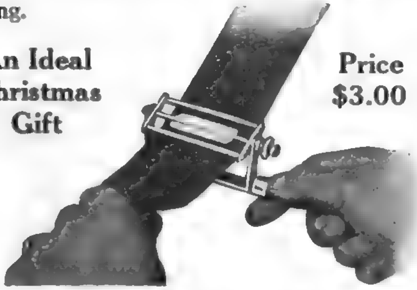
THE GAYLOR AUTOMATIC STROPPER

ADAPTED ESPECIALLY FOR GILLETTE BLADES

This Stropper is absolutely reliable and will sharpen a blade as good as new in two minutes. Not only once, but a hundred times or more without interfering with its correct register for shaving.



An Ideal Christmas Gift

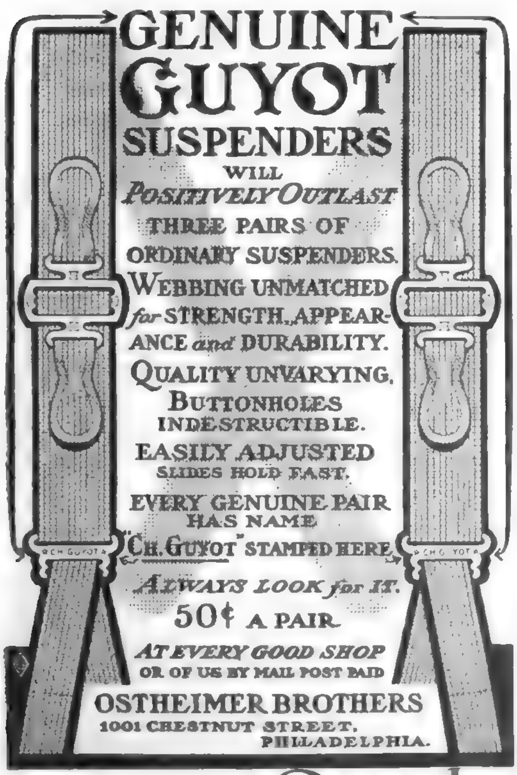
Price $3.00

Handsomely Nickel Plated and put up in a neat case complete with a barber's Horse Hide Strop of best quality.

UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE IT WILL BE MAILED POSTPAID TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD

Write for descriptive Circular

L. B. GAYLOR, Allston, Mass.



GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS

WILL *POSITIVELY OUTLAST* THREE PAIRS OF ORDINARY SUSPENDERS.

WEBBING UNMATCHED *for* STRENGTH, APPEARANCE *and* DURABILITY.

QUALITY UNVARYING.

BUTTONHOLES INDESTRUCTIBLE.

EASILY ADJUSTED SLIDES HOLD FAST.

EVERY GENUINE PAIR HAS NAME "CH. GUYOT" STAMPED HERE.

ALWAYS LOOK for IT.

50¢ A PAIR.

AT EVERY GOOD SHOP
OR OF US BY MAIL POST PAID

OSTHEIMER BROTHERS
1001 CHESTNUT STREET.
PHILADELPHIA.

Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

is for you, and all men and young men, who want *good* clothes that are made in custom tailors' shops, of custom tailors' fabrics and in custom tailors' styles.

Ask the Wearer

Best Class stores everywhere sell
MICHAELS-STERN
SUITS AND OVERCOATS
at $12 to $35

"Styles from Life," covering men's correct dress for all occasions, and the "Etiquette of Cards and Invitations," sent FREE, if you will write for booklet "L".

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
Manufacturers
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Look for this Label

Michaels-Stern & Co.
Manufacturers

It's on all MICHAELS-STERN Fine Clothing and Identifies it

WAY'S MUFFLER

For Men, Women and Children

On or off in a jiffy. Doesn't go on over the head, merely snaps together at back of neck, but covers lungs and hugs throat completely. Over 3,000,000 sold last winter. Put it in pocket or purse as you enter hot room. Snap on in a jiffy as you go out in cold again. Knit of finest cashmere wool in many unfadable colors. Made with or without ear or ear and face coverings. Lasts a lifetime. Looks becoming. You cannot realize its warming comfort in frigid weather till you wear it. Besides health is priceless and should be protected. The lungs and throat are the vital points of danger. Every man, woman or child who goes out of doors in cold weather needs

WAY'S MUFFLER

needs it absolutely, no matter whether the time of exposure to cold be 30 minutes or all day. Sold everywhere by haberdashers, drygoods stores, clothiers, druggists—50c. to $3.00. If your favorite store doesn't keep WAY'S MUFFLER, write us the name of that store at once, and we will see that you get one immediately. Our new book, "Cold Air Nature's Great Tonic," gives intensely interesting information on nature's simple method of preventing coughs, colds, and all throat and lung diseases. Mention this Magazine on a post card, and we'll send you a free copy by return mail. "Do it now." You'll be glad you did.

THE WAY MUFFLER CO.

Dept. E, 23rd and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jaeger

SANITARY UNDERWEAR

Ask any conscientious dealer what are standard woolens. He will answer "Jaeger."

Ask any leading physician what is the best health underwear. He will answer "Jaeger."

Can **you** afford to disregard such endorsement?

Write for samples and booklet of particulars.

DR. JAEGER'S S. W. S. CO.'S
Own Stores

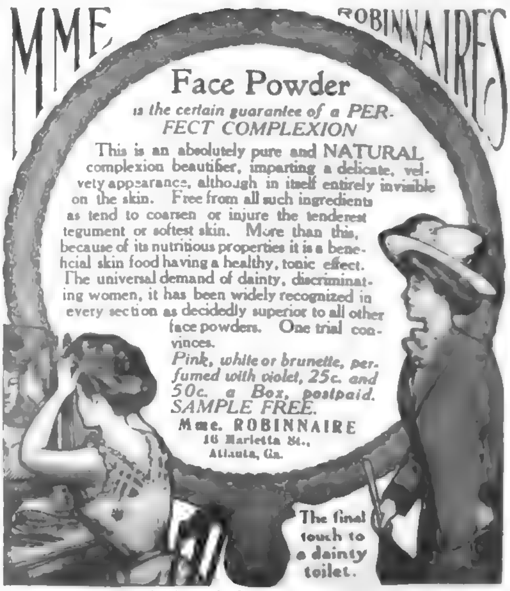
New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane.
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 228 Boylston St.
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 82 State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities

Opportunities in Montana

Anyone looking for a home in the West will find a vast amount of reliable information respecting Montana in the Reclamation Edition of the Great Falls Leader, a beautifully illustrated magazine of 96 pages. Write

LEADER, Great Falls, Montana,

Enclosing 25 cents



MME ROBINNAIRE'S

Face Powder

is the certain guarantee of a PERFECT COMPLEXION

This is an absolutely pure and NATURAL complexion beautifier, imparting a delicate, velvety appearance, although in itself entirely invisible on the skin. Free from all such ingredients as tend to coarsen or injure the tenderest tegument or softest skin. More than this, because of its nutritious properties it is a beneficial skin food having a healthy, tonic effect. The universal demand of dainty, discriminating women, it has been widely recognized in every section as decidedly superior to all other face powders. One trial convinces.

Pink, white or brunette, perfumed with violet, 25c. and 50c. a Box, postpaid. SAMPLE FREE.

Mme. ROBINNAIRE
16 Marietta St.,
Atlanta, Ga.

The final touch to a dainty toilet.

The Masterpiece A Gentleman's Razor

is a REAL RAZOR
—A MAN'S RAZOR

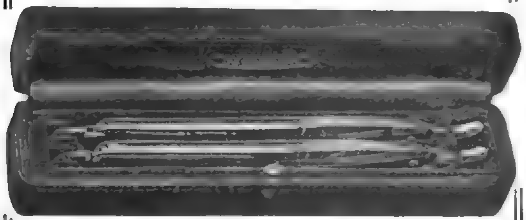
and as perfect a razor as human skill can produce. After all, there is nothing like shaving oneself in the good old-fashioned way with the good old-fashioned razor, and the majority of those now using so-called "Safetys" will eventually come back to the open kind—*the only real razor*. The "Masterpiece" is an honest razor—hand forged from the finest grain Sheffield steel by men expert in their craft and is a masterpiece of the English steel maker's art. It passes through twenty operations, the most skillful experts being employed in every department. It will last a lifetime with ordinary care and will give you the easiest, smoothest and most delightful shave you ever had, and a real shave—not a scrape.

Price $2.50 each. $5.00 per pair

With round or square end. Ready for use.

A Royal Christmas Gift

Two selected "Masterpiece" Razors, in handsome Morocco leather case, plush lined, $6.00



or **A Seven Day Set** consisting of seven selected "Masterpiece" Razors, in Morocco leather case, plush lined - - - - - - - - $19.50

All goods delivered free.

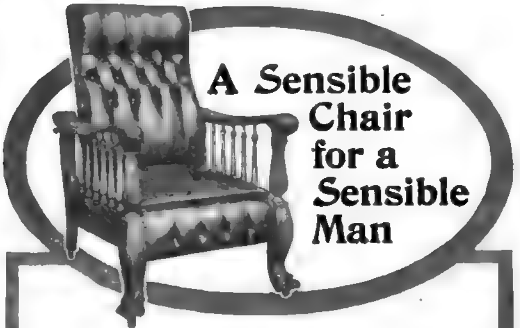
We have made Razors since 1819

Guarantee The knowledge and experience gained during these eighty-eight years, combined with the most expert skill and perfect workmanship, are guaranteed you in the "Masterpiece." We stand back of all the goods we sell, and money will be refunded if goods are not found to be exactly as represented, or are not satisfactory in every respect.

Do you know how to shave yourself correctly?

Send for our free booklet "All About Good Razors and How to Shave With Comfort."

C. KLAUBERG & BROS.
176 William Street - New York



A Sensible Chair for a Sensible Man

The most sensible as well as the most comfortable chair for library, den or sitting-room is the Streit Morris Chair.

For every-day practical use—a chair to give the maximum service and comfort.

Differs from other Morris Chairs in having an *Adjustable Foot-rest* which forms front border when not in use.

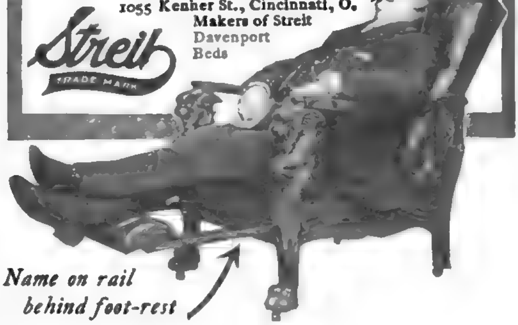
With this foot-rest in use, occupant can take a nap or stretch out *full length* while reading, at any angle of elevation desired.

Nothing complicated about the Streit Morris Chair. It will last for generations.

It is made of first-class materials throughout. Will give more service, comfort and satisfaction than any other chair at several times the price. Covered in Streit natural grain leather or in any material desired. If your dealer hasn't it we'll supply you direct. Beware of imitations. Look for the name Streit. Write for illustrated catalogue C–14 (free.)

The C. F. Streit Mfg. Co.,
1055 Kenher St., Cincinnati, O.
Makers of Streit Davenport Beds

Streit
TRADE MARK



Name on rail behind foot-rest

Pyrography

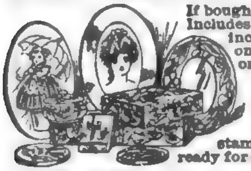
If you would know the rare pleasure of decorating beautiful things in Wood, Leather and Plush with a high grade outfit at little cost, take advantage of our special bargain offer ·

Pyrography Outfit No. 97 $1.60

Regular Price $2.40

This Outfit has genuine Fine Platinum Point, Double-action Bulb and Alcohol Lamp, together with all the other accessories to a complete first-class outfit. We include free, two pieces of 3-ply stamped practice wood. All in handsome leatherette box. Ask your dealer or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order, we also include free, our 64-page Instruction Book, (price 25c) the most complete Pyrography Book published.

Assortment E Only $1.75



If bought by the piece would cost you $2.50. Includes: One Handkerchief Box, size 6 x 6 inches; one Glove Box, 4 x 11½ inches one hand-turned round Jewelry Box; one oval Picture Frame; one American Girl Panel, 8 x 11½ inches; one oval Match Hanger, 12 inches high; and three Small Panels in assorted designs, all pieces made of best three-ply basswood and beautifully stamped in late and popular designs, all ready for decorating.

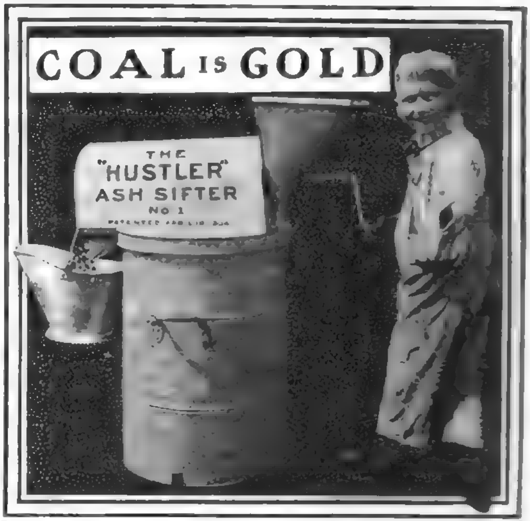
Combination Offer
If Outfit No. 97 and this Assortment are ordered together, our special price for both, including Book, is
Only $3.20

Our regular price for the above nine pieces decorated is $12.00. For $3.20 you get everything you need to produce $12.00 worth of finished work and have a $2.40 outfit and book left besides.

Write for New Free Catalog E60 containing 96-pages (12 in three colors), with 2,000 illustrations, including actress heads, copyrighted designs by Gibson and other good artists, on articles of wood, leather and plush of every description; also shows our extensive line of Pyrography Outfits and Supplies at lowest prices. The largest pyrography catalog ever issued. Write for it today.

TRADE T&C CHICAGO MARK

THAYER & CHANDLER,
160-164 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
"Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World."



SAVE IT AND DON'T WORRY

It's like finding money the way the **Hustler Ash Sifter saves coal.** Turning the crank for a minute sifts the day's ashes. No dust nor dirt; easy to operate, a child can do it, and no maid objects to it. Fits wood or iron barrel; saves many times its cost in a year, and the cinders are excellent for banking fire at night. If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Write for Catalog K.

HILL DRYER CO.,
378 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

CHRISTMAS FAVORS

Red Santa Claus Lantern, 15c. each. Red Santa Claus Figure (box) 10c. Santa Claus Surprise Stockings, filled with toys, $1.00, 50c., 25c and 15c. each. Paper Christmas Stocking containing 12 toys, 5c. each. Red Cloth Stocking trimmed with Holly, suitable to put presents in, 25c. each. Folding Red Paper Christmas Bells, 20c., 10c. and 5c. each. Folding Red Paper Christmas Stars, 20c., 10c. and 5c each. Holly Sprays, 50c., 25c and 15c. dozen. Mistletoe Sprays, 5c. each. Paper Folding Santa Claus, 5c. each. Tinsel Garlands, 12 yards for 25c. Red Holly Sled Box, 15c. Red Christmas Bell (box), 25c. Holly Basket, 10c. Santa Claus Ice Cream Cases, 60c. dozen. Holly Jack Horner Pie, 12 ribbons, $1.00. Holly Dinner Cards, 50c. dozen. Holly Tally Cards, 25c. dozen. Snapping Mottoes, $1.00, 50c., 25c. and 10c. dozen. Beautiful catalogue free on request.

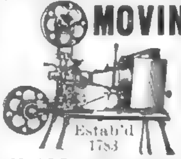
We positively do not pay mail charges.

B. Shackman & Co., Dept. 56, 812 Broadway, N. Y.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

and Stereopticons

PAY BIG MONEY



If you begin right, by getting your outfit from a reliable concern. We are the Oldest House in the Business. Our instruments and supplies are guaranteed. Write and we will tell you how to make your entertainments profitable.

McALLISTER MFG. CO., Dept. C, 49 Nassau St., New York

DEAFNESS

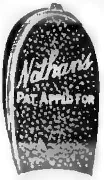
"The Morley 'Phone"

A miniature Telephone for the ear, invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. 82
31 SOUTH 16th STREET PHILADELPHIA

NO MORE CROOKED SHOES



Nathan Adjustable Anti-Crooked Heel Cushions keep shoes straight. All sizes, 35 cents a pair. Also **Ventilating Corset Ankle Support** for children learning to walk or adults having weak or sprained ankles. 50c., 75c., $1.00 per pair. At all shoe dealers or by mail.

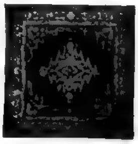
NATHAN NOVELTY MANUFACTURING CO.
86C Reade Street, NEW YORK

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid.

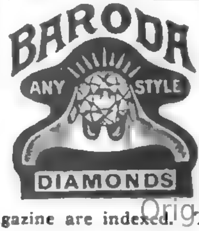
Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10½ ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. **Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.**



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 1 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia.



FLASH LIKE GENUINE

Day or night. You can own a Diamond equal in brilliancy to any genuine Stone at one thirtieth the cost.

BARODA DIAMONDS
IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first, then pay. **Catalogue Free.** Patent Ring Measure included for FIVE two-cent stamps.

THE BARODA CO.
Dept. 10, 290 North State Street, Chicago

Do You Know the Joys of Holeproof?

Do you know the joy of putting your feet into **Holeproof Stockings** that won't go bad for six months?

Do you know the joy of giving "good riddance" to the miserable, detested weekly darning that **Holeproof Hosiery** has made an end of?

Do you know the joy of buying stockings as you do other things, with the knowledge that they will last? In short

Are Your Sox Insured?

READ THIS GUARANTEE

We guarantee any purchaser of **Holeproof Stockings** that they will need no darning for six months. If they should we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to wearer.

Holeproof Hosiery

For Men and Women

Wears Six Months Without Holes

Holeproof is the original guaranteed long wear hosiery. It is knit of long fibered Egyptian cotton, by a process which renders it extremely tough and durable, yet elastic, and it is soft and easy on the feet. **Holeproof Sox** are reinforced at points of hardest wear and retain their original good shape. They cost no more than ordinary sox and look as handsome as any you ever saw. It is stocking luxury to wear **Holeproof**, and if you once test it for yourself you will never wear any other.

Men's Holeproof Sox are made in fast colors—Black, Tan (light or dark) Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes 9 to 12. Medium or light weight. Sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired. Six months guarantee with each pair. We also make stockings for women under the same guarantee. Sizes 8 to 11. Reinforced garter tops. Colors—Black and Tan.

Send $2.00 Today for Trial Box. We Prepay Shipping Charges

CAUTION! If your dealer carries **Holeproof**, buy of him, but be sure you get the genuine. In ordering state size, color preferred, and whether all one color or assorted. Remit by money order, draft or any convenient way.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, **47 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.**

Holeproof Hosiery

Registered

Why Wool For Underwear?

Wright's Health Underwear is made of wool because wool is the natural body covering, and better adapted to the purpose than any vegetable fibre. It does not absorb odor as linen does, nor chill the skin after perspiring, and it retains the electricity of the body.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR

however, is woven on an entirely different plan from any other underwear, and it is this that gives it its great superiority. Instead of a tightly woven fabric almost impervious to air and perspiration we have in Wright's Health Underwear the Fleece of Comfort and Health; a fleecy lining made up of myriads of tiny woolen loops woven into the foundation fabric. This fleece by holding air in its meshes permits the skin to breathe freely and by its porous absorbent nature carries off the perspiration easily and naturally. *Wright's Health Underwear costs no more than the ordinary kinds. At dealers.*

"Dressing for Health," a book of valuable information about underwear, sent free.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO., 75 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK

Columbia Graphophones

On Monthly Credit

30 Days Free Trial in Your Own Home

SEND FOR OUR GRAPHOPHONE CATALOGUE TODAY, and learn how easy it is for anyone to buy this greatest of all talking machines.

$1.50 PER MONTH buys the celebrated Columbia outfit consisting of the peerless Columbia Graphophone, one dozen gold moulded records and large floral horn, and gives you the most delightful entertainment during the long winter evenings.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co
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CHICAGO

A POSTAL CARD WILL DO. Send it today. Simply write on it "Send me your free catalogue of Columbia Graphophones" and it will tell in detail the plan of sale. The Columbia Graphophone is the world's standard talking machine and we handle it to the exclusion of all others for that reason.

New Lamps for Old

should you have a **Rochester** that does not give satisfaction, return it to us, (if not injured) and we will give you a new one **FREE.**

The **Rochester** gives a soft, cheerful, mellow light of wonderful brilliancy, enabling weak eyes to read without straining. Made of brass throughout, any finish. Perfectly constructed, absolutely safe, *guaranteed;* millions in use.

We manufacture, import and deal in all sundries pertaining to light and heat—*oil, gas, alcohol, electricity.*

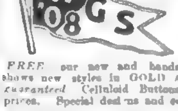
Agents wanted, men and women: experience unnecessary: permanent home employment, salary or commission. **Send stamp** for salesman's instructions and **Lamp Information,** the knowledge acquired through years of experience.

Rochester Lamp Co., Dept. L, Rochester, N.Y.

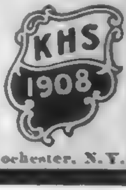
CLASS PINS AND BADGES

FOR SOCIETY OR LODGE—COLLEGE OR SCHOOL

Factory to you. Made to order in any style or material. Read this offer Either of the two styles here illustrated, enameled in one or two colors and showing any letters or numerals, but not more than shown in illustration



Silver Plate, $1.00 doz. Sample, 10c. Sterling Silver, $2.50 doz. Sample 25c.



FREE our new and handsomely illustrated catalogue shows new styles in GOLD AND SILVER. *Satisfaction guaranteed* Celluloid Buttons and Ribbon Badges at right prices. Special designs and estimates free.

BASTIAN BROS. CO., 15 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

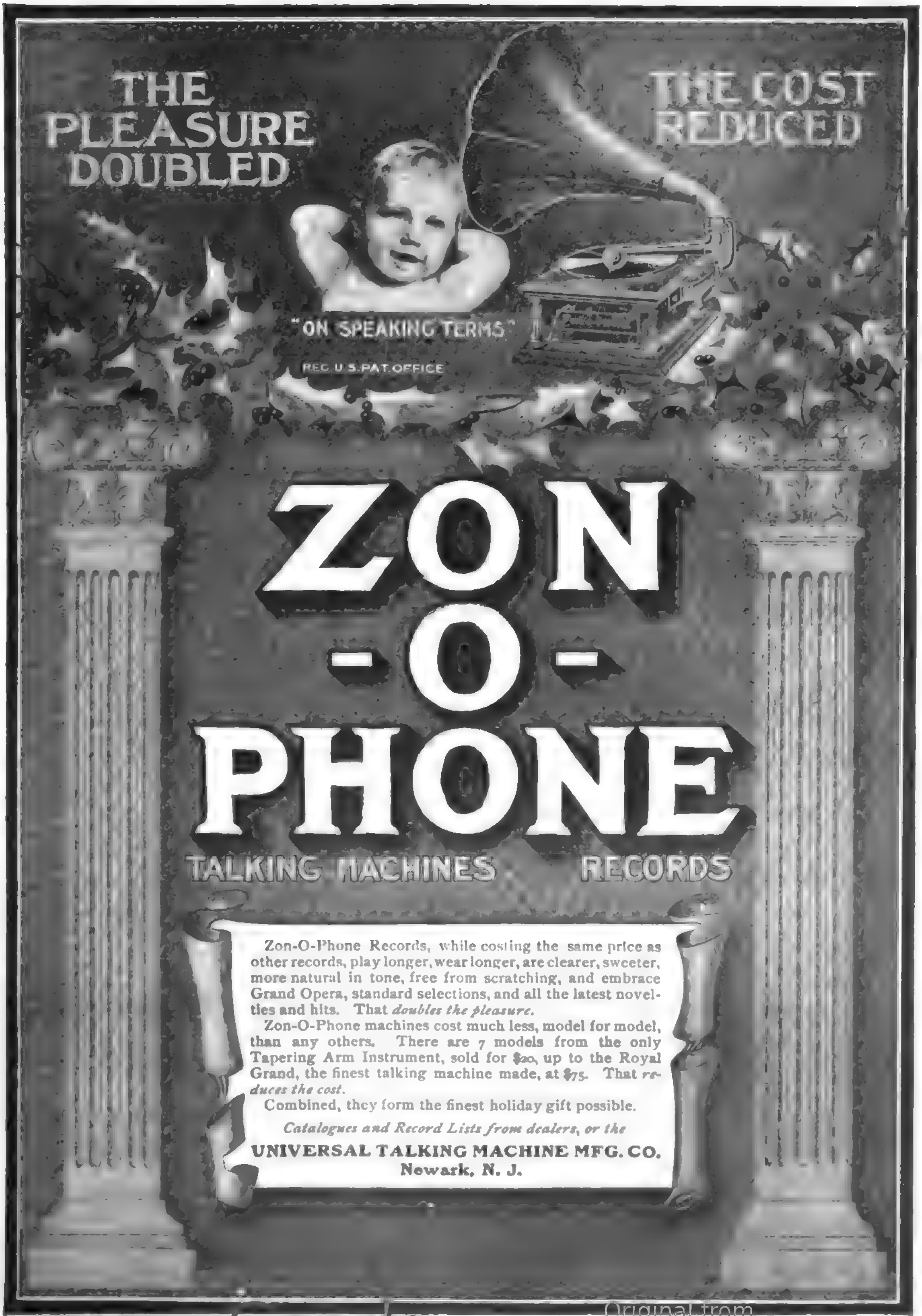
DESK ADDING MACHINES
For all Business Accounting

The New Standard Desk Calcumeter

With Automatic Resetting Device

The most convenient and only practical desk adder. The perfected result of five years' experience in making Calcumeters for employes of biggest railroads, telegraph companies, U. S. Government, business houses, architects, engineers, etc. 14 models, 61 sizes. Sold the world over. Prices $10 to $45, according to size and model. Guaranteed 3 years. Free trial. *Write today for Illustrated Catalog No. 6.*

HERBERT NORTH MORSE, [illegible] Building, Trenton, N. J.


THE PLEASURE DOUBLED
THE COST REDUCED
"ON SPEAKING TERMS"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
ZON-O-PHONE
TALKING MACHINES
RECORDS

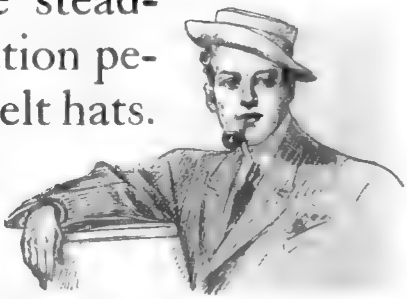
Zon-O-Phone Records, while costing the same price as other records, play longer, wear longer, are clearer, sweeter, more natural in tone, free from scratching, and embrace Grand Opera, standard selections, and all the latest novelties and hits. That *doubles the pleasure.*

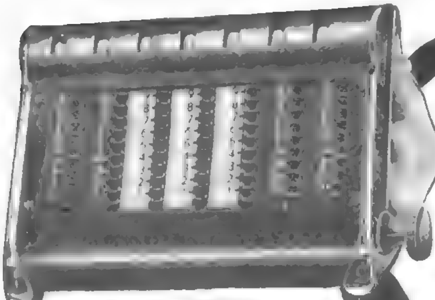
Zon-O-Phone machines cost much less, model for model, than any others. There are 7 models from the only Tapering Arm Instrument, sold for $20, up to the Royal Grand, the finest talking machine made, at $75. That *reduces the cost.*

Combined, they form the finest holiday gift possible.

Catalogues and Record Lists from dealers, or the

UNIVERSAL TALKING MACHINE MFG. CO.
Newark, N. J.





The first Derby made in America was a C&K

Hats for Men

KNAPP-FELT hats have in their safe keeping the good name of the factory which made them and the hatter who sells them. For fifty years the C&K shop has made fine hats and each year's production has had the benefit of the intelligent search for the best in methods and materials which has characterized its progress.

Knapp-Felt marks the highest achievement in hat manufacture. The superb quality, the noticeable elegance of style and the steadfast Cronap dye form a combination peculiar to the inimitable Knapp-Felt hats.

Knap-Felt DeLuxe—the best hats made—are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felt—the next best—are Four Dollars, everywhere.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
838 Broadway, New York

OVER **15,000** IN USE

THERE IS A REASON FOR IT

The "GEM" Adding Machine

Carries automatically. Automatic resetting device. Collapsible holder. Visible total. Two years written guarantee. To prove our faith in what it will do for you it will be sent on

TEN DAYS TRIAL AT OUR EXPENSE

Does the work as accurately as any Machine at any price.

Address me personally

A. D. GANCHER
Automatic Adding Machine Co., 332 Broadway, New York

$15

The China known since 1840 as

HAVILAND CHINA

Is stamped under each piece
in green underglaze

Haviland
France

The decorated China has
an additional stamp
in red on the glaze

Haviland & Co
Limoges

LIEBIG
Company's Extract of Beef
J. v. Liebig
Splendid for delicate children; it gets over the digestion difficulty
¼ to ⅓ teaspoonful in ½ pint milk

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How
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House
Is
Heated

—Tell us how your home is heated, and let us show you how to heat it better at lower cost—

Whether your home is heated by stoves, by furnace or by steam, we can show you how to heat it better for less money.

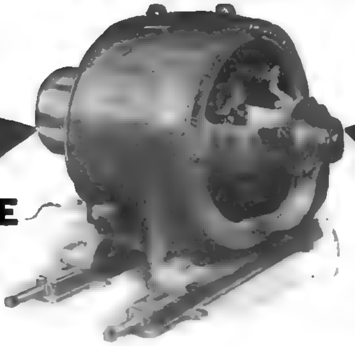
It costs you nothing to find out why and how we can do this. Simply mail us a postal card with your name and address, saying how your home is heated, and we will show you what

Klymax Boilers
KEWANEE RADIATORS

will do to make your home more comfortable, and to reduce your heating expense. Klymax Boilers generate the greatest amount of heat at the lowest cost, and Kewanee Radiators distribute the heat more evenly and effectively than any other radiator built. It's all in the way they are made.

All you need do is to send us a postal with name and address—we send the proof—then it is up to you.

Kellogg-Mackay-Cameron Co.
1202 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



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Western Electric Motors Save Money

**SAFE
CHEAP
SIMPLE
Reliable
Power**

**Western
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Mr. Manufacturer and Power User:—Just investigate, by writing us a postal, and let us show you why **Western Electric Motors**—the **direct drive way** instead of bulky shafting and belts that waste valuable space and power—

Will Save You 25 to 60%

The very name **WESTERN ELECTRIC**—is your guarantee of a most rigidly tested, carefully constructed, expert improved motor. Our stamp of power on a motor means all that we've tested it to do before we ship it to you—and is your safeguard. Just write and we'll demonstrate our way of solving your power problems quickly—anywhere you live. We carry a large stock of motors, generators, arc lamps, incandescent lamps, fan motors and electrical supplies of all kinds, ready for immediate delivery through our branch houses and agencies located in all principal cities and foreign countries. Write us a postal today or a letter telling what your problems are. Address

**WESTERN ELECTRIC
COMPANY**
Dept. 660, 261 S. Clinton Street,
Chicago, Ill.

With Individual Motors You Can Increase Your Plant's Productiveness

Don't Forget You Can Save From 25 to 60%

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK

1876 1907

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President
ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary

FIDELITY
LIABILITY
ACCIDENT
HEALTH
STEAM BOILER
ELEVATOR
PLATE GLASS
BURGLARY
FLY WHEEL

This Company has been engaged in the several MINOR MISCELLANEOUS LINES of insurance for over THIRTY YEARS, and has built up gradually and prudently A VERY LARGE CASUALTY INSURANCE BUSINESS. Its annual income from premiums is nearly SIX MILLIONS of dollars. Its business is protected by assets of nearly EIGHT MILLIONS, including an unearned premium reserve of over THREE MILLIONS of dollars, and a special reserve against contingent claims of over ONE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS. It has paid over TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS to its policy-holders FOR LOSSES. Its constant effort is to give its clients not only INSURANCE indemnity, but prompt and effective INSPECTION and ADJUSTING SERVICES.

INSURANCE THAT INSURES

CAPITAL, - **$1,000,000.00** SURPLUS, - **$1,622,129.12**

DIRECTORS:

DUMONT CLARKE, GEO. E. IDE, WM. J. MATHESON, ANTON A. RAVEN,
WM. P. DIXON, W. G. LOW, ALEXANDER E. ORR, JOHN L. RIKER,
ALFRED W. HOYT, J. G. McCULLOUGH, HENRY E. PIERREPONT, W. EMLEN ROOSEVELT,
GEO. F. SEWARD.

Principal Offices, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, New York

Agents in all considerable towns

Which of These Men
Are You Built Like?

We fit all men perfectly — the man who is tall and lean, the man who is short and stout — the man of any kind of build.

Respect your physique.

Get clothes to fit you—not somebody else.

We'll make you perfect—fitting—distinctive—elegant—perfect clothes, made-to-your-exact-measure by experts.

At a moderate price—$18 to $40.

Our dealers will guarantee them perfect.

They are in a position to so. Read what one of them writes us: "From first to last your proposition is a winner. It has doubled my business. With 340 designs to give my customers choice from, it's easy to please a man at the start, and your splendid fitting garments do the rest. Men are pleased enough to come back—and that's good enough for me."

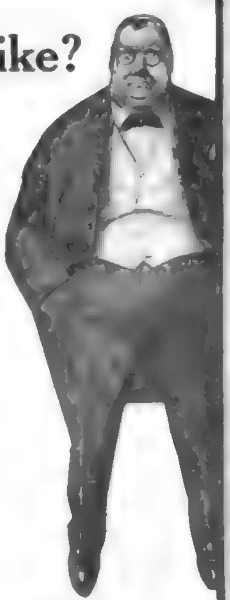
Why not experience the comfort and satisfaction of modern clothes—right in fit and fashion—our kind?

Ask our dealer in your town?

If you don't know who he is, write us.

Note: The double breasted suit illustrated is one of our exclusive styles—No.505—silk braided—made in any material.

GREAT WESTERN TAILORING COMPANY, CHICAGO



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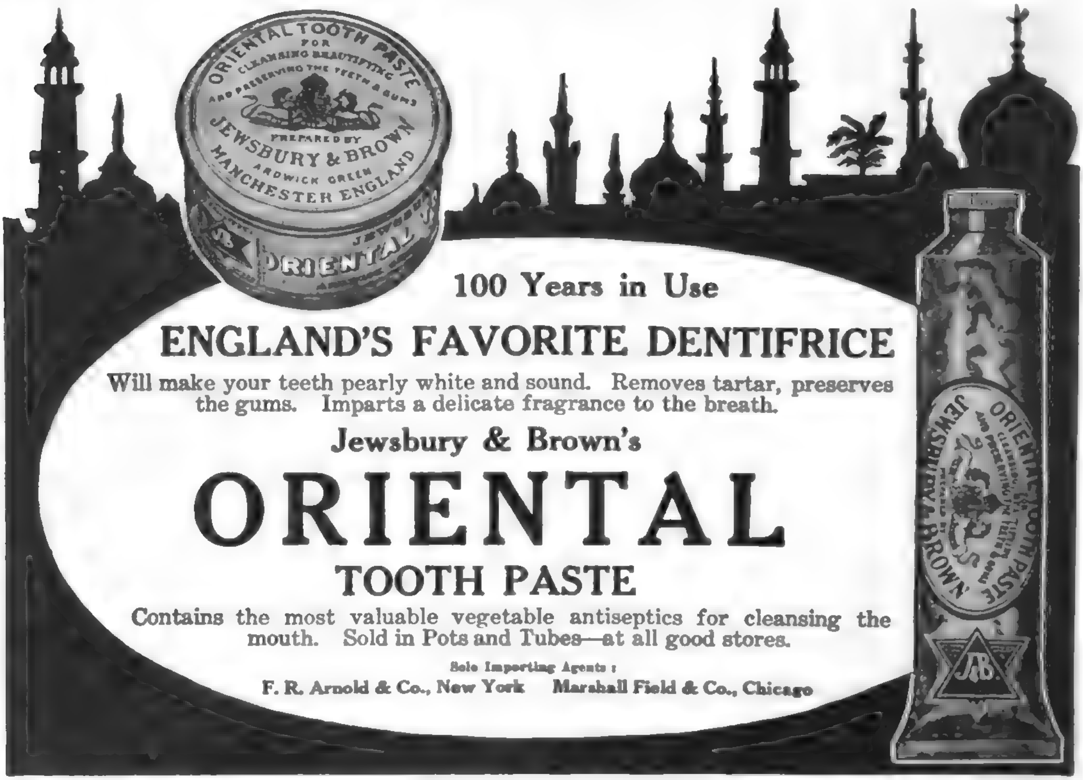

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE FOR CLEANSING BEAUTIFYING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH & GUMS
PREPARED BY JEWSBURY & BROWN ARDWICK GREEN MANCHESTER ENGLAND
ORIENTAL
JEWSBURY & BROWN
J.B.

100 Years in Use

ENGLAND'S FAVORITE DENTIFRICE

Will make your teeth pearly white and sound. Removes tartar, preserves the gums. Imparts a delicate fragrance to the breath.

Jewsbury & Brown's

ORIENTAL

TOOTH PASTE

Contains the most valuable vegetable antiseptics for cleansing the mouth. Sold in Pots and Tubes—at all good stores.

Sole Importing Agents:
F. R. Arnold & Co., New York Marshall Field & Co., Chicago

Don't Neglect The Teeth

If they can't do their work the stomach (and so the general health) must suffer. It is easy to keep them sound and healthy by using

Calvert's
CARBOLIC
Tooth Powder

It cleans so quickly and thoroughly without injuring the enamel; no grit to scratch; no need for hard brushing and it has a recognized sanitary value.

In tins, 15c., 30c., & 45c. Glass jar with sprinkler stopper, 35c. (If not at your dealers, we will forward on receipt of price and 10c. postage). Send 2c. stamp for free sample. Descriptive booklet on request.

Park & Tilford, U.S.A. Agts., 917 Broadway, N.Y.

Makers: F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester St., West, Montreal.

AMERICAN VIBRATOR

It Will Help You

When you feel tired or nervous, vibratory massage is the best thing in the world. It starts the sluggish circulation, increases your general vitality and improves your complexion. These are only a few of the benefits to be derived from the regular use of the **American Vibrator**. This is the best machine at any price, yet the cost is moderate. Can be used with either direct or alternating electric light current and possesses improvements not found in any other instrument. For literature and full particulars of our plan for a fifteen day trial of Model E machine write to either of our offices.

AMERICAN VIBRATOR COMPANY
St. James Bldg., New York
Victoria Bldg., St. Louis

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

"I will tell you," said the woman with the beautiful hair, "why I like and always use

ED. PINAUD'S
(Eau de Quinine)
HAIR TONIC

It keeps the scalp perfectly white and healthy, and quickly removes dandruff. It insures the natural flow of oil from the sebaceous glands, keeping the hair lustrous and preventing it from becoming dry and brittle. It stimulates the minute nerve cells of the hair roots, and promotes hair growth.

This delightful preparation should be used by all people of refinement—indeed, its use is an expression of aristocratic taste. Its fragrance is delicate and lasting."

Let us send you a liberal sample bottle. Write to-day, enclosing 10 cents to pay postage and packing.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Dept. 110, ED. PINAUD Bldg., New York

Write for a miniature bottle of ED. PINAUD'S Lilac Vegetal. Delightfully fragrant. The best perfume for general toilet uses. Fine for holiday giving for men and women. Write to-day, enclosing 10 cents (for postage and packing).

"Thy habit as costly as thy purse can buy," thy teeth as clean as only CALOX can make them.

It is the presence of OXYGEN in CALOX, the Oxygen Tooth Powder, that renders it so wonderfully efficient as a cleanser and preserver of the teeth.

Of all druggists 25 cents

Dainty trial size can and booklet sent on receipt of 5 cents (stamp or coin).

McKESSON & ROBBINS
Dept. B 91 Fulton Street, New York

CALOX

The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

I know you wish for

JELL-O

Six in the Family

Clamoring for Dessert

One Package

Jell-O

Will Satisfy them all. Costs 10c.

Prepared instantly—Simply add boiling water and serve when cool

Sweetened Just Right. Flavored Just Right

No Cooking. No Fussing. No Worry

7 Choice Flavors, at all good grocers

Satisfaction guaranteed

New Illustrated Recipe Book Free

Just off the press

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

Complies with all Pure Food Laws.

Visit our exhibit at Jamestown Exposition

Shakespeare's Heroines

Horlick's Malted Milk 1908 Calendar

reproduces *Rosalind, Portia and Juliet*, by C. Allen Gilbert, the celebrated portrait painter, in a superb art panel, 9½x35 inches in size, a charming decoration for the library, living-room, boudoir or den.

Mailed anywhere for 10c coin or stamps.

This calendar is exquisitely printed in colors while the reverse side shows a series of illustrations of Shakespeare's Seven Ages, each age represented by a noted character from the plays of the great poet. A very artistic gift.

Horlick's Malted Milk Company

715 North Western Avenue, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Horlick's Malted Milk—*original and only genuine*—pure milk and extract of malted grain, in powder form, soluble in water—no cooking—a food-drink for all ages. Agrees with the weakest stomach. *All Druggists.*

CHINESE JADE JEWELRY

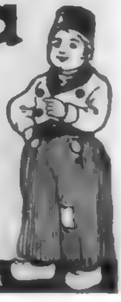
Direct from the Orient. Finest, rich green, genuine Chinese Jade Jewelry. Mounted in 24K solid gold by Chinese goldsmiths. Rings, Scarf Pins, Brooches, Pendants, Necklaces, Bracelets, etc. Write for beautiful *Souvenir Booklet, No 23 "Jade."* It tells all about this rare, sacred gem and illustrates many pieces in colors. *Large Christmas Catalog No. 20 of Watches, Jewelry and Silverware also free*

BROCK & FEAGANS

Importing Jewelers

437-439-441 Broadway Los Angeles, Cal.

Blooker's COCOA



a luxury to the palate,

a necessity for the stomach,

an economy to the pocket.

Trial tin (enough for 20 cups) mailed you on receipt of 10c. in stamps or silver.

Address Dept. E

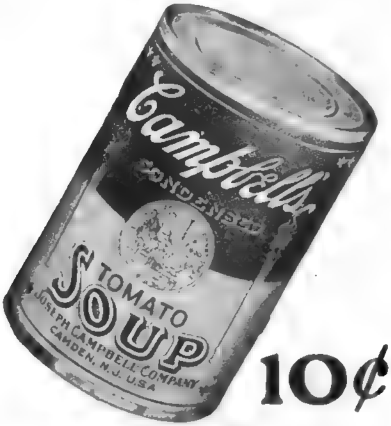
46 Hudson Street, New York

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

For substantial Every-day use!

As vital as meat, bread and potatoes.

As nourishing as all combined:



10¢

Campbell's

SOUPS

There are 21 kinds.
Each kind costs 10c. a can.
Each can contains sufficient for the average family.
And to prepare, all you have to do is

Just add hot water and serve

Nothing is more simple than this; nothing more wholesome.

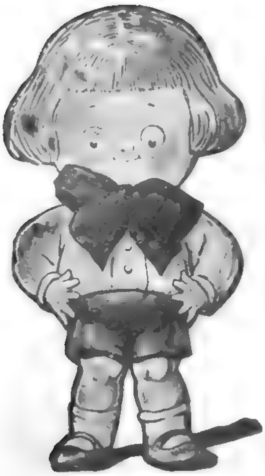
All who have used them unite in saying that they are healthful, sustaining and palatable.

Tomato Soup

Always satisfying—Ever delightful

If you can't get **Campbell's Soups** from your grocer, please send us his name and address.

The **"Campbell Kids"** in our **Free Booklet, No. 44.** Send postal.



Fine, rich and pure; delights the taste;
The food for leisure or for haste;
Renews your health, repairs the waste;
Campbell's Soups.

Joseph Campbell Company
Desk No. 44
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

To Make Happier Faces on Christmas Day

Give a Premograph

To the young lady, the boys or the older people, it will be equally acceptable. Its pictures will keep before them forever, the pleasantest memories of the day.

It is the only reflecting camera ever offered at the moderate price of

TEN DOLLARS

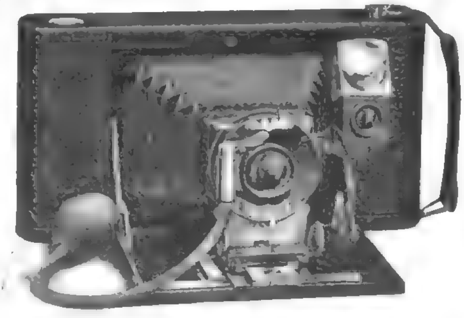
Premograph reflects the image, right side up and in exact size, on a ground glass, so that exposure can be made at the most favorable moment.

A turn of a key sets the mirror—a glance through hood locates the image—a reverse turn of key makes the exposure.

Loads in daylight with Premo Film Pack. Pictures are 3¼ x 4¼. One or more exposures can be removed at any time for development.

Our booklet, "To Make Happier Faces at Christmas Time," will give you many suggestions for Christmas Giving. Our catalogue describes over twenty different models. Get them at the dealer's, or write us. Both are free.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
58 South Street Rochester, N. Y.



HAWK-EYE

The No. 3B, for Pictures 3¼ x 5½, represents the highest attainment in pocket camera construction. Opens horizontally, rack and pinion for fine focusing and sliding front. Daylight loading, using N. C. Film.

Model 1, Price $20.00.

BLAIR CAMERA DIVISION,
Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

Send for the Hawk Eye Catalogue

HAWK-EYE CAMERAS TRADE MARK

Buy Your Tobacco Direct From Factory

That's the only way to know how fragrant, rich and smooth French's Mixture is. Descriptive adjectives have all been used by inferior tobaccos ere this. We can give you no new words, but we can give you a new and better smoking tobacco direct from the makers.

To make it easy for you to try

French's Mixture

we have the standing offer printed at the left. Take advantage of it and you will have reason to congratulate yourself. You will obtain a perfect blend of pure North Carolina Golden Leaf Tobacco, made almost entirely by hand. It is

"The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco"

Not sold by dealers, but direct to smokers in perfect condition

FRENCH TOBACCO CO.
Dept. 47, Statesville, N. C.

Send 10 Cents in silver or stamps for a large sample pouch and booklet; both will be a delight to you.

Make Big Profits

Selling the famous, simplicity Low Pressure system

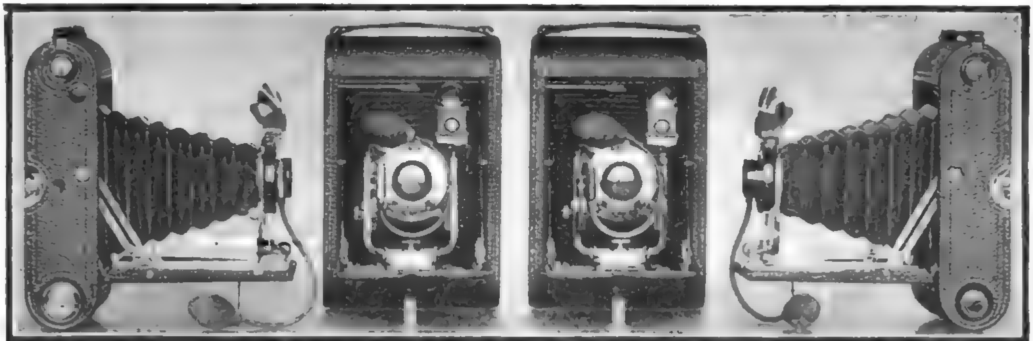
Standard Hydro-Carbon Light

for homes, stores, halls, churches, streets, etc. Brighter than gas, electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. No smoke, no odor. Absolutely safe and guaranteed. Can be installed by any handy man.

We want Good Agents Everywhere

Exclusive territory, liberal terms, quick sales with big profits. Our "Sales System" aids you in selling. Write today for terms.

Standard Gillett Light Company
917 N. Halsted St., Chicago.



So simple that even in the hands of the novice they make good pictures, so perfect in equipment that they fulfill the requirements of the expert—such are the

Folding Pocket Kodaks

No. 1,	for pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches, - - - - -	$10.00
No. 1A,	" " 2½ x 4¼ " - - - - -	12.00
No. 3,	" " 3¼ x 4¼ " - - - - -	17.50
No. 3A,	" " 3¼ x 5½ " - - - - -	20.00
No. 4,	" " 4 x 5 " - - - - -	20.00
No. 4A	Folding Kodak, (as simple as a Pocket Kodak) for pictures 4¼ x 6½ inches, - - -	35.00

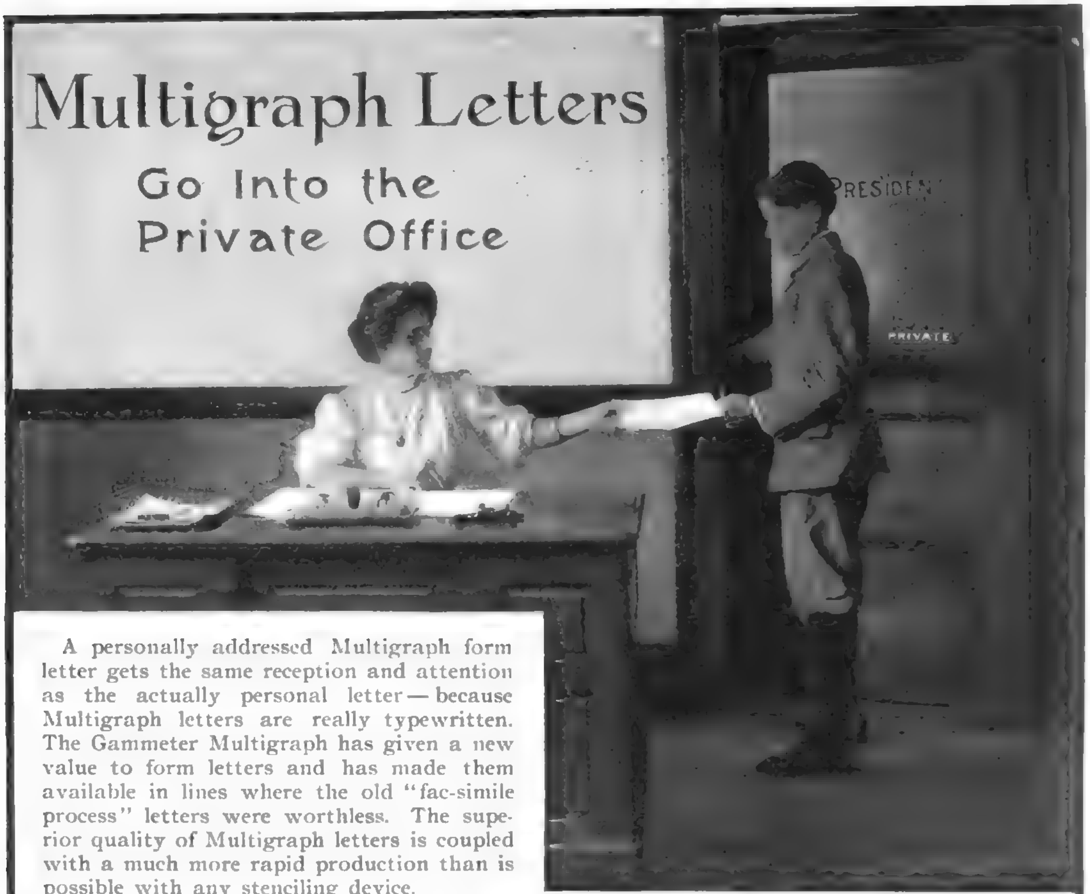
Let Kodak solve your Christmas Problem.

Kodaks, - - - - $5.00 to $100.00.
Brownies, - - - - $1.00 to $9.00.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Catalogue, free at the dealers, or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Multigraph Letters

Go Into the Private Office

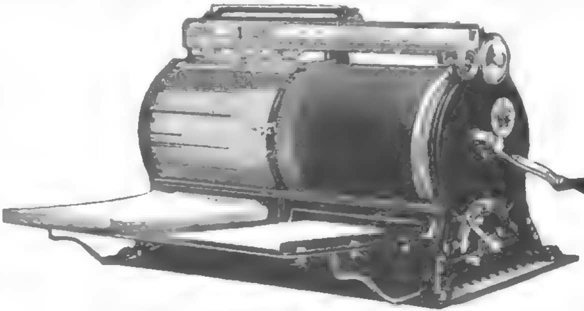
A personally addressed Multigraph form letter gets the same reception and attention as the actually personal letter — because Multigraph letters are really typewritten. The Gammeter Multigraph has given a new value to form letters and has made them available in lines where the old "fac-simile process" letters were worthless. The superior quality of Multigraph letters is coupled with a much more rapid production than is possible with any stenciling device.

The Gammeter Multigraph

2000 (and over) Original Copies per Hour

Is A Real Multiple Typewriter and Also A Perfect Office Printing Machine

The Multigraph prints all sorts of office forms, reports, filing cards, etc., at a saving of 50 per cent. on printers' charges. Electrotypes may be used on the Multigraph, and a direct inking attachment is supplied for work not requiring actual typewriting.



Let Us Send You Samples

of forms printed on the Gammeter Multigraph, together with a Multigraphed typewritten letter addressed to you personally. Simply send us your name, the name of your firm, and the position you occupy. We will also send descriptive booklet or catalogue.

The American Multigraph Sales Co.
1800 Case Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Branch Offices Everywhere

"Defeated by trivialities,"

said a man of talent whose life had been a failure—and that mistake showed how he had made all the others.

Nothing is trivial that either defeats or conquers.

It is not trivial to use the right or wrong stationery any more than it is trivial to use the right or wrong words; to state your case clearly or to blunder.

The standard paper for business stationery

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

is not generally used by men who make blunders; nor by men who forget that instant prejudice, or favorable impulse, is an important consideration.

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men.

Prove this for yourself—have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company
The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

for CHRISTMAS GIVE President Suspenders

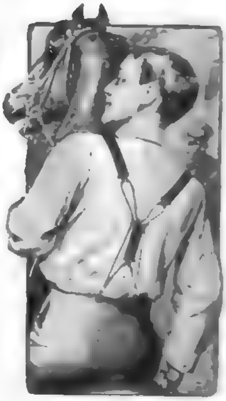
It is always advisable when selecting presents to buy the things known to be good. Of all suspenders, Presidents are the best known and best liked. They're the easiest, most comfortable and most durable suspenders.

President Suspender Christmas Boxes

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

President Suspenders in handsome Christmas boxes decorated with reproductions of Boileau paintings in colors, make splendid presents for Father, Husband, Brothers, Brothers-in-law, Cousins, Nephews and Friends. Give each a Christmas box of Presidents.

If your home stores have no President Suspenders in Christmas boxes, buy of us by mail. 50 cents, postpaid.



THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 509 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS & BALL BEARING GARTERS

Christmas Combination Boxes

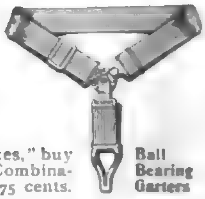
Combination Box
Combination Box
Combination Box
President Suspenders
Ball Bearing Garters
President Suspenders
Ball Bearing Garters
President Suspenders
Ball Bearing Garters

Our Christmas "Combination Box" contains a pair of President Suspenders and a pair of Ball Bearing Garters, and costs 75 cents. Suspenders 50 cents — garters 25 cents — no charge for the beautifully colored Christmas picture box.

You will not find anything else so useful, so prettily boxed for so little money.

The suspenders and garters are the kind worn by most men, so you are sure of the right kind. And there's much satisfaction in knowing you made the right selection.

If your home stores have no "Combination Boxes," buy of us by mail. We will send you the Christmas Combination Box of suspenders and garters postpaid, for 75 cents.



Ball Bearing Garters

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 509 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

1908 Calendar and 3 Philip Boileau Panel Pictures, 25c.

Copies of Philip Boileau's pictures are usually sold by art dealers at a dollar and over, yet we give 3 copies of Boileau's latest paintings with our 1908 President calendar for 25c. The 3 pictures are full figures of beautiful American women -- the Debutante, the Bride, the Matron. The decoration is the queen Rose—the rich red American Beauty—the delicate pink Bridesmaid—and the glorious yellow de Dijon.

The pictures are done in 12 colors on highly finished panels 6¾x15 inches. No advertising on the pictures. They are fit for framing, or grouping and hanging without frames.

You'll want the 3 pictures and calendar for your room, and perhaps you will buy sets to give as Christmas presents.

Each year more orders are received for our calendars than we can fill; it is therefore advisable to order early.

We mail the 3 pictures and calendar postpaid, for 25c. **Now ready.**

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 509 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

HEATHERBLOOM

TRADE MARK

PETTICOATS

More Beautiful Than Ever

Petticoats of Heatherbloom Taffeta—now daintier and more charming than ever—occupy a prominent place in the wardrobe of every style-loving woman. Fashion and good taste alike endorse them as the most desirable combination of durability and elegance.

They are so inexpensive, so varied in rich shades, so modishly made, that you can have one to harmonize with every frock or gown. Possess all the sheen, delicate finish and softness of fine silk taffeta, and wear three times as long.

We particularly invite your attention to the more elaborate patterns, richly embroidered or lace-trimmed, which, though costing only $5 to $8, embody the same advance style, artistic execution and beautiful design of silk petticoats selling for $12 to $18.

Sold by dealers everywhere in pearls, grays, smokes, browns, greens, wines, and all other modish shades.

Hydegrade TRADE MARK
HEATHERBLOOM

See this label on every petticoat. It protects you against substitution.

By the Yard, Heatherbloom is obtainable at lining counters in 150 shades. Ideal for all linings, foundations, etc. 36 in. wide; 40c yd.

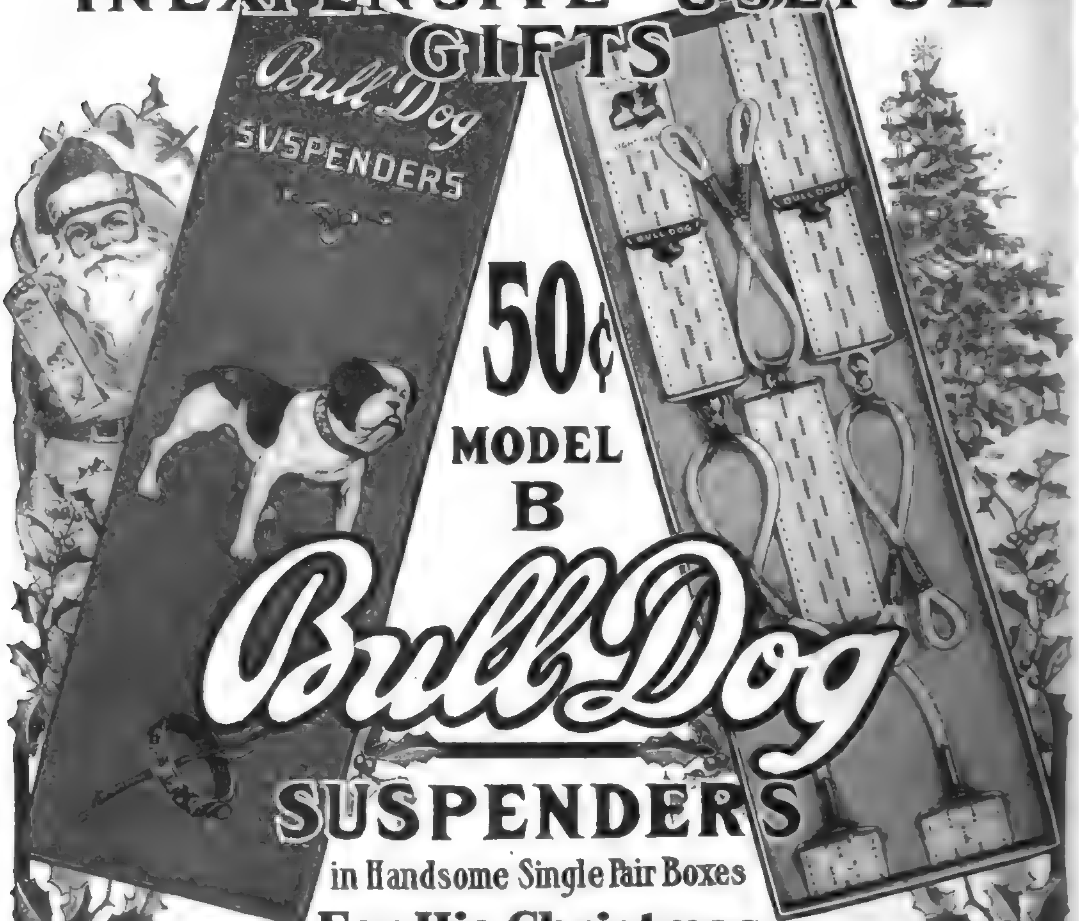
This Trademark on selvage guarantees the genuine. See it. Hydegrade TRADE MARK

If unable to get petticoats or piece goods at your dealer's, write us. Be sure to get our booklet, "The New Idea in Linings."

A. G. HYDE & SONS,
New York—Chicago

Makers of
Hydegrade Fabrics

INEXPENSIVE USEFUL GIFTS



50¢

MODEL B

Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

in Handsome Single Pair Boxes

For His Christmas

Nothing would be more acceptable than some of these useful, comfortable, dependable suspenders attractively packed in handsomely lithographed single pair boxes.

FOR EVERY WEAR, ANYWHERE

Model B Bull Dog Suspenders

Have become **the standard** because they fit, because they contain more and better rubber than any other make, which allows easy, free movement of the body in all positions; because they have gold-gilt metal parts, guaranteed not to rust or tarnish, because the cord ends are much stronger than usually found in suspenders, preventing fraying and wearing through.

THEY OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS WHICH MEANS THREE TIMES THE SERVICE OF USUAL 50c. SORTS

Sensible, Inexpensive Gifts Every Man and Boy will Gladly receive

In Light, Heavy, or Extra Heavy Weight or Extra Long (No Extra Cost)

The Most Comfortable Suspenders Made for Man, Youth or Boy

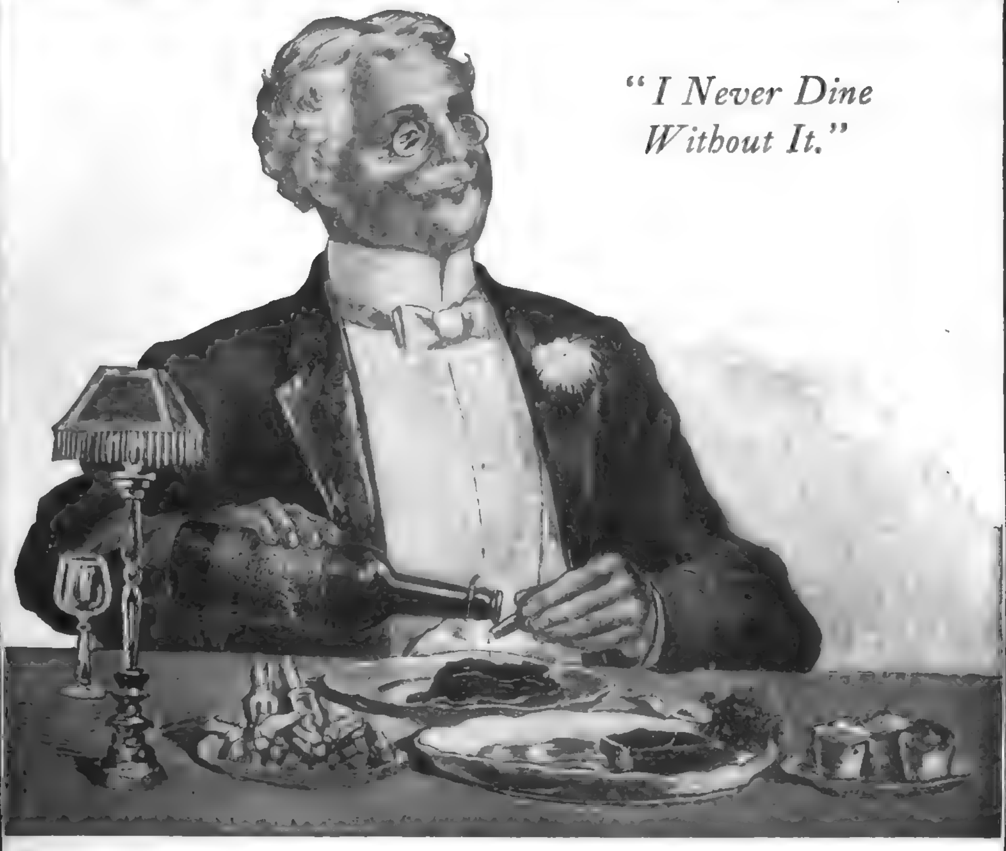
If You want the Best, insist on Model B Bull Dog Suspenders

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, WE WILL, POSTPAID, FOR 50C.

HEWES & POTTER, Dept. 11, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Valuable "STYLE BOOK" Free on request

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.



My chef who is always successful with his seasonings, and who is one of the best of cooks, tells me that

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

is the Secret of his Success. I like it in Soups, Stews and Hashes. It improves Roast Meats, Chops and Steaks. Just a little on Cheese is a necessary touch. No Rarebit is complete without it. I find that no other relish improves so great a variety of dishes.

Beware of Imitations

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

SMITH & WESSON

THE THOROUGHBRED OF THE REVOLVER WORLD
Hammerless
32 Calibre
Double Action

INSTINCTIVE trust in her own power of defence is characteristic of every woman who has been trained to the use of a SMITH & WESSON. Armed with this superb revolver she knows she is proof against personal danger in any emergency. Its unerring accuracy, its perfect mechanism, its balance, and the reputation for supremacy that has been for fifty years behind it, combine to assure the highest form of protection.

Catalog "THE REVOLVER," free on request.

SMITH & WESSON,
7 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 1346 Park St., Alameda, Cal.

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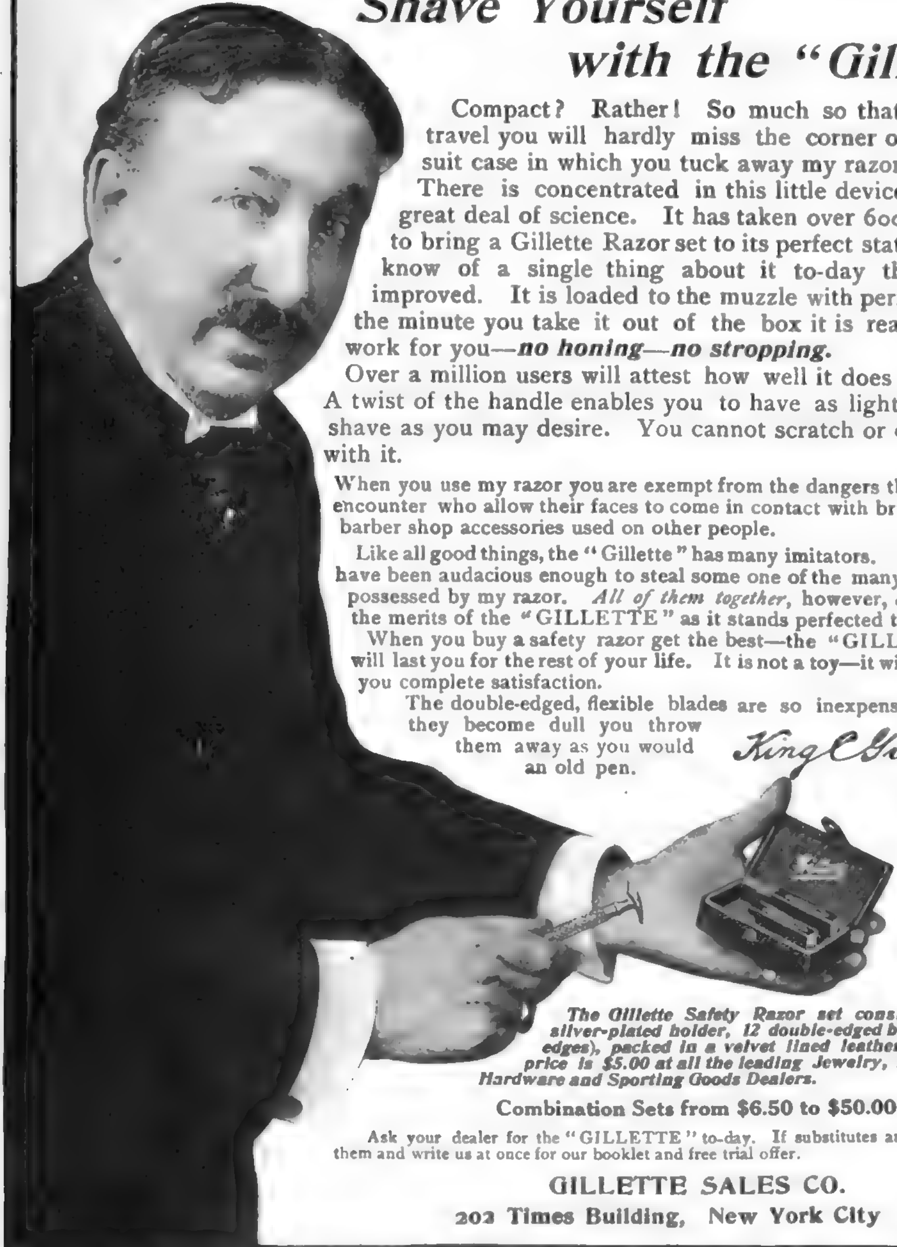


Shave Yourself with the "Gillette"

Compact? Rather! So much so that when you travel you will hardly miss the corner of the dress suit case in which you tuck away my razor.

There is concentrated in this little device of mine a great deal of science. It has taken over 600 operations to bring a Gillette Razor set to its perfect state. I don't know of a single thing about it to-day that can be improved. It is loaded to the muzzle with perfection, and the minute you take it out of the box it is ready to go to work for you—***no honing—no stropping.***

Over a million users will attest how well it does its work.

A twist of the handle enables you to have as light or as close shave as you may desire. You cannot scratch or cut yourself with it.

When you use my razor you are exempt from the dangers that men often encounter who allow their faces to come in contact with brush, soap and barber shop accessories used on other people.

Like all good things, the "Gillette" has many imitators. Some of them have been audacious enough to steal some one of the many good points possessed by my razor. *All of them together*, however, *do not* possess the merits of the "GILLETTE" as it stands perfected to-day.

When you buy a safety razor get the best—the "GILLETTE." It will last you for the rest of your life. It is not a toy—it will always give you complete satisfaction.

The double-edged, flexible blades are so inexpensive that when they become dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

King C Gillette

An Ideal Holiday Gift

The Gillette Safety Razor set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged blades (24 keen edges), packed in a velvet lined leather case and the price is $5.00 at all the leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers.

Combination Sets from $6.50 to $50.00

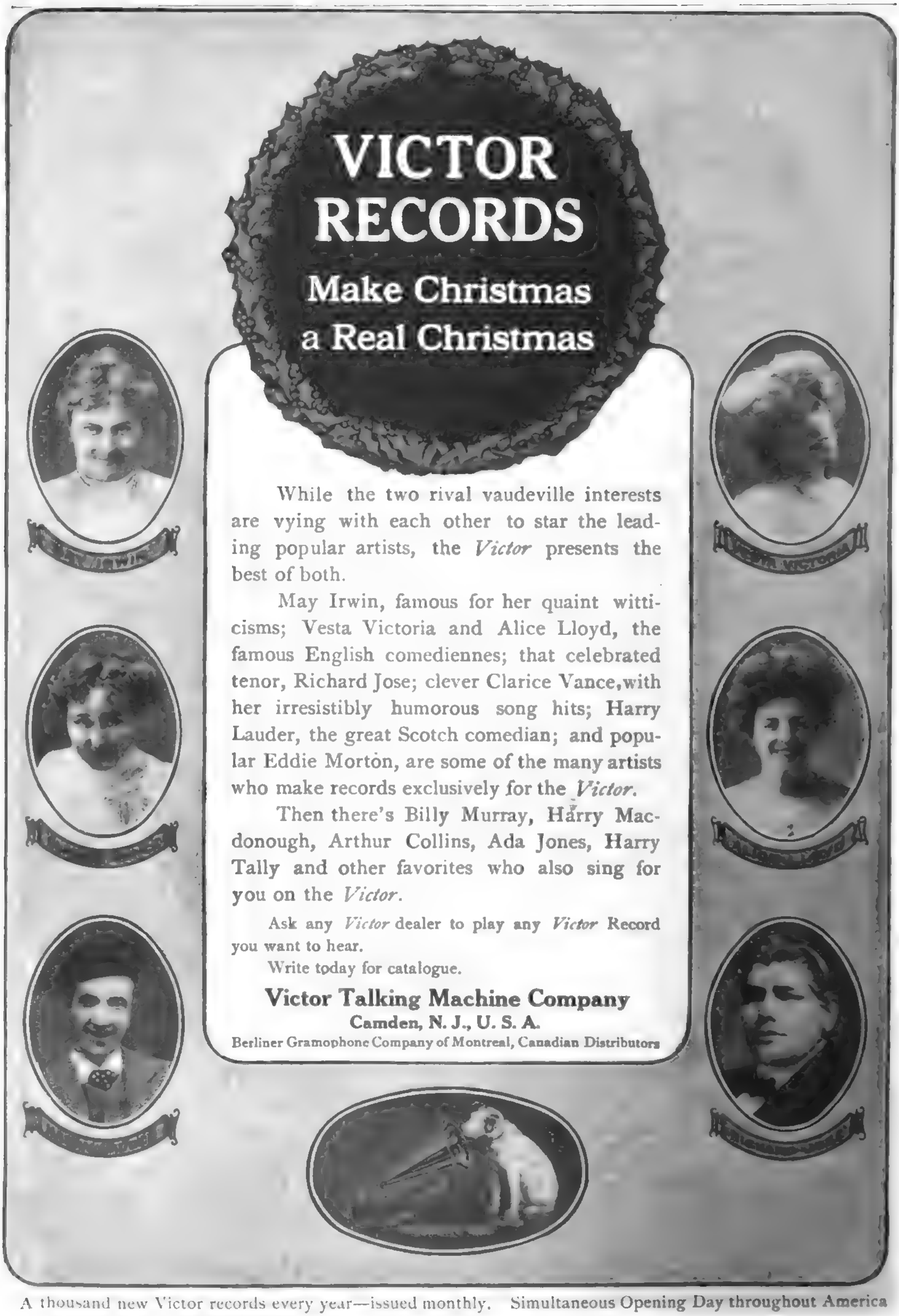
Ask your dealer for the "GILLETTE" to-day. If substitutes are offered refuse them and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES CO.
202 Times Building, New York City

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

SAFETY GILLETTE RAZOR COMPANY
BOSTON MASS
King C Gillette



VICTOR RECORDS

Make Christmas a Real Christmas

While the two rival vaudeville interests are vying with each other to star the leading popular artists, the *Victor* presents the best of both.

May Irwin, famous for her quaint witticisms; Vesta Victoria and Alice Lloyd, the famous English comediennes; that celebrated tenor, Richard Jose; clever Clarice Vance, with her irresistibly humorous song hits; Harry Lauder, the great Scotch comedian; and popular Eddie Morton, are some of the many artists who make records exclusively for the *Victor*.

Then there's Billy Murray, Harry Macdonough, Arthur Collins, Ada Jones, Harry Tally and other favorites who also sing for you on the *Victor*.

Ask any *Victor* dealer to play any *Victor* Record you want to hear.

Write today for catalogue.

Victor Talking Machine Company
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Company of Montreal, Canadian Distributors

A thousand new Victor records every year—issued monthly. **Simultaneous Opening Day throughout America on the 28th of the preceding month.**

REGINA

"Queen of Music Makers"

The name "Regina" has never been attached to an instrument which was not

first, mechanically perfect,
second, a real entertainer, and
third, a good musical instrument.

THE Reginaphone is a combination of the Regina Music Box and a talking machine. The latter has the advantage of the superior motor of the Regina Music Box. The Reginaphone provides a better talking machine without in any way interfering with its use as a music box, and the price is but little more than the music box would cost alone. This is worth considering, especially when holiday time comes and everybody is cudgeling his brains for appropriate presents, and when it is remembered that everyone enjoys a Reginaphone.

You will want to hear it first. Do so at a Regina store. There are Regina stores in nearly all important towns. If there isn't one in your town, there is one in a nearby town. We will send you a list of the Regina dealers near you and a complete descriptive booklet on request.

THE REGINA CO.

Makers of Regina Music Boxes, Reginaphones,
Regina Player Pianos, Regina Chime Clocks
Rahway, N. J.

New York Office: Broadway and Seventeenth Street
Chicago Office: 259 Wabash Avenue.

"MY IDEAL GIFT FOR ANY MAN"
RUBBERSET

"Here's my *ideal* Christmas gift for any man that shaves. No gift, however costly, will be so highly appreciated and acceptable. It's a 'Rubberset' Shaving Brush—the only *modern, practical* shaving brush made."

The old style shaving brush is, and always has been, inferior, impractical and unfit for the purpose intended. They get harsh, or moppy, or they shed bristles over the face. Such a brush irritates and chafes the skin tissues and causes most of that irritation, soreness and face cutting that shaving men experience. Now, with one of these

Rubberset
TRADE MARK
SHAVING BRUSHES

all such annoyance, discomfort and danger is overcome.

The "Rubberset" is the finest example of brush construction in the world. These brushes are made of the choicest bristle and badger hair stock, specially treated. The bristles are *not* set in cement, rosin or glue, like ordinary brushes, but they are embedded in a patented setting of HARD RUBBER—the only *durable* brush setting ever invented. No amount of sterilizing can effect this setting.

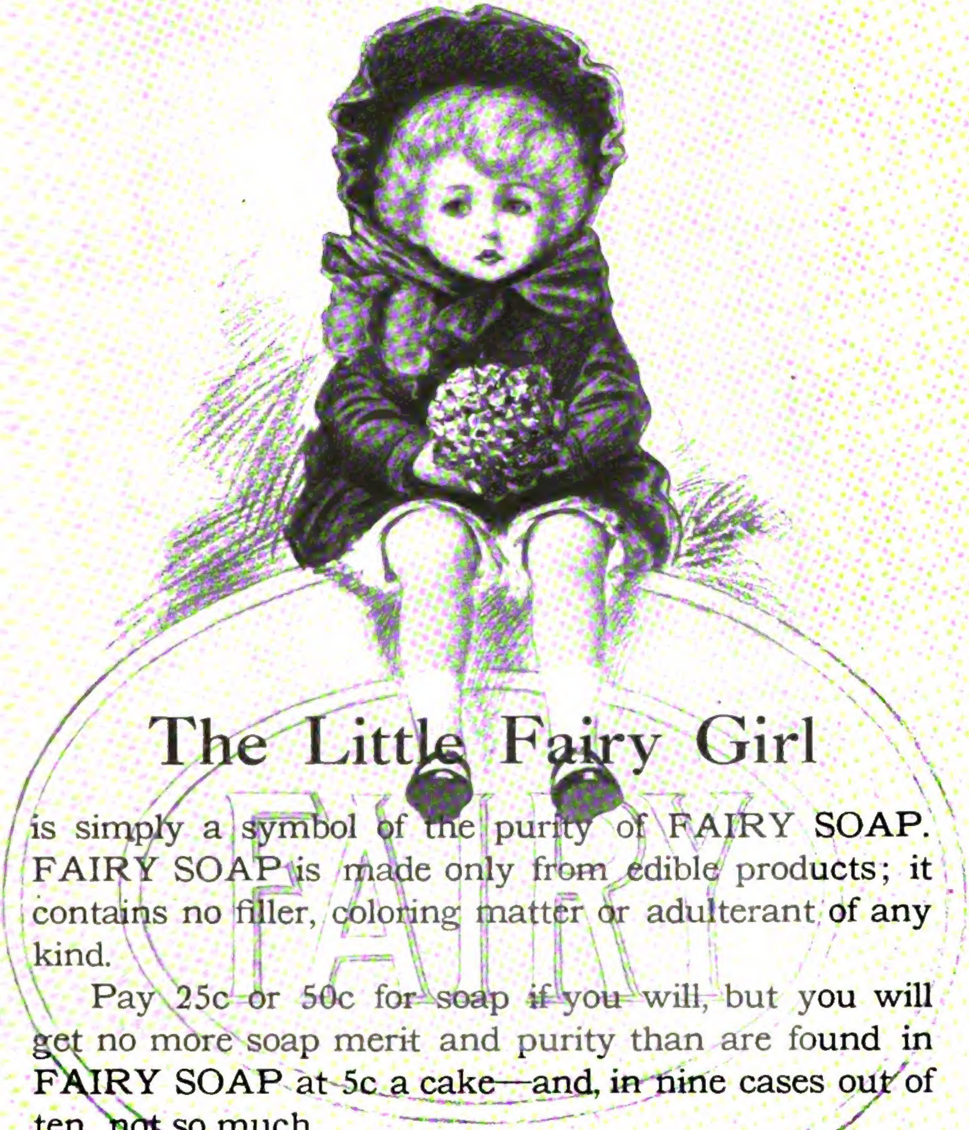
Every "Rubberset" has a strong black-on-white GUARANTEE that it WON'T get harsh—or moppy—or shed bristles—or fall apart. Therefore, every user of a "Rubberset" will be able to shave with perfect comfort, ease and safety for the rest of his shaving days. Be sure you get the genuine—stamped "Rubberset."

We have three special styles of "Rubberset" Shaving Brushes, a choice from which will make an exceptionally handsome Christmas gift. These brushes are attractively boxed in a fine leatherette case, ready for presentation.

Style No. 1. "Rubberset" Shaving Brush	**$1.00**
White celluloid handle, pure badger hair, medium size.	
Style No. 2. "Rubberset" Shaving Brush	**$3.00**
White celluloid handle, selected badger hair, large size.	
Style No. 3. "Rubberset" Shaving Brush	**$5.00**
White celluloid handle, choicest badger hair, very handsome.	

Ask your dealer. Or send us the price and receive postpaid, the brush desired, handsomely boxed. Special folder sent on request.

The Rubberset Brush Company, 60 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.



The Little Fairy Girl

is simply a symbol of the purity of FAIRY SOAP. FAIRY SOAP is made only from edible products; it contains no filler, coloring matter or adulterant of any kind.

Pay 25c or 50c for soap if you will, but you will get no more soap merit and purity than are found in FAIRY SOAP at 5c a cake—and, in nine cases out of ten, not so much.

FAIRY SOAP—the pure, white, floating, oval cake—is sold at all good grocery and drug stores.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, CHICAGO

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

The Nut-like Flavor of the Beans

The rich, nutty flavor of the beans in Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce is compounded by old Mother Nature herself in her happiest mood.

To produce beans having this delicate flavor peculiar to Van Camp's, requires just the right combination of soil and climate.

Van Camps seek out the favored sections of the country where the finest-flavored beans in the world are raised.

Merely good beans are not good enough for Van Camp's—nothing but the very best goes.

That is the secret of the delicious, appetizing taste of Van Camp's—that and the Van Camp way of cooking.

For even the finest beans may lose their flavor unless the cook knows how.

Van Camp's cook does.

All the natural and irresistible goodness of Van Camp's beans is preserved in its entirety by the Van Camp cooking—the delicate sweetness, the mealy consistency, the nutty flavor. And, Van Camp's Beans are filled to the bursting point with nutrition—meet the most exacting demands of the healthiest appetite—give vitality and strength.

Then there is the Tomato Sauce—made as only Van Camps know how to make it—retaining all the juicy goodness of vine-ripened tomatoes—imparting the spicy zest so much appreciated by the particular palate.

And don't forget the slice of tender pork—just large enough to give the satisfying richness for which Van Camp's are famous. Test Van Camp's in this savory dish:

Entree of Beans

One quart of Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

One-half cup sweet cream.

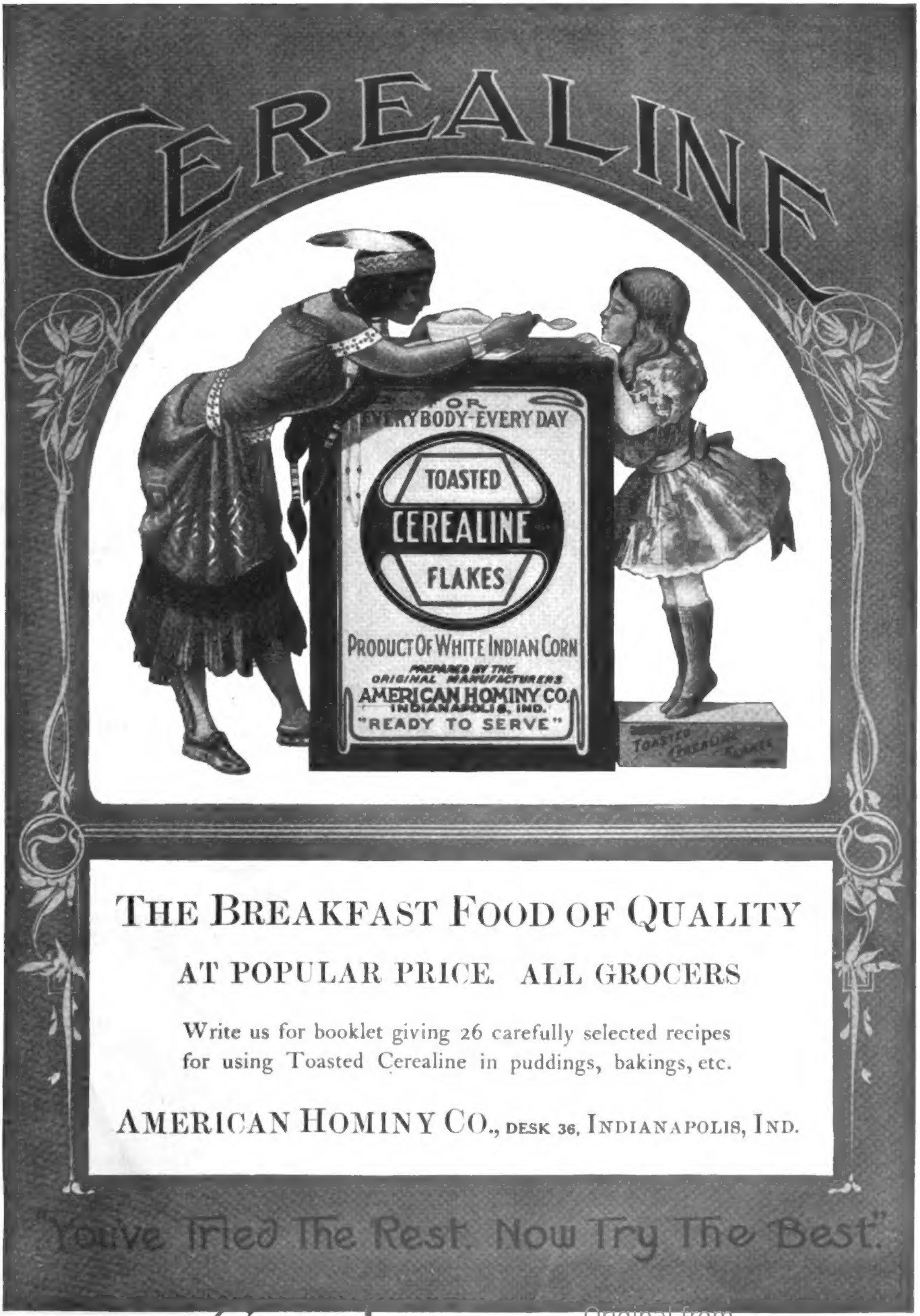
One cup English Walnut meats, broken once.

Press the beans through a colander. Moisten with the cream, beating up lightly, stirring in the walnut meats. Pile lightly into a baking dish and bake twenty minutes. Serve hot as an entree for dinner or for luncheon.

Tell the grocery man not to make any mistake when you order Van Camp's, because you'll be sorely displeased and disappointed if he doesn't bring you Van Camp's.

The Van Camp Packing Company

Indianapolis, Indiana


FOR
EVERYBODY-EVERY DAY
TOASTED
CEREALINE
FLAKES
PRODUCT OF WHITE INDIAN CORN
PREPARED BY THE
ORIGINAL MANUFACTURERS
AMERICAN HOMINY CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
"READY TO SERVE"
TOASTED
CEREALINE
FLAKES

CEREALINE

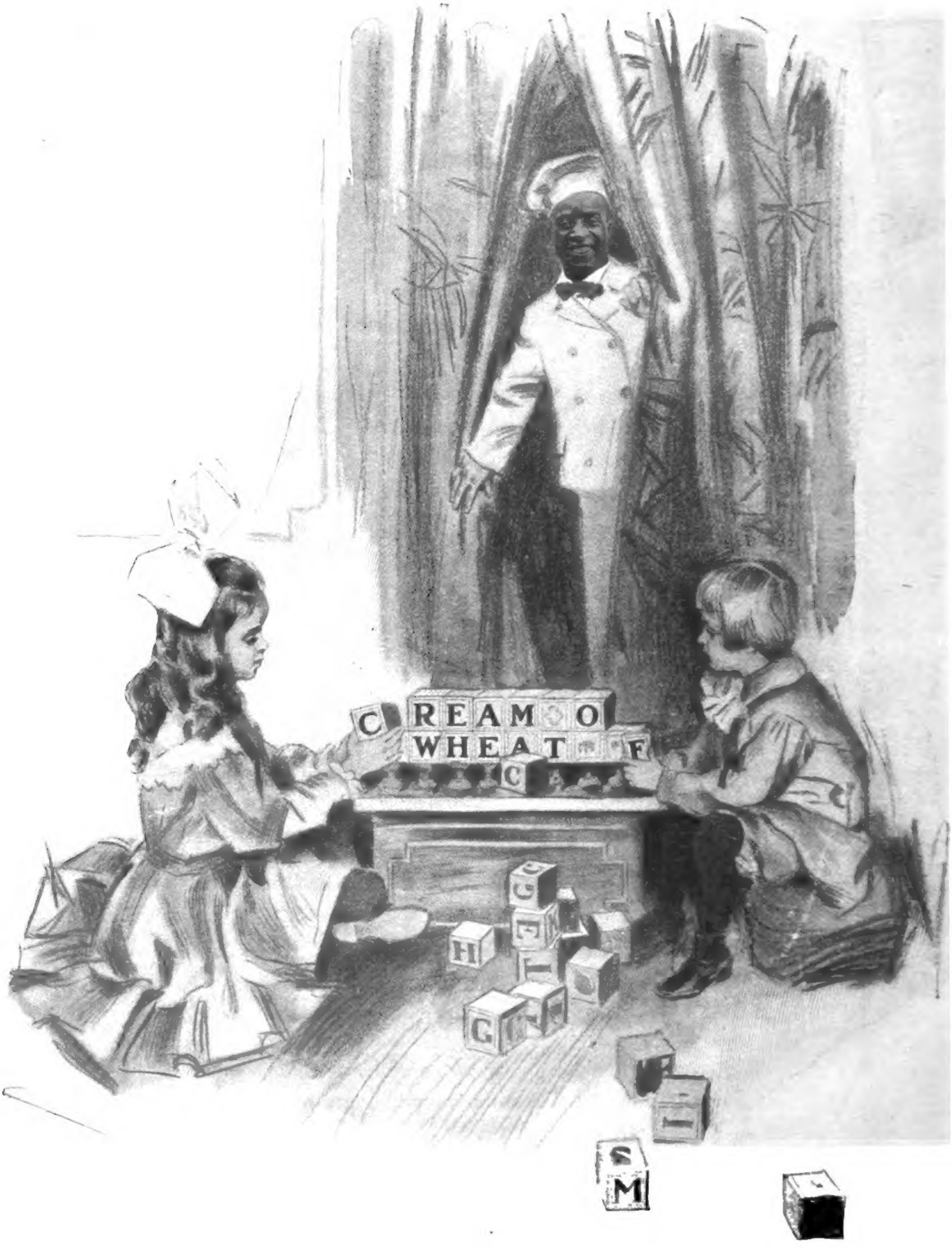
THE BREAKFAST FOOD OF QUALITY

AT POPULAR PRICE. ALL GROCERS

Write us for booklet giving 26 carefully selected recipes for using Toasted Cerealine in puddings, bakings, etc.

AMERICAN HOMINY CO., DESK 36, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

"You've Tried The Rest. Now Try The Best."



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THE BLOCKS TELL THE STORY

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.